576 276 across the door from the last smoker. This man smokes and passes it to the one on his left, and so it goes on until it reaches the host again. A person entering a lodge where people are smoking must not pass in front of them, that is, between the smokers and the fire.

626 276 782 A solemn form of affirmation, the equivalent of the civilized oath, is connected with smoking, which, as is well known, is with many tribes of Indians a sacred ceremony. If a man sitting in a lodge tells his companions some very improbable story, something that they find it very hard to believe, and they want to test him, to see if he is really telling the truth, the pipe is given to a medicine man, who paints the stem red and prays over it, asking that if the man's story is true he may have long life, but if it is false his life may end in a short time. The pipe is then filled and lighted, and passed to the man, who has seen and overheard what has been done and said. The medicine man says to him: "Accept this pipe, but remember that, if you smoke, your story must be as sure as that there is a hole through this pipe, and as straight as the hole through this stem. So your life shall be long and you shall survive, but if you have spoken falsely your days are counted." The man may refuse the pipe, saying, "I have told you the truth; it is useless to smoke this pipe." If he declines to smoke, no one believes what he has said; he is looked upon as having lied. If, however, he takes the pipe and smokes, every one believes him. It is the most solemn form of oath. The Blackfoot pipes are usually made of black or green slate or sandstone.

861 The Blackfeet do not whip their children, but still they are not without some training. Children must be taught, or they will not know anything; if they do not know anything, they will have no sense; and if they have no sense they will not know how to act. They are instructed in manners, as well as in other more general and more important matters.

[867] If a number of boys were in a lodge where older people

logs or brush,—anything in fact to make a close, high barrier. 224
In some places the enclosure might be only a fence of brush,
but even here the buffalo did not break it down, for they
did not push against it, but ran round and round within,
looking for a clear space through which they might pass.
From the top of the bluff, directly over the pis'kun, two long
lines of rock piles and brush extended far out on the prairie,
ever diverging from each other like the arms of the letter
V, the opening over the pis'kun being at the angle.

In the evening of the day preceding a drive of buffalo [756]
into the pis'kun a medicine man, usually one who was the
possessor of a buffalo rock, In-is'-kim, unrolled his pipe, and [782]
prayed to the Sun for success. Next morning the man who [778]
was to call the buffalo arose very early, and told his wives
that they must not leave the lodge, nor even look out, until [784]
he returned; that they should keep burning sweet grass, [782]
and should pray to the Sun for his success and safety. Without
eating or drinking, he then went up on the prairie, and
the people followed him, and concealed themselves behind
the rocks and bushes which formed the V, or chute. The [292]
medicine man put on a head-dress made of the head of a
buffalo, and a robe, and then started out to approach the
animals. When he had come near to the herd, he moved
about until he had attracted the attention of some of the
buffalo, and when they began to look at him, he walked
slowly away toward the entrance of the chute. Usually the
buffalo followed, and, as they did so, he gradually increased
his pace. The buffalo followed more rapidly, and the man
continually went a little faster. Finally, when the buffalo
were fairly within the chute, the people began to rise up from
behind the rock piles which the herd had passed, and to
shout and wave their robes. This frightened the hindermost
buffalo, which pushed forward on the others, and before
long the whole herd was running at headlong speed
toward the precipice, the rock piles directing them to the

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

### ANTELOPE

224 173 It is said that once in early times the men determined that they would use antelope skins for their women's dresses, instead of cowskins. So they found a place where antelope were plenty, and set up on the prairie long lines of rock piles, or of bushes, so as to form a chute like a >. Near the point where the lines joined, they dug deep pits, which they roofed with slender poles, and covered these with grass and a little dirt. Then the people scattered out, and while most of them hid behind the rock piles and bushes, a few started the antelope toward the mouth of the chute. As they ran by them, the people showed themselves and yelled, and the antelope ran down the chute and finally reached the pits, and falling into them were taken, when they were killed and divided among the hunters. Afterward, this was the common method of securing antelopes up to the coming of the whites.

### EAGLES

223 Before the whites came to the Blackfoot country, the
[436] Indian standard of value was eagle tail-feathers. They were
used to make war head-dresses, to tie on the head, and to
[237] ornament shields, lances, and other weapons. Besides this,
the wings were used for fans, and the body feathers for arrow-making. Always a wary bird, the eagle could seldom be
approached near enough for killing with the bow and arrow;
and, in fact, it seems as if it was considered improper to kill
● [782] it in that way. The capture of these birds appears to have
had about it something of a sacred nature, and, as was
always the case among wild Indians when anything important was to be undertaken, it was invariably preceded by
earnest prayers to the Deity for help and for success.

There are still living many men who have caught eagles in the ancient method, and, from several of these, accounts have been received, which, while essentially similar, yet differ in certain particulars, especially in the explanations of certain features of the ceremony. 223

Wolf Calf's account of this ceremony is as follows: — [115]

"A man who started out to catch eagles moved his lodge and his family away from the main camp, to some place where the birds were abundant. A spot was chosen on top of a mound or butte within a few miles of his lodge, and here he dug a pit in the ground as long as his body and somewhat deeper. The earth removed was carried away to a distance, and scattered about so as to make no show. When the pit had been made large enough, it was roofed over with small willow sticks, on which grass was scattered, and over the grass a little earth and stones were laid, so as to give the place a natural look, like the prairie all about it.

"The bait was a piece of bloody neck of a buffalo. This, of course, could be seen a long way off, and by the meat a stuffed wolf skin was often placed, standing up, as if the animal were eating. To the piece of neck was tied a rope, which passed down through the roof of the pit and was held in the watcher's hand.

"After all had been made ready, the next day the man [782]
rose very early, before it was light, and, after smoking and
praying, left his camp, telling his wives and children not to [784]
use an awl while he was gone. He endeavored to reach the [769]
pit early in the morning, before it became light, and lay down
in it, taking with him a slender stick about six feet long, a [789]
human skull, and a little pemmican. Then he waited.

"When the morning came, and the eagles were flying, one of them would see the meat and descend to take it away from the wolf. Finding it held fast by the rope, the bird began to feed on it; and while it was pecking at the bait, the watcher seized it by the legs, and drew it into the pit, where he killed it, either by twisting its neck, or by crushing it with his knees. Then he laid it to one side, first opening [789]

covered with juniper twigs and long grass. The skin of a 223
wolf, coyote, or fox, is stuffed with grass, and made to look as natural as possible. A hole is cut in the wolf skin and a rope is passed through it, one end being tied to a large piece of meat which lies by the skin, and the other passing through the roof down into the pit. The bait is now covered with grass, and the man returns to his lodge for the night.

During the night, he sings his eagle songs and burns [782]
sweet grass for the eagles, rubbing the smoke over his own
body to purify himself, so that on the morrow he will give [533]
out no scent. Before day he leaves his lodge without eat- [783]
ing or drinking, goes to the pit and lies down in it. He
uncovers the bait, arranges the roof, and sits there all day holding the rope. Crows and other birds alight by the bait and peck at it, but he pays no attention to them.

The eagle, sailing about high in air, sees the bait, and settles down slowly. It takes it a long time to make up its mind to come to the bait. In the pit, the man can hear the sound of the eagle coming. When the bird settles on the ground, it does not alight on the bait, but at one side of it, striking the ground with a thud—heavily. The man never mistakes anything else for that sound. The eagle walks toward the bait, and all the other birds fly away. It walks on to the roof; and, through the crevices that have been left between the sticks, the man can see in which direction the bird's head is. He carefully pushes the stick aside and, reaching out, grasps the eagle by the two feet. The bird does not struggle much. It is drawn down into the pit, and the man wrings its neck. Then the opening is closed, and the roof arranged as before. So the man waits and catches the eagles that come through the day. Sometimes he sits all day and gets nothing; again he may get eight or ten in a day.

When darkness comes, the man leaves his hiding-place, [782]

223 takes his eagles, and goes home. He carries the birds to a
782 special lodge, prepared outside of the camp, which is called
the eagles' lodge. He places them on the ground in a row,
and raises their heads, resting them on a stick laid in front
of the row. In the mouth of each one is put a piece of
pemmican, so that they may not be afraid of the people.
The object of feeding the eagles is that their spirits may tell
other eagles how they are being treated — that they are
[769] being fed by the people. In the lodge is a human skull,
and they pray to it, asking the ghost to help them get the
eagles.

223 It is said that in one pit, once, forty eagles were killed in
435 a day. The larger hawks were caught, as well as eagles,
though the latter were the most highly valued. Five eagles
[171] used to be worth a good horse, a valuation which shows that,
in the Blackfoot country, eagles were more plenty, or horses
more valuable, than farther south, where, in old times, two
eagles would purchase a horse.

## Other Game

224 They had no special means of capturing deer in any numbers. These were usually killed singly. The hunters used to creep up on elk and deer in the brush, and when they had come close to them, they could drive even their stone-pointed arrows deep in the flesh. Often their game was killed dead on the spot, but if not, they left it alone until the next day, when, on going back to the place, it was usually found near by, either dead or so desperately wounded that they could secure it.

Deadfalls were used to catch wolves, foxes, and other fur animals, and small apertures in the pis'kun walls were provided with nooses and snares for the same purpose.

Another way to catch wolves and coyotes was to set heavy stakes in the ground in a circle, about the carcasses

Just before a war party sets out, its members get together 721
and sing the "peeling a stick song," which is a wolf song. [533]
Then they build a sweat lodge and go into it, and with
them goes in an old man, a medicine-pipe man, who has [756]
been a good warrior. They fill the pipe and ask him to [782]
pray for them, that they may have good luck, and may accomplish
what they desire. The medicine-pipe man prays [304]
and sings and pours water on the hot stones, and the warriors [782]
with their knives slice bits of skin and flesh from their
bodies,—their arms and breasts and sometimes from the tip
of the tongue,—which they offer to the Sun. Then, after
the ceremony is over, all dripping with perspiration from
their vapor bath, the men go down to the river and plunge in.

In starting out, a war party often marches in the daytime, 721
but sometimes they travel at night from the beginning. 484
Often they may make an all night march across a wide
prairie, in passing over which they might be seen if they
travelled in the day. They journey on foot, always. The [724]
older men carry their arms, while the boys bear the moccasins,
the ropes, and the food, which usually consists of dried
meat or pemmican. They carry also coats and blankets
and their war bonnets and otter skin medicine. The leader
has but little physical labor to perform. His mind is occupied
in planning the movements of his party. He is treated
with the greatest respect. The others mend his moccasins,
and give him the best of the food which they carry.

After they get away from the main camp, the leader selects the strongest of the young men, and sends him ahead to some designated butte, saying, "Go to that place, and look carefully over the country, and if you see nothing, make signals to us to come on." This scout goes on ahead, travelling in the ravines and coulées, and keeps himself well hidden. After he has reconnoitred and made signs that he sees nothing, the party proceeds straight toward him.

The party usually starts early in the morning and travels

776 [825] hidden. It is sometimes said, however, that when he left them he told them also that, when he returned, he would find them changed — a different people and living in a different way from that which they practised when he went away. Sometimes, also, it is said that when he disappeared he went to the East.

776 178 It is generally believed that Old Man is no longer the principal god of the Blackfeet, that the Sun has taken his place. There is some reason to suspect, however, that the Sun and Old Man are one, that *Nā́tō̄s'* is only another name for *Na'pi*, for I have been told by two or three old men that "the Sun is the person whom we call Old Man." However this may be, it is certain that *Na'pi* — even if he no longer occupies the chief place in the Blackfoot religious system — is still reverenced, and is still addressed in prayer. Now, however, every good thing, success in war, in the chase, health, long life, all happiness, come by the special favor of the Sun.

776 821 The Sun is a man, the supreme chief of the world. The flat, circular earth in fact is his home, the floor of his lodge, and the over-arching sky is its covering. The moon, *Kō-kō-mik'-ē-is*, night light, is the Sun's wife. The pair have had a number of children, all but one of whom were killed by pelicans. The survivor is the morning star, *A-pi-su'-ahts* — early riser.

776 782 [778] In attributes the Sun is very unlike Old Man. He is a beneficent person, of great wisdom and kindness, good to those who do right. As a special means of obtaining his favor, sacrifices must be made. These are often presents of clothing, fine robes, or furs, and in extreme cases, when the prayer is for life itself, the offering of a finger, or — still dearer — a lock of hair. If a white buffalo was killed, the robe was always given to the Sun. It belonged to him. Of the buffalo, the tongue — regarded as the greatest delicacy of the whole animal — was especially sacred to the Sun.

The sufferings undergone by men in the Medicine Lodge 785
each year were sacrifices to the Sun. This torture was an 782 ●
actual penance, like the sitting for years on top of a pillar,
the wearing of a hair shirt, or fasting in Lent. It was under- [776]
gone for no other purpose than that of pleasing God—as a
propitiation or in fulfilment of vows made to him. Just as [304]
the priests of Baal slashed themselves with knives to induce
their god to help them, so, and for the same reason, the
Blackfoot men surged on and tore out the ropes tied to their
skins. It is merely the carrying out of a religious idea that [171]
is as old as history and as widespread as the globe, and is
closely akin to the motive which to-day, in our own centres
of enlightened civilization, prompts acts of self-denial and
penance by many thousands of intelligent cultivated people.
And yet we are horrified at hearing described the tortures of
the Medicine Lodge.

Besides the Sun and Old Man, the Blackfoot religious sys- 776
tem includes a number of minor deities or rather natural
qualities and forces, which are personified and given shape.
These are included in the general terms Above Persons,
Ground Persons, and Under Water Persons. Of the former
class, Thunder is one of the most important, and is worshipped as is elsewhere shown. He brings the rain. He is
represented sometimes as a bird, or, more vaguely, as in one
of the stories, merely as a fearful person. Wind Maker is
an example of an Under Water Person, and it is related that
he has been seen, and his form is described. It is believed
by some that he lives under the water at the head of the
Upper St. Mary's Lake. Those who believe this say that
when he wants the wind to blow, he makes the waves roll,
and that these cause the wind to blow,—another example of
mistaking effect for cause, so common among the Indians.
The Ground Man is another below person. He lives under
the ground, and perhaps typifies the power of the earth,
which is highly respected by all Indians of the west. The 000

825 The bear has very powerful medicine. Sometimes he
778 takes pity on people and helps them, as in the story of
Mik'-api.[A]

821 Some Piegans, if they wish to travel on a certain day, have
789 the power of insuring good weather on that day. It is sup-
[533] posed that they do this by singing a powerful song. Some
of the enemy can cause bad weather, when they want to steal
into the camp.

People who belonged to the *Sin'-o-pah* band of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi,* if they were at war in summer and wanted a storm to come up, would take some dirt and water and rub it on the kit-fox skin, and this would cause a rain-storm to come up. In winter, snow and dirt would be rubbed on the skin and this would bring up a snow-storm.

778 Certain places and inanimate objects are also greatly
●782 reverenced by the Blackfeet, and presents are made to them.

823 The smallest of the three buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills
[115] is regarded as sacred. "All the Indians are afraid to go
there," Four Bears once told me. Presents are sometimes
[776] thrown into the Missouri River, though these are not offerings made directly to the stream, but are given to the Under Water People, who live in it.

Mention has already been made of the buffalo rock, which gives its owner the power to call the buffalo.

Another sacred object is the medicine rock of the Marias. It is a huge boulder of reddish sandstone, two-thirds the way up a steep hill on the north bank of the Marias River, about five miles from Fort Conrad. Formerly, this rock rested on the top of the bluff, but, as the soil about it is worn away by the wind and the rain, it is slowly moving down the hill. The Indians believe it to be alive, and make presents to it. When I first visited it, the ground about it was strewn with decaying remnants of offerings that had been made to it in the past. Among these I noticed, besides fragments of clothing, eagle feathers, a steel finger

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A. [See Category 116, pp. 61-69--Analyst]

ring, brass ear-rings, and a little bottle made of two copper 778
cartridge cases. 782

Down on Milk River, east of the Sweet Grass Hills, is 823
another medicine rock. It is shaped something like a man's body, and looks like a person sitting on top of the bluff. Whenever the Blackfeet pass this rock, they make presents to it. Sometimes, when they give it an article of clothing, they put it on the rock, "and then," as one of them once said to me, "when you look at it, it seems more than ever like a person." Down in the big bend of the Milk River, opposite the eastern end of the Little Rocky Mountains, lying on the prairie, is a great gray boulder, which is shaped like a buffalo bull lying down. This is [171]
greatly reverenced by all Plains Indians, Blackfeet included, and they make presents to it. Many other examples of similar character might be given.

The Blackfeet make daily prayers to the Sun and to Old 776
Man, and nothing of importance is undertaken without 782
asking for divine assistance. They are firm believers in 787
dreams. These, they say, are sent by the Sun to enable us to look ahead, to tell what is going to happen. A dream, especially if it is a strong one, — that is, if the dream is very clear and vivid, — is almost always obeyed. As dreams [121]
start them on the war path, so, if a dream threatening bad luck comes to a member of a war party, even if in the enemy's country and just about to make an attack on a camp, the party is likely to turn about and go home without making any hostile demonstrations. The animal or object [776]
which appears to the boy, or man, who is trying to dream for power, is, as has been said, regarded thereafter as his secret helper, his medicine, and is usually called his dream (*Nits-o'-kan*).

The most important religious occasion of the year is the 796
ceremony of the Medicine Lodge. This is a sacrifice, which, [562]
among the Blackfeet, is offered invariably by women. If a [782]

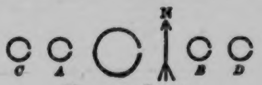
796 woman has a son or husband away at war, and is anxious
782 about him, or if she has a dangerously sick child, she may
make to the Sun a vow in the following words: —

"Listen, Sun. Pity me. You have seen my life. You know that I am pure. I have never committed adultery with any man. Now, therefore, I ask you to pity me. I will build you a lodge. Let my son survive. Bring him back to health, so that I may build this lodge for you."

The vow to build the Medicine Lodge is repeated in a loud voice, outside her lodge, so that all the people may hear it, and if any man can impeach the woman, he is obliged to speak out, in which case she could be punished according to the law. The Medicine Lodge is always built in summer, at the season of the ripening of the sarvis berries, and if, before this time, the person for whom the vow is made dies, the woman is not obliged to fulfil her vow. She is regarded with suspicion, and it is generally believed that she has been guilty of the crime she disavowed. As this cannot be proved, however, she is not punished.

796 When the time approaches for the building of the lodge, a suitable locality is selected, and all the people move to it, putting up their lodges in a circle about it. In the meantime, at least a hundred buffalo tongues have been collected, cut, and dried by the woman who may be called the Medicine Lodge woman. No one but she is allowed to take part in this work.

Before the tongues are cut and dried, they are laid in a
[782] pile in the medicine woman's lodge. She then gives a feast
to the old men, and one of them, noted for his honesty, and
well liked by all, repeats a very long prayer, asking in
substance that the coming Medicine Lodge may be acceptable
to the Sun, and that he will look with favor on the people,
and will give them good health, plenty of food, and success
[533] in war. A hundred songs are then sung, each one different
from the others. The feast and singing of these songs lasts
a day and a half.



Medicine Lodge.

Before the Medicine Lodge is erected, four large sweat 346 lodges are built, all in a line, fronting to the east or toward the 796 rising sun. Two stand in front of the Medicine Lodge, and two behind it. The two nearest the Medicine Lodge are built one day, and the others on the day following. The sticks for the framework of these lodges are cut only by renowned warriors, each warrior cutting one, and, as he brings it in and lays it down, he counts a *coup*, which must be of some especially brave deed. The old men then take the sticks and erect the lodges, placing on top of each a buffalo skull, one half of which is painted red, the other black, to represent day and night, or rather the sun and the moon. When the [782] lodges are finished and the stones heated, the warriors go in to sweat, and with them the medicine pipe men, who offer up prayers.

While this is going on, the young men cut the centre post for the Medicine Lodge, and all the other material for its construction. The women then pack out the post and the poles on horses, followed by the men shouting, singing, and shooting.

In the morning of this day the medicine woman begins a 785 fast, which must last four days and four nights, with only one 796 intermission, as will shortly appear. During that time she may not go out of doors, except between sunset and sunrise. During the whole ceremony her face, hands, and clothing are covered with the sacred red paint.

When all the material has been brought to the spot where 346 the lodge is to be erected, that warrior who, during the 796 previous year, has done the most cutting and stabbing in battle is selected to cut the rawhide to bind it, and while he cuts the strings he counts three *coups*.

The centre post is now placed on the ground, surrounded [575] by the poles and other smaller posts; and two bands of the

346 *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, the Braves, and the All Crazy Dogs approach. 796 Each band sings four songs, and then they raise the lodge amid the shouting of the people. It is said that, in old [575] times, all the bands of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi* took part in this ceremony. For raising the centre post, which is very heavy, lodge poles are tied in pairs, with rawhide, so as to form [777] "shears," each pair being handled by two men. If one of [763] the ropes binding the shears breaks, the men who hold the pair are said to be unlucky; it is thought that they are soon to die. As soon as the centre post is up, the wall posts are erected, and the roof of poles put on, the whole structure being covered with brush. The door-way faces east or southeast, and the lodge is circular in shape, about forty feet in diameter, with walls about seven feet high.

Inside the Medicine Lodge, at the back, or west side, in the principal place in the lodge, is now built a little box-shaped house, about seven feet high, six feet long, and four wide. It is made of brush, so tightly woven that one [756] cannot see inside of it. This is built by a medicine man, the high priest of this ceremony, who, for four days, the duration of the ceremony, neither eats nor goes out of it in the daytime. The people come to him, two at a time, and he paints them with black, and makes for them an earnest prayer to the Sun, that they may have good health, long [821] lives, and good food and shelter. This man is supposed to have power over the rain. As rain would interfere with the ceremonies, he must stop it, if it threatens.

796 In the meantime, the sacred dried tongues have been placed in the Medicine Lodge. The next morning, the ● [782] Medicine Lodge woman leaves her own lodge, and, walking very slowly with bowed head, and praying at every step, she enters the Medicine Lodge, and, standing by the pile of tongues, she cuts up one of them and holds it toward heaven, offering it to the Sun; then she eats a part of it and buries the rest in the dirt, praying to the Ground Man, and calling

him to bear witness that she has not defiled his body by 796
committing adultery. She then proceeds to cut up the 782 ●
tongues, giving a very small piece to every person, man, woman, or child. Each one first holds it up to the Sun, and then prays to the Sun, Na'-pi, and the Ground Man for long life, concluding by depositing a part of the morsel of tongue on the ground, saying, "I give you this sacred tongue to eat." And now, during the four days, outside the lodge, goes on the counting of the *coups*. Each warrior in turn recounts his success in war, — his battles or his horse-takings. With a number of friends to help him, he goes through a pantomime of all these encounters, showing how he killed this enemy, took a gun from that one, or cut horses loose from the lodge of another. When he has [553]
concluded, an old man offers a prayer, and ends by giving him a new name, saying that he hopes he will live well and long under it.

Inside the lodge, rawhide ropes are suspended from the 796
centre post, and here the men fulfil the vows that they 304
have made during the previous year. Some have been sick, 785
or in great danger at war, and they then vowed that if they were permitted to live, or escape, they would swing at the Medicine Lodge. Slits are cut in the skin of their breast, ropes passed through and secured by wooden skewers, and then the men swing and surge until the skin gives way and tears out. This is very painful, and some fairly shriek with [152]
agony as they do it, but they never give up, for they believe that if they should fail to fulfil their vow, they would soon die.

On the fourth day every one has been prayed for, every 796
one has made to the Sun his or her present, which is tied to the centre post, the sacred tongues have all been consumed, and the ceremony ends, every one feeling better, assured of long life and plenty.

Most persons have an entirely erroneous idea of the [182]

bed, clearing away the underbrush, weeds and grass and 249
leaves and sticks, raking the ground till the earth is thoroughly
pulverized. Elk, deer, and mountain sheep droppings
are collected, pounded fine, and mixed with the seed
which is to be sown.

On the appointed day all the men gather at the bed. 249
Each one holds in his hand a short, sharp-pointed stick, with 796
which to make a hole in the ground. The men stand in a
row extending across the bed. At a signal they make the
holes in the ground, and drop in some seed, with some sacred
sarvis berries. The tobacco song is sung by the medicine [533]
men, all take a short step forward, make another hole, a foot
in front of the last, and then drop in it some more seed.
Another song is sung, another step taken, and seed is again
planted; and this continues until the line of men has moved
all the way across the bed, and the planting is completed.
The tobacco dance follows the planting. [535]

After the seed has been planted, they leave it and go off
after the buffalo. While away during the summer, some
important man — one of the medicine men who had taken
part in the planting — announces to the people his purpose
to go back to look after the crop. He starts, and after he [782] ●
has reached the place, he builds a little fire in the bed, and
offers a prayer for the crop, asking that it may survive and
do well. Then he pulls up one of the plants, which he takes
back with him and shows to the people, so that all may see
how the crop is growing. He may thus visit the place three
or four times in the course of the summer.

From time to time, while they are absent from the tobacco
patch in summer, moving about after the buffalo, the men
gather in some lodge to perform a special ceremony for the
protection of the crop. Each man holds in his hand a little
stick. They sing and pray to the Sun and Old Man, asking [782]
that the grasshoppers and other insects may not eat their
plants. At the end of each song they strike the ground with

At night they were suspended within, above the owners' seat. 276
It was said that if at any time a person should walk com- 778
pletely around the lodge of a medicine man, some bad luck [784]
would befall him. Inside the lodge, no one was allowed to
pass between the fireplace and the pipe stem. No one but [756]
a medicine man and his head wife could move or unroll the
bundle. The man and his wife were obliged always to keep [386]
their faces, hands, and clothing painted with *nits'-i-san*, a
dull red paint, made by burning a certain clay found in the
bad lands.

The *Ni-namp'-skan* appears to be a priest of the Sun, and 756
prayers offered through him are thought to be specially
favored. So the sacred stem is frequently unrolled for the [755]
benefit of the sick, for those who are about to undertake a
dangerous expedition, such as a party departing to war, for [782]
prayers for the general health and prosperity of the people,
and for a bountiful supply of food. At the present time [178]
these ancient ceremonies have largely fallen into disuse. In
fact, since the disappearance of the buffalo, most of the old
customs are dying out.

The thunder is believed to bring the rain in spring, and 796
the rain makes the berries grow. It is a rule that after the 756
first thunder is heard in the spring, every medicine man
must give a feast and offer prayers for a large berry crop. I [821]
have never seen this ceremony, but Mr. Schultz was once [115]
permitted to attend one, and has given me the following
account of it. He said: "When I entered the lodge with the
other guests, the pipe stem had already been unrolled. Before the fire were two huge kettles of cooked sarvis berries, a large bowlful of which was soon set before each guest. Each one, before eating, took a few of the berries and rubbed them into the ground, saying, 'Take pity on us, all Above People, and give us good.'

"When all had finished eating, a large black stone pipe [782]
bowl was filled and fitted to the medicine stem, and the

796 medicine man held it aloft and said: 'Listen, Sun! Listen,
756 Thunder! Listen, Old Man! All Above Animals, all
● 782 Above People, listen. Pity us! You will smoke. We fill the sacred pipe. Let us not starve. Give us rain during this summer. Make the berries large and sweet. Cover the bushes with them. Look down on us all and pity us. Look at the women and the little children; look at us all. Let us reach old age. Let our lives be complete. Let us destroy our enemies. Help the young men in battle. Man, woman, child, we all pray to you; pity us and give us good. Let us survive.'

[535] "He then danced the pipe dance, to be described further on. At this time, another storm had come up, and the thunder crashed directly over our heads.

"'Listen,' said the medicine man. 'It hears us. We are not doing this uselessly'; and he raised his face, animated with enthusiasm, toward the sky, his whole body trembling with excitement; and, holding the pipe aloft, repeated his prayer. All the rest of the people were excited, and repeatedly clasped their arms over their breasts, saying: 'Pity us; good give us; good give us. Let us survive.'

796 "After this, the pipe was handed to a man on the right of
782 the semi-circle. Another warrior took a lighted brand from the fire, and counted four *coups*, at the end of each *coup* touching the pipe bowl with the brand. When he had counted the fourth *coup*, the pipe was lighted. It was then smoked in turn around the circle, each one, as he received it, repeating a short prayer before he put the stem to his lips. When it was smoked out, a hole was dug in the ground, the ashes were knocked into it and carefully covered over, and the thunder ceremony was ended."

796 In the year 1885, I was present at the unwrapping of the
782 medicine pipe by Red Eagle, an aged *Ni-namp'-skan*, since dead. On this occasion prayers were made for the success
756 of a party of Piegans who had started in pursuit of some

Crows who had taken a large band of horses from the 796
Piegans the day before. The ceremony was a very impres- 782
sive one, and prayers were offered not only for the success of 756
this war party, but also for the general good, as well as for
the welfare of special individuals, who were mentioned by
name. The concluding words of the general prayer were
as follows: "May all people have full life. Give to all
heavy bodies. Let the young people grow; increase their
flesh. Let all men, women, and children have full life.
Harden the bodies of the old people so that they may reach
great age."

In 1879, Mr. Schultz saw a sacred pipe unwrapped for the 756
benefit of a sick woman, and on various occasions since he 755
has been present at this ceremony. All accounts of what [115]
takes place agree so closely with what I saw that I give only
one of them. Mr. Schultz wrote me of the first occasion:
"When I entered the lodge, it was already well filled with men who had been invited to participate in the ceremony. The medicine man was aged and gray-headed, and his feeble limbs could scarcely support his body. Between him and his wife was the bundle which contained the medicine pipe, as yet unwrapped, lying on a carefully folded buffalo robe. Plates of food were placed before each guest, and after all had finished eating, and a common pipe had been lighted to be smoked around the circle, the ceremony began.

"With wooden tongs, the woman took a large coal from
the fire, and laid it on the ground in front of the sacred stem.
Then, while every one joined in singing a chant, a song of [533]
the buffalo (without words), she took a bunch of dried sweet
grass, and, raising and lowering her hand in time to the music,
finally placed the grass on the burning coals. As the thin [783]
column of perfumed smoke rose from the burning herb, both
she and the medicine man grasped handfuls of it and rubbed
it over their persons, to purify themselves before touching
the sacred roll. They also took each a small piece of some

756 root from a little pouch, and ate it, signifying that they puri-
755 fied themselves without and within.

[783] "The man and woman now faced each other and again
began the buffalo song, keeping time by touching with the
756 clenched hands — the right and left alternately — the wrap-
755 pings of the pipe, occasionally making the sign for buffalo.
533 Now, too, one could occasionally hear the word *Nai-ai'*[1] in
[201] the song. After singing this song for about ten minutes, it
was changed to the antelope song, and, instead of touching the roll with the clenched hands, which represented the heavy tread of buffalo, they closed the hands, leaving the index finger extended and the thumbs partly open, and in time to the music, as in the previous song, alternately touched the wrappers with the tips of the left and right forefinger, the motions being quick and firm, and occasionally brought the hands to the side of the head, making the sign for antelope, and at the same time uttering a loud '*Kuh,*' to represent the whistling or snorting of that animal.

"At the conclusion of this song, the woman put another bunch of sweet grass on a coal, and carefully undid the wrappings of the pipe, holding each one over the smoke to keep it pure. When the last wrapping was removed, the man gently grasped the stem and, every one beginning the pipe song, he raised and lowered it several times, shaking it as he did so, until every feather and bit of fur and scalp hung loose and could be plainly seen.

756 "At this moment the sick woman entered the lodge, and
755 with great difficulty, for she was very weak, walked over to
the medicine woman and knelt down before her. The medicine woman then produced a small bag of red paint, and painted a broad band across the sick woman's forehead, a stripe down the nose, and a number of round dots on each
[782] cheek. Then picking up the pipe stem, which the man had
laid down, she held it up toward the sky and prayed, saying,

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[1] My shelter; my covering; my robe.

'Listen, Sun, pity us! Listen, Old Man, pity us! Above 756
People, pity us! Under Water People, pity us! Listen, 755
Sun! Listen, Sun! Let us survive, pity us! Let us survive. [782]
Look down on our sick daughter this day. Pity her
and give her a complete life.' At the conclusion of this
short prayer, all the people uttered a loud *m-m-m-h*, signifying
that they took the words to their hearts. Every one now [533]
commenced the pipe song, and the medicine woman passed
the stem over different parts of the sick woman's body, after
which she rose and left the lodge.

"The medicine man now took a common pipe which had [782]
been lighted, and blew four whiffs of smoke toward the sky,
four toward the ground, and four on the medicine pipe
stem, and prayed to the Sun, Old Man, and all medicine
animals, to pity the people and give them long life. The [533]
drums were then produced, the war song commenced, and
the old man, with a rattle in each hand, danced four times [535]
to the door-way and back. He stooped slightly, kept all his
limbs very rigid, extending his arms like one giving a
benediction, and danced in time to the drumming and
singing with quick, sudden steps. This is the medicine pipe
dance, which no one but a pipe-owner is allowed to perform.
Afterward, he picked up the pipe stem, and, holding it
aloft in front of him, went through the same performance.
At the conclusion of the dance, the pipe stem was passed [782]
from one to another of the guests, and each one in turn held
it aloft and repeated a short prayer. The man on my right
prayed for the health of his children, the one on my left for
success in a proposed war expedition. This concluded the
ceremony."

Disease among the Blackfeet is supposed to be caused by 753
evil spirits, usually the spirits or ghosts of enemies slain in 775
battle. These spirits are said to wander about at night, and
whenever opportunity offers, they shoot invisible arrows into
persons. These cause various internal troubles, such as

753 consumption, hemorrhages, and diseases of the digestive
[775] organs. Mice, frogs, snakes, and tailed batrachians are said
[825] to cause much disease among women, and hence should be
shunned, and on no account handled.

752 Less important external ailments and hurts, such as ulcers,
757 boils, sprains, and so on, are treated by applying various
lotions or poultices, compounded by boiling or macerating
certain roots or herbs, known only to the person supplying
them. Rheumatic pains are treated in several ways. Some-
times the sweat lodge is used, or hot rocks are applied over
the place where the pain is most severe, or actual cautery is
practised, by inserting prickly pear thorns in the flesh, and
setting fire to them, when they burn to the very point.

755 The sweat lodge, so often referred to, is used as a
757 curative agent, as well as in religious ceremonies, and is
343 considered very beneficial in illness of all kinds. The
sweat lodge is built in the shape of a rough hemisphere,
354 three or four feet high and six or eight in diameter. The
frame is usually of willow branches, and is covered with cow-
skins and robes. In the centre of the floor, a small hole
is dug out, in which are to be placed red hot stones.
Everything being ready, those who are to take the sweat
remove their clothing and crowd into the lodge. The hot
rocks are then handed in from the fire outside, and the
cowskins pulled down to the ground to exclude any cold air.
[782] If a medicine pipe man is not at hand, the oldest person
[887] present begins to pray to the Sun, and at the same time
sprinkles water on the hot rocks, and a dense steam rises,
making the perspiration fairly drip from the body. Oc-
casionally, if the heat becomes too intense, the covering is
755 raised for a few minutes to admit a little air. The sweat
757 bath lasts for a long time, often an hour or more, during
[782] which many prayers are offered, religious songs chanted, and
several pipes smoked to the Sun. As has been said, the
[772] sweat lodge is built to represent the Sun's own lodge or

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

756 755 about noon, and left the next morning, having received for his services a saddle and two blankets."

[782] [776] "Listen, my dream —" This is the key to most of the Blackfoot medicine practices. These doctors for the most part effect their cures by prayer. Each one has his dream, or secret helper, to whom he prays for aid, and it is by this help that he expects to restore his patient to health. No doubt the doctors have the fullest confidence that their practices are beneficial, and in some cases they undoubtedly do good because of the implicit confidence felt in them by the patient.

[782] Often, when a person is sick, he will ask some medicine man to unroll his pipe. If able to dance, he will take part in the ceremony, but if not, the medicine man paints him with the sacred symbols. In any case a fervent prayer is offered by the medicine man for the sick person's recovery. The medicine man administers no remedies; the ceremony is purely religious. Being a priest of the Sun, it is thought that god will be more likely to listen to him than he would to an ordinary man.

756 759 Although the majority of Blackfoot doctors are men, there are also many women in the guild, and some of them are quite noted for their success. Such a woman, named Wood Chief Woman, is now alive on the Blackfoot reservation. She has effected many wonderful cures. Two Bear Woman is a good doctor, and there are many others.

755 776 In the case of gunshot wounds a man's "dream," or "medicine," often acts directly and speedily. Many cases are cited in which this charm, often the stuffed skin of some bird or animal, belonging to the wounded man, becomes alive, and by its power effects a cure. Many examples of this might be given but for lack of space. Entirely honest Indians and white men have seen such cures and believe in them.

423 were open equally to all according to one's energy and ability. Tribes, bands, and
even families might have their favorite and usual area within which to hunt, but
these ties to a territory were unrelated to ideas of ownership of land, game or
425 plants. Once labor had been expended, however—an animal killed, a horse stolen,
a plant gathered, a stick or stone picked up, or a dream dreamed—the product
was imbued with value and became personal property.

422 It is possible to separate food from other types of property because it was
not owned by individuals in the same way as were other goods. Food "belonged"
to the collector but was put in charge of the women of the collector's own or
adopted family upon return to camp. Food then belonged to the family, yet
224 even this title was clouded by a series of social obligations. A hunter was obliged
to share with anyone who had helped him in the kill, with the man whose horse
571 he had borrowed, or with the man from whom he had obtained hunting power. He
was expected to provide some part of the meat for the sick or disabled, and he also
might have had obligations to some of his in-laws. The family used what remained.
[261] In times of famine these rules were set aside and food became band property to
be shared by all. Food had additional uses, both ceremonial and social—feasts were
574 an important part of many rituals, to be described later, and as part of the everyday
social life of the men, as noted above.

422 Horses and other goods were individually owned by men, women or children.
Personal dreams, experiences, exploits, and the symbols of these were also
422 personal property and all could be transferred—sold, exchanged, given, or loaned,
in whole or in part—by one person to another. These other goods appear to have
424 been free of forced sharing in times of scarcity. The rule appears to have been that
none should starve, but other needs of the poor had to be met by appeals to the
785 generosity of those who had more. The unfortunate were cared for but usually
given worn or castoff clothing, tepee covers, tools, robes, and so on, rarely things
of much value.

437 Goods other than food were used by their owners or were used as exchange
goods. Exchange might be for economic reasons, as when a man gave a horse to a
medicine man for a cure, or to get a charm to insure success in horse stealing, war,
or other endeavor. Goods might be given in exchange for the supernatural power
of another. One kind of property could be used to purchase another, for example,
782 furs and guns for horses, or horses for tepee covers. Another type of transfer was
for ritual reasons, as when goods were offered to the sun in the Sun Dance, to
764 ghosts or other spirit forces in propitiation, petition, or thanksgiving. Here too
could be classified the practice of placing some of the property of a deceased with
his body in order that he might have the use of such things in the next world.

525 A third use, more difficult to classify, would be the exchange of property
in gambling. The Blackfeet were avid gamblers and some on occasion were known
to have gambled away all their possessions.

431 The fourth use of property was its transfer, by gift or exchange, in order
to gain increased prestige and status. Among the Blackfeet property was accumulated
556 and wealth created, to be used for the demonstration of generosity. A man
secured horses and other goods in order to give them away. He loaned a horse to
another hunter, in part to share in the meat, in part to create an obligation for

524 for playing the stick game as well as pool and cards was a regular gathering place
for the people of Heart Butte until it burned down a few years ago. The weekly
stick games have moved to a new location on Badger Creek.

177 The horse races attract some white-oriented horse fans, but the majority
of the crowd is Indian-oriented. Races are occasions for Indian rivalry and above
541 all to enjoy each other's company. The stick games have a regular but more limited
177 following and with few exceptions, players and observers are Indian-oriented.

Song services are meetings of the singing groups and serve both as practice
524 sessions and as forms of social gathering for the people involved. The sessions are
533 uually held in the home of one of the singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen
and friends—young and old, men and women—attend and the evening is
spent in singing and drumming old and new songs. The sessions break up at the
discretion of the singers and may be followed by a late supper.

788 Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant and
newspaper reports) are religious rituals to which guests are invited. The reports
755 indicate that those in attendance are always people of Indian-orientation. Some
[177] are believers and others are sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants'
families. The activities on these occasions are determined by the ritual of
the particular bundle or cure, but involve singing, drumming, prayers and some
788 dancing by selected participants. The owner of the bundle regularly paints the
778 faces of those in attendance as a mark of prayer for their well being. Bundle opening
[302] ceremonies are followed by a feast. One such ceremony held at Starr School
was described by one of the neighbors:

[782]

> The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home of Jim and
> 788 Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and sudden cold. There were many
> 778 people from Browning out to see this rare dance, that has long been forgotten.
> 535 Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie
> Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the many people
> of our community. The dance began with the rythmic [sic] beating on hides to
> certain songs. The bundle was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides.
> The bundle consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that are of
> help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter for "speed," the ermine for
> "beauty," the swan for "grace" and the little birds for their endurance of the
> cold in the winter. The people were then painted and eight danced in a most
> graceful manner. Maggie Many Hides, Mary Ground, Isabelle, Cecile Horn, Mrs.
> Fish, Annie Old Person, Mrs. Tom Many Guns all danced like beavers with
> [574] sticks in their mouths and hands. The usual meal was served after a monstrous
> [262] amount of energy was put into the dancing and singing. A delicious berry soup,
> boiled meat, fried bread and a dessert were consumed by everyone. At the end of
> the dance one certain lady gets up and dances with little small deer hooves and
> punches a man in the crowd and it goes on until everyone is dancing. It was a
> most enjoyable occasion for a grand time was had by all (*Glacier Reporter*,
> October 12, 1961:6).

This "dance" was "long forgotten" by the reporter and others in the community
but not by the bundle-owner and the named participants, several of whom owned
788 or had owned bundles themselves. Here was a gathering of Indian-oriented people
conducting an Indian ceremony. Some undoubtedly experienced the deep religious
781 experience of a beaver bundle opening, others had a "grand time" at a "most

[ca. 1700]

to each other. The buffalo had to cross these poles to enter the corral. 224
The poles were covered with manure and water, which froze and
became slippery so that once the buffalo were in the corral they 417
couldn't escape by climbing back up the hill. 322

Before the drive began a beaver bundle owner removed the sacred
buffalo stones from his bundle and prayed. He sang a song, "Give me 224
one buffalo or more. Help me to fall the buffalo." [782]

Then men of the camp [probably swift-footed, long-winded young [533]
fellows] were sent out to get behind a herd of buffalo and drive it toward the corral. Another man stood at the top of the hill and gave a signal to the women and children, who were hiding behind the brush piles, that the buffalo were coming. As the animals passed them on their way down the slope the women and children ran out of their hiding places.

Once inside the corral the buffalo were killed by men and boys stationed around the outside of the stout fence. Then the camp chief went into the corral to take charge of the butchering and the division
of the meat. While butchering, the people ate buffalo liver, kidneys, [262]
and slices of brisket raw. Two young men took choice pieces of liver,
kidneys, liver, brisket, tripe, and manifold to the beaver bundle owner who had remained in his lodge during the slaughter, but whose power had brought success in the hunt. Each man who killed a buffalo was given its hide and ribs. The slaughtered animals were cut into quarters which were divided among the families in the camp. Each family, whether it was large or small, received an equal share.[10] » » »

Driving buffalo into a corral was no easy task. Sometimes these animals were not to be found within miles of the clever trap. At other times shifting winds brought the scent of people ahead, or some unusual sound or movement frightened the buffalo away from the funnel-like chute and left the corral empty. Blackfoot legends and early descriptions of buffalo pounding by neighboring tribes tell of repeated failures to get the big beasts into the trap. Yet the success or failure of their early winter coraling of buffalo was of vital importance to the Blackfeet in dog days. If many buffalo were taken it meant both a plentiful supply of

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[10] John C. Ewers, "The Last Bison Drives of the Blackfoot Indians," *Journal* Washington Academy of Sciences, Vol. XXXIX, No. 11 (1949), 359-60.

[ca. 1850]

221 rests to furnish tipis, constructing and repairing riding gear, and
fashioning warm-weather clothing. Horses, thinned and weakened
during the winter months, fattened and grew strong on the
rich spring grasses. Toward the end of spring women dug bulbs,
which provided a welcome change in diet after the long winter
of eating meat and dried foods.

221 When buffalo bulls became prime in June, the scattered hunting
bands began to gather for the tribal summer hunt. It required
224 several weeks for these bands to assemble and for each
to occupy its assigned segment of the tribal camp circle. Then
began the organized summer hunt under the leadership of the
tribal chief and the strict regulation of men's societies chosen
● [782] to police the camp and hunt. This summer hunt provided cowhides
for new tipi covers, meat, and most important of all, the
sacrificial food for the sun dance—buffalo tongues. Only bull
tongues were collected, and as many as three hundred might
221 be needed. After the tongues were prepared and scouts had
796 selected the site for the sun dance encampment, the entire tribe
moved toward the site in four daily marches. These were dress
parades on which the people wore their finest clothes, decorated
their horses with their most elaborate trappings, and the
men displayed their weapons and shields. Sarvis berries were
ripe when the sun dance began, usually in August. Some eight
221 or ten days were spent in the sun dance encampment. At the
end of that period the tipis were taken down, the camp circle
221 was dissolved, and the bands separated for their fall hunt. This
summer season was the only time of year when all the bands of
619 the tribe camped together in one great village. In this tribal encampment
friendships between individuals of the different bands
were formed, renewed, and strengthened, the men's societies
held their ceremonies and competed against one another in
games and races, young men courted girls of other bands, horses
were bartered, painted lodges and sacred bundles were ceremonially
transferred, successful warriors were honored, visitors
from friendly tribes were feasted and showered with gifts, and
the chiefs and headmen of the tribe met in council to discuss

[ca. 1850]

donned his war medicine. Usually his[A] prayers were addressed 726
to the sun or the moon (who in Blackfoot belief was sun's wife),
and consisted of a simple, direct appeal for help in taking horses [782]
and reaching home safely. These long moments before going into action were tense, even terrifying ones for the inexperienced younger fellows. One of them might ask a more experienced
comrade for some of his medicine. Or a young man might make [782]
a solemn vow to give a feast for the owner of some sacred bundle back home or to undergo the agonizing self-torture in the sun dance of his tribe if he accomplished his mission.

The attack usually was scheduled for daybreak. Then the leader and a few of his bravest and most experienced men walked noiselessly into the enemy camp. If dogs barked, they threw bits of meat to them, waited, circled the camp, and approached it from another direction. Sometimes these men rubbed [824]
cottonwood sap on their hands and bodies. Its odor tended to quiet the horses and make them more willing to follow strangers. Quickly they approached the best horses, which were picketed in front of the lodges of their sleeping enemies, cut the picket lines with their sharp knives, and led the prized animals away. If there was no noise within the camp, no indication that any of the enemy had been roused, these adept horse thieves left the horses they had taken with a boy or inexperienced member of their party outside the camp and returned for more picketed animals. Sometimes the other members of the raiding party drove off some of the range herds while their leader and his most able men were after the picketed animals.

Whether or not the raiders' movements woke their enemies, it was important that they make a quick getaway in order to get as much head start on their pursuers as possible. Sometimes, in their haste to get away, a member of the party was left behind without a horse to ride. He had to shift for himself—find a hiding place in the brush until the next evening and get home alone as best he could.

It was always dangerous for a raiding party to be too greedy. To stay too long in the enemy camp or to try to run off too many

[A] [i.e., a warrior about to go into battle-- Analyst]

[ca. 1850]

all the skins in the man's lodge. But meanwhile the man learned 778
all the songs of the beaver medicine and the bird and animal 539
skin that went with each song.

After the beaver returned to his home in the lake, the hunter 773
collected the skins of all the different birds and animals and made
them into his sacred bundle. Thus the beaver medicine bundle
came to be.[4]

The great size of this bundle and the variety of its contents 778
caused the beaver ritual to be the most complex of all Blackfoot
Indian rituals. It required years for a man to learn the several 796
hundred songs of this ceremony, the animals to which each referred,
and their proper sequence in the ritual. Consequently,
ownership of a beaver bundle was not transferred very often.
As a beaver man grew old, he taught the ritual to a younger man
so that he could carry on the ceremony after the old man's death.

The beaver bundle was opened and the ritual performed in [782] ●
response to an Indian's vow to feast the beaver man and to give
him valuable property if he or one of his family should recover
from a serious illness or be saved from imminent danger on the
warpath. In early times, when food was scarce and the people 778
were hungry, they called upon the beaver man to open his mighty
bundle and perform his ritual to call the buffalo. The beaver man 796
and his wife danced, shaking the hoofs and tail of a buffalo 789
which were taken from the bundle. He prayed and sang his 224
potent buffalo-charming songs to change the direction of the
wind and drive the buffalo toward camp. The next morning buffalo
would be found close by and would be driven into the pound
made by the people of the village. In gratitude for his service
in preventing starvation, the people gave the beaver man choice
morsels from the buffalo impounded and killed.

Seeds of the sacred tobacco planted by the Blood and Northern 249
Blackfoot tribes were preserved through the winter in the [778]
bundles of beaver men. At planting time in May they gave a

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[4] This origin legend was told me by Frank Red Crow, a Blood, in 1951. Four
variants of the beaver medicine origin legend appear in Wissler and Duvall, [115]
"Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians," AMNH *Anth. Papers*, Vol. II, Part 1,
74-78.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

[ca. 1850]

249 feast and prepared the seeds by mixing them with deer, antelope, and mountain sheep dung, sarvis berries, and water. The soil was readied for planting by spreading brush over the field, burning the brush, and sweeping the ground with brush brooms. Each planter and his wife then dug a small plot about three feet square with a digging stick, dropped tobacco seeds in the holes, and covered them.

[776] The beaver men believed the tobacco spirits were dwarfs no more than a foot high. Before leaving the garden for the summer
249 hunt, each planter placed a little crooked stick in the center of his plot. Tied to this stick were a miniature pair of moccasins
782 and a tiny pouch containing tobacco seeds—gifts to the "little people." In fall when the tobacco was ripe for harvest, the nomadic Indians returned to their little tobacco garden. The beaver man again performed his ritual before the tobacco was harvested.

778 Another type of medicine bundle which was of respectable age and great importance to the Blackfoot tribes was the medicine pipe. David Thompson learned of the medicine pipe among the Piegans before 1800. Alexander Henry, in 1809, was told of the Blackfoot belief that the medicine pipe was a gift from the thunder.

> Thunder is a man who was very wicked and troublesome to the Indians, killing men and beasts in great numbers. But many years ago he made peace with the Blackfeet, and gave them a pipestem in token of his friendship; since which period he has been harmless.[5]

[126] In 1943, Makes-Cold-Weather, an elderly Piegan Indian, transferred his Blood Medicine Pipe to me for the collections of the
778 Museum of the Plains Indian. At that time he recited the following legend of the origin of the medicine pipe:

539

773 « « « In the fall of the year three sisters went to pick berries on some hills near their camp. A storm came up quickly, and hail began

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[5] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, II, 366.

pipe bowls, wooden food bowls, sacred stones, and other accessories 778
in the bundle were employed in the ritual. But they
were secondary in importance to the pipestem. Although the [796]
ritual of the medicine pipe was less complicated than that of
the beaver bundle, it involved the singing of a lengthy series
of songs and prayers as well as dancing with the pipe.

Some medicine pipes were carried by war parties as powerful 778
war medicines. One of these was the "children's pipe," which
originated in the dream of a Blood Indian named Middle Calf 714
while he was on his way home alone from a horse raid. In this
dream an old man appeared who assured Middle Calf he would 778
reach home safely. The old man gave him a pipe to take to his 714
children, saying this pipe would bring them luck and good
health. When he reached home, Middle Calf made the sacred 787
pipe just as he had seen it in his dream. Its stem, less than eighteen
inches in length, was much shorter than that of most other
medicine pipes. It was decorated with pendant feathers, trade
beads, and an obsidian arrowhead.

At the sun dance encampment Middle Calf offered to transfer 778
his sacred pipe to any child who wished to own it. A wealthy
Indian sent word that he wished to purchase it for his eldest son. 425
The transfer ritual was unusually simple, involving the singing 796
of but four songs. First the owner took some balsam needles between
his fingers and raised his hands, while singing, "The above ones gave me this incense which I hold." Then he held up his right hand with the thumb extended and sang, "The holy one above, he is holy." He touched the ground with the same thumb and sang, "The earth persons are holy." Finally he took the pipe stem in both hands, raised it, and sang the fourth song. "My pipe is holy. My pipe hears me." Then he stood up, holding the sacred pipe, and danced to the accompaniment of drums.

This medicine pipe had two functions—to bring health and to 778
foster success in war. The father of a sick child might make a
vow to purchase this pipe so that the child might regain his 782
health. When going into battle or into an enemy camp to capture [755]
[726]

[ca. 1850]

778 horses, the owner of this sacred pipestem tied it in his hair on
the top of his head.[6]

● 782 One of the greatest mysteries in the history of the Blackfoot
776 tribes is that of the origin of their tribal sun dance. Alexander
Henry referred to their high regard for the sun when he wrote
796 in 1811, "The greatest oath a Slave [Blackfoot] can possibly
utter is that the earth and the sun hear him speak."[7] But he made no mention of a tribal sun dance among the Blackfeet. Prince Maximilian was at Fort McKenzie and visited the Indian camps near [illegible] at the sun dance season, but he did not describe the ceremony. Many years later Lieutenant Bradley reported that some of the white employees at Fort McKenzie witnessed the Piegan sun dance in 1832. And the winter count of the Blood Indian called Father of Many Children recalled the year 1818 as the one in which "The Blood Indians had their Sun Dance in the winter time."[8] Possibly the ceremony was new to the tribe at that time.

In any event, it seems improbable that the Blackfoot tribes
[171] originated the sun dance. It was the major tribal religious ceremony among nearly a score of Plains Indian tribes. It was most
highly elaborated among the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and West-
796 ern Sioux. Probably the Blackfeet derived this ceremony from
the Arapahoes, either directly or through their neighbors, the
177 Gros Ventres, who were close relatives of the Arapahoes.
Whether the Blackfoot tribes borrowed some of the features of the sun dance of an alien tribe before the beginning of the nineteenth century is questionable. It may very well have been an early nineteenth century innovation.

Certain it is that by the middle of the nineteenth century the sun dance was the great tribal religious festival of the Blackfeet. It is equally certain that their sun dance was not a carbon copy of the ritual of any other tribe. It was modified and adjusted

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[115] [6] The story of the children's pipe was told me by Jim White Bull on the Blood Reserve in 1951. The pipe itself is in the collection of the Denver Art
[113] Museum.

[7] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, III, 731.

[8] Bradley, "Manuscript," *MHSC*, Vol. IX, 268.

[ca. 1850]

to the existing Blackfoot ceremonial pattern of the medicine 796
bundle. The beaver medicine men in particular contributed both
to the symbolism and the sacred paraphernalia of the Black- 177
foot sun dance.

A woman, the medicine woman, played the leading role in 796
the Blackfoot sun dance. Only a woman who had lived a virtuous
life, one who had always been true to her husband, could qualify 793
for this part. She assumed this sacred role by making a solemn 796
vow to the sun at a time of crisis in her family. She promised
the sun that if her sick loved one should regain health or her 793
warrior son or husband return home safely from a perilous raid, 782
she would undergo the sacrifice of serving as medicine woman
in the sun dance of her tribe. This sacrifice involved not only
the purchase of a costly natoas bundle worth many horses, but
also the observance of a fatiguing fast and the personal respon-
sibility for the success of the complex ceremony. She knew full 796
well that should anything go amiss during the ceremony, she 793
alone would be blamed, and both her veracity and her virtue
would be denounced by her fellow tribesmen.

If her appeal to the sun was answered, the woman's promise was formally proclaimed to the people of her camp. She faced the sun, and a man experienced in the sun dance ritual publicly declared that this woman, whose prayer to the sun had been answered, promised to give the sun dance. In some years more than one woman in a tribe made this sacred promise. Each was
required to purchase a bundle and assume the medicine woman's
role. Perhaps this accounted for the existence of several natoas [778]
bundles in each Blackfoot tribe. Other virtuous women pledged
themselves to assume the less demanding roles of "coming forward to the tongues" and assisting the medicine woman.

In the spring of the year a messenger was sent from the camp 796
in which a woman had pledged to serve as medicine woman to
the other scattered bands of the tribe. He presented tobacco to 203
the chief of each band and informed him of the woman's promise.
After the bands assembled in early summer to form the tribal 796
camp circle and begin the summer hunt, relatives of the medicine 237

[ca. 1850]

It was late afternoon when this private ceremony in the medicine 796
woman's lodge ended. In single file the occupants emerged
from the tipi, led by the master of ceremonies. Following him
in order were the medicine woman's husband, the former medicine
woman who had transferred her bundle, the medicine
woman herself, wearing her sacred headdress, elkskin dress, and
robe and carrying the sacred digging stick on her back, and,
finally, her assistants, carrying the parfleches containing the buffalo
tongues. The procession slowly moved halfway around and
back through the unfinished medicine lodge, the members halting
and praying as they went, to an open-faced sun shelter set
up west of the medicine lodge.

Then children and adults of the tribe who had been in poor 796
health or wished to receive the blessings of the holy ones came
forward with gifts of cloth or clothing. Males took their gifts to 782
the ceremonial leader, girls and women to the medicine woman.
Each petitioner was prayed for, and his or her face and wrists
were painted. The medicine woman's helpers who had vowed to 796
"come forward to the tongues" proceeded to open the parfleches
containing the tongues. Each of them in turn took a piece of the 782
dried tongue in her hand, faced the sun (now low in the western 237
sky), held up the tongue, and earnestly prayed for the welfare
of her relatives gathered around her. The remaining tongues
were distributed among the great number of spectators, who
consumed them in the same prayerful spirit as Christians experience
when they partake of holy communion. It was a solemn
and a sacred act.

The remainder of the public ceremony on the climactic fifth 796
day of the sun dance was devoted to completing the erection of
the medicine lodge. First the buffalo hide which was to be cut 346
in narrow strips for use in binding the rafters in place was spread
out on the ground. Then successful warriors who had purchased
the privilege came forward to cut the hide. Each in turn held
his knife high while he recounted four of his brave exploits, then
cut several of the thongs.

Shortly before sunset four groups of men carrying pairs of to make the fire blaze high were greatly admired for their prowess. The warriors dramatized their accounts by re-enacting their accomplishments—the killing of an enemy, the capture of a weapon or a horse, or the taking of a scalp. They achieved considerable realism in these performances by such acts as firing their guns in the air and riding around the lodge with stick horses between their legs. 796 372 555

However, by far the most dramatic of all the warriors' actions in the medicine lodge were the excruciating self-tortures undergone by young men who had made vows to torture themselves in the sun dance of their tribe. In 1947 the Blood Indian Heavy Head, one of the last of the Blackfeet to submit to this painful ordeal, described his experience to me. 796 785

« « « My partner, Buffalo Teeth, and I went to war to take horses. At Medicine Hat we found a small camp of Cree half-bloods. It was moonlight when we sighted their camp. I looked up at the moon and prayed to it, "If I have good luck and get home safely I shall be tortured at the sun dance." Then I stole into the camp and got one bay that was picketed in front of a lodge without any of the enemy waking. Buffalo Teeth got a roan. 796 785 782

When I reached home, I told my story to my father, Water Bull. The old man got up and sang his encouraging song. Then he told me, "My son, you have done something worth doing. You have made a vow that you will be tortured at the sun dance. You must do it this coming sun dance."

A short time after that the bands began to come together for the summer encampment. I filled my pipe and went to Little Bear, a relative of mine who had been through the torture years before. I gave him the pipe and a buckskin horse, and said, "Here is a horse for you. Keep this pipe too. I want you to look after me in the torture." Little Bear went to the next lodge and got two old men, Green Grass Bull and Red Bead, both of whom had been through the torture. They came to Little Bear's lodge, smoked my pipe, and prayed for me. 796 785

The day before the torture I ate and drank nothing. Next day I had nothing until after the torture. However, the three old men gave me some sagebrush to chew. [262]

I was the last and the youngest of the three Blood Indians to

[ca. 1850]

was shouting. Then, before I started to dance, I jerked the shield off my back. 796

I leaned back and began dancing, facing the center pole. It felt 785
just like the pole was pulling me toward it. I danced from the west
toward the doorway of the lodge and back. Then, when the skewers 796
didn't break loose, the old men realized that the incisions had been 785
made too deep. Red Bead cut the outside of the incisions so they
would break loose. As I started dancing again the left side gave way 535
and I continued dancing with only my right side holding. Then an
old man, Strangling Wolf, got up from the crowd and called out four
war honors, then jumped upon me. The second rope gave way and
I fell to the ground.

The three old men cut off the rough pieces of flesh hanging from 796
my breasts. They told me to take these trimmings and the sagebrush
from my wrists, ankles, and head and place them at the base of the 785
center pole as my offering to the sun. This I did. 782

Then I took my robe and walked out of the medicine lodge alone.
I went to a lonely place and fasted for a night. I wanted to dream. 796
But I couldn't sleep at all because of the pain. At sunrise I prayed 785
to the sun.

When I got back to my lodge my mother gave me some food. I had 787
to stay in the lodge for several days. My breasts were so swollen 796
I could hardly move. Indian doctors used herb medicines to take the 785
swelling away and cure my wounds. » » »[11]
[757]

Nevertheless, six decades after this event Heavy Head still bore the scars of his torture.

There is a Blackfoot tradition that the custom of self-torture [777]
was introduced from the Arapahoes through the Gros Ventres.
It was never as common among the Piegans as among the Blood
tribe. Nevertheless, all three Blackfoot tribes made other sac- 782
rifices of flesh and blood to the sun. Sometimes warriors on their
way to meet the enemy cut off bits of their skin and gave them 785
to the sun along with their prayers for success in their dangerous
mission. Women as well as men chopped off one or more fingers
and offered them to the sun. An elderly Piegan woman once
showed me the stump of a finger on one of her hands and ex-

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[11] John C. Ewers, "Self Torture in the Blood Indian Sun Dance," *Journal Washington Academy of Sciences*, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 5, 168–70.

782 plained, "My parents had several children before I was born.
785 All of them died. When I was a baby, my mother cut off this
finger and gave it to the sun so that I might live and enjoy long
life. That I have done."

796 In the medicine lodge at sun dance time each of the men's
societies danced and presented gifts to the sun. The varied ceremonies
[535] in the medicine lodge usually consumed four or more
[782] days. The lodge itself was left standing when the great camp
broke up and the several hunting bands went their separate ways
for the fall hunt.

756 Like other peoples, the Blackfoot Indians employed simple
[757] home remedies for minor ailments, but when someone was seriously
ill they called upon a man or woman who had magic powers
[753] with which to cure the sick. The Blackfeet believed disease was
caused by an evil spirit entering a person's body and that it could
be cured by a doctor who possessed the power to expell the spirit.
As Blackfoot doctors received their detailed instructions for curing
755 the sick in dreams, their methods differed. Many, however,
employed singing, drumming, and calling upon their supernatural
helper for assistance. Not uncommonly, the doctor appeared
to extract some small object from the sick person's body as
756 proof that the cause of illness had been removed. Some doctors
[752] were specialists in treating broken bones, snake bites, or battle
[462] wounds. Many of the most renowned doctors were women. It
was customary to pay the doctor one or more horses for his services.
The family of a victim of a prolonged illness might give
all their possessions to the Indian doctor.

775 The Blackfoot Indians believed that after death the soul traveled to the Sand Hills, a desolate country south of the Saskatchewan River. There the deceased entered upon a new life similar to the one he or she had lived on earth. The dead were invisible to the living. Nevertheless, Indians who traveled through the lonely sand hill country claimed they heard strange noises and saw the trails and deserted camp circles of the dead. The Blackfeet claimed that the ghosts of the dead sometimes returned to communicate with the living in weird, whistling sounds.

In the summer of 1942,
I saw an elderly Piegan tie two feathers in the tail of the horse of 492
a middle-aged man which was to be ridden in the Fourth of July
parade at Browning. (This ornament is now in the Denver Art Mu- [541]
seum, Cat. No. FB1-95-G.) The old man then said a short prayer [782]
that the horse might not fall or throw its rider. This also is said
to have been an old Blackfoot custom.[illegible]

### DECORATION OF WOMEN'S HORSES

A wealthy Blackfoot took pride in providing his favorite wife with 492
fancy trappings for her riding horse, to be employed when visiting
neighboring camps or other friendly tribes, and when moving to the 556
Sun Dance encampment. These trappings, including decorated
bridles, martingales, cruppers, saddlebags, and the finest painted raw- [531]
hide containers obtainable, were thought to enhance the woman's
appearance on horseback.

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[illegible] Lewis and Clark (1805) noted Lemhi Shoshoni practice of decorating the manes and [711]
tails of their horses with feathers (Coues, 1893, vol. 2, p. 563.) The Crow claimed they tied up their horses' tails to make them run faster (Marquis, 1928, p. 114). Omaha young men occasionally "decked the manes and tails of their horses with bright ribbons or bands painted in gay colors" (Fletcher and La Flesche, 1911, p. 358).

484 move was to be made so that everyone would be in readiness to make an early start the next morning.[69]

619 [203] In planning the movement of a Blackfoot band, the band chief consulted other prominent men of the band before announcing the move. He called upon certain individuals in the band to act as scouts, side, and rear guards.

484 791 [782] Among the Blackfoot the medicine pipe owner played an important role in camp movement. In dismantling his lodge on the morning of the move he placed his bundle at some distance from it if the move was to be a long one; he left it standing on its tripod near the lodge if the move was to be a short one. He took pains to point his pipe in the direction the camp was to go. Before he set out, the medicine pipe owner made a smudge and prayed for the safe journey of the camp, that no accident would befall any member and that no enemies would be encountered en route. The medicine pipe man led the main body when camp moved.[70]

### PACKING UP

484 Experience made the Blackfoot efficient in packing their belongings quickly on the morning camp was to move. Except for the lodge and bedding most items were packed ready for transportation before the morning of the move. They needed only to be tied in their proper places on horses or travois. This greatly expedited last-minute preparations. J. M. Stanley (1855, p. 448), who accompanied Low Horn's Piegan village of 90 lodges on its move southward to Fort Benton in the fall of 1853, wrote that "in less than an hour the whole camp was under way".[71]

[462] [593] [595] As among other Plains Indian tribes Blackfoot packing of lodges and furnishings was women's work. In a household of several wives the husband's favorite wife served as job foreman, supervising the work of the other wives, the aged women, and grown girls of the

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[171] [69] Larocque's description of movements of the entire Crow camp in the summer of 1805, reveals that Crow custom was similar to that described by living Blackfoot informants, at that early date. He observed that the principal chief consulted the other chiefs before deciding upon a move, then issued the order. That chief's lodge was the first to be taken down on the morning of the move (Larocque, 1910). Tixier (1940, p. 179) noted that heralds announced breaking of camp the night before the Osage hunting camp made a move during the summer of 1940. As early as 1776, the elder Henry (1809, p. 310) observed the Assiniboin chief's practice of notifying the camp of the next day's march in advance. My Kiowa informants stated that in that tribe the principal chief's decision was made known to tribal members through his announcer the night before camp movement, and that this chief led the procession when camp was under way.

[171] [70] Perhaps the Mandan and Hidatsa had a very similar custom. Alexander Henry (1897, vol. 1, p. 369), who accompanied these tribes on a visit to the Cheyenne in 1806, observed that Le Borgne's "grand pipe of ceremony" was carried at the head of the procession. Boller (1868, p. 277) noted that Poor Wolf "carried the pipe" and led the line of march when the Mandan-Hidatsa moved camp ca. 1860.

[171] [71] Denig (1953, p. 36) credited the Crow with being able to pack and start on the march in "less than 20 minutes."

726 782 533 Medicine songs also were intended to protect their possessors as well as to bring them luck in taking horses. Uhlenback (1911, pp. 66–67) mentioned three songs employed by the Piegan, Bear Chief. One, known as "the song of the horse-stealing" was actually a prayer to the sun, "Sun look at us, have pity on us, help us." Another, sung while in sight of the enemy camp, was intended to pacify the enemies' dogs, "In the night I am not seen, the dogs are my partners." A third song, rendered when the sound of enemy firing was heard, had the words, "The guns can see me, I can see the bullets, they are like birds, they curve."

726 Rides-at-the-Door explained the use of his own war medicine:

> 778 782 When I went to the enemy to steal horses I carried my war medicine in a small, cylindrical rawhide case. This medicine could never be put down. In a lodge it always had to be hung up. When my party got near the enemy camp, I made a little fire, took charcoal and sweetgrass and made a smudge. I sang the song given me with my medicine and prayed before donning my medicine plume. In my prayers I asked Sun for horses, to get away safely and not to have to return on foot. Sometimes I prayed to the sun, "See me. The rain is holy and the wind is holy." Then it was bound to blow, and the sleeping enemy would not hear us when we went into their camp and took their horses.

726 714 778 It was not uncommon for an inexperienced young man, doubtful of the potency of his own war medicine to "call a help" on an older man of the war party just prior to the rush for enemy horses. The more experienced man would give him a feather from his own medicine or other token of his own medicine power. A fearful young warrior might make a vow before the other men of his party to feast the owner of some powerful medicine bundle on his return home, should he pull [782] through safely. Vows to undergo self-torture at the next tribal Sun Dance were also made before entering the enemy camp to take horses (Ewers, 1948 b, pp. 167–168). These last-minute petitions for supernatural aid helped to bolster the wavering courage of inexperienced raiders.

Informants' testimony revealed the Blackfoot belief that reliance upon the protective power of war medicine was no justification for reckless exposure in battle. Lazy Boy cited the case of Calf Shield, whose power came from Big Lake, a noted Piegan chief. On the way to take horses from the Sioux, Calf Shield's entire party was wiped out. Although no one survived to tell of that action the Piegan generally claimed the party must have taken too great chances. "It was not the fault of the medicine or its giver if the recipient took too great a risk." Thus repeated losses of possessors of renowned war medicines in combat failed to shake Blackfoot faith in the power of these medicines. There were always a number of brave warriors able to testify to the potency of their medicines in preserving them from almost certain death on the warpath.

171 necessary to infer such influence to explain the Indians' preference
for long races. Endurance was a quality the Plains Indians required
541 of their war and hunting horses. It should not seem strange that they
expected the same attribute of their race horses. Consequently Plains
Indian horse races were tests of the competing horses' endurance
rather than their sprinting ability. As Ferris noted of Flathead
horse races, they "generally terminate[d] in favor of bottom rather
than speed" (Ferris, 1940, pp. 95–96).

### HORSE SYMBOLISM IN INTERSOCIETY HOOP AND POLE GAMES

575 The series of competitions between rival Blackfoot men's societies
during the Sun Dance encampment included hoop and pole games in
526 which horse symbolism played a prominent role. One society chal-
231 lenged another by sending tobacco to its leader. If the challenged
society feared the prowess of the other at this game their leader sent
the tobacco back and the challengers presented it as a gift to the
sun. If the tobacco was accepted the challenge was also.

The game was played on a level stretch of ground about 30 feet
long, across each end of which a log was placed at right angles to the
[533] length of the course. Before game time members of one society gath-
ered around the log at one end of the course and sang their cere-
monial songs. Men of the other society sang around the other log.
Each society selected a member with a brilliant war record who was
especially adept at this game to represent it.

[237] The hoop used in intersociety contests was fashioned of the neck
cord of a buffalo, burnt and shrunk to make it hard. It was about
3 inches in diameter, with 5 or more spokes and an open center.
Each spoke was strung with a different color of large necklace beads.
[822] Each color represented a different-colored horse. A red bead sym-
bolized a sorrel, white a white, black a black, copper a bay, yellow
a buckskin, etc. The poles were of arrow form with metal heads
and feathering, but considerably longer than the war or hunting
arrow shot from a bow. On plate 13, *a*,^A is shown a North Piegan
hoop (3.2 inches in diameter) and two poles (34.2 inches long), col-
lected in 1901 (cat. No. 69351, Chicago Mus. Nat. History). My
Blood informant, Heavy Head, owned a similar set, made ca. 1907.

The spectators, many of whom had bet on the outcome of the play,
lined the sides of the course. They were silent as the two players
[782] stepped upon the course. Each competitor (usually one man repre-
sented each society, although by mutual agreement each society might
enter two men) in turn raised his pole toward the sun and offered a
short prayer in such words as, "See me. See this arrow. See how
it is painted. That is how my arrow was painted when I killed a
Crow. I shall shoot to win because what I say is true." Each con-

A [See category 526, p. 358-L--Analyst]

796 755 532 [822] Construction of this ceremonial altar was slow and deliberate. Wallace Night Gun told me Wolf Calf had explained to him that he had been told how to make the altar in one of his dreams. It was important that it should be made in just that way for every horse dance ceremony. Night Gun said the red rectangle symbolized day and the black one night. The zigzag furrows represented "the thunder's lightning." The plumes were also required by Wolf Calf's dream. Wolf Calf used to give them to persons who requested his help. Hence they were renewed from time to time (pl. 16, *A*, *b*)[A]. The completed altar appeared as sketched in figure 33.

796 755 252 While the men rested, the wife of one of the cult members began to cut up three beef tongues on the floor near the center of the room. In front of her was a smudge in a tin pan. She made two passes with one hand toward the smudge before drawing longitudinal black lines with charcoal on each tongue, followed by the drawing of similar lines in red paint on each. Then she cut each tongue into small pieces each about 2 inches square. Wallace explained that only a woman who had been given this power could cut the tongues. If no such woman was in attendance at a horse dance, the leader would paint the face of one of the cult member's wives and instruct her in the ritual of tongue cutting. At any later ceremony that woman would be privileged to cut the tongues.

796 755 302 ● 782 While this woman was at work, Night Gun called the young woman who had been in poor health, and for whose benefit the ceremony was given, to come to him. She knelt before him, as he uttered a prayer for her welfare. Then he painted her entire face and a band about one-half inch wide around each of her wrists with red paint, applying the paint with his thumbs. Next he prayed for and painted each of his two assistants and the owner of the medicine pipe bundle who was present. All of them I knew had been sickly that winter. The aged medicine pipe owner had been treated by several white doctors. (He died in the fall of 1947.)

Night Gun later told me it was customary for those who were blessed and painted to give him presents either before the ceremony or just prior to the painting. Unless the leader was satisfied that he was well paid he would not proceed with the ceremony. If satisfied, he instructed the other cult members present to remember these givers in their ritual prayers. The leader might also call upon any other witness, not a member of the cult, to come forward to be blessed. That witness need not pay for the privilege unless he was so disposed. Painting gave him the right to attend future horse dance ceremonies. Through witnessing the ceremony, listening to the songs, and studying the ritual he might eventually desire to buy into the cult.

[A] [See category 778, p. 358-0--Analyst]

796 755 [276] stone bowl from the leader's bundle (pl. 16, *B*, *c*)[A]. Meanwhile the woman who had cut the tongues painted three stripes of red paint on the inside of a large kettle and placed the tongues in it, making two feints toward the kettle with the first handful of meat before dropping it in the kettle. Water was added and the kettle was placed on the stove to boil.

The leader then drew from his bundle a little rawhide cutout figure of a horse in profile, 6½ inches long (pl. 16, *B*, *a*)[A]. He placed it on the earth south of the rectangular altar. He gave his second assistant a red-painted rock about the size of a fist, which the man carried to the front door of the house, made two passes at the door frame, then hit it with a resounding rap with the rock, and returned to his place. Night Gun said this was a caution to the horse medicine men never to fall over or bump a rock.

796 755 782 533 There followed praying, singing, and drumming by the horse medicine men. This was the most prolonged portion of the ritual. First the leader offered a prayer to the spirit of the rawhide horse, then sang three of his ritual songs, accompanied by the beating of three drums held by himself and the two members of the cult nearest him on the left. When he had finished he passed his drum to the man on his left who in turn gave a prayer and sang three medicine songs owned by him. This combination of praying, drumming, and singing was continued until each cult member had performed individually. Then the entire cycle was continued twice more, until each member had sung his three songs three times. Night Gun said that if one of the singers was a new member who possessed only one song he was privileged to sing it three times each cycle. Meanwhile he tried to learn another song, which he might later purchase, by listening carefully to the others. The leader might loan a fellow member one of his songs for a particular ceremony, but it "went back to the bundle" when the ceremony ended. Men who had owned the same song as one being sung by another were permitted to join in the singing. The wives of some of the male singers also joined their husbands, singing softly from their stations near the center of the floor. The songs were wordless tunes in which the same stanzas were repeated many times. Some singers inserted a prayer between each song.

[574] [262] At the conclusion of this ritual[B] a meal was served to all persons present. It consisted of bread, crackers, boiled ribs, and coffee. It was then well past midnight. There followed a second session of singing, by the cult members, and after a brief rest, a third session. These were exact duplicates of the session described in detail above. In each of the three sessions each member sang three songs on each of three passings of the drums.

[A] [See category 778, p. 358-0--Analyst]

[B] [i.e., the ceremony of the horse medicine cult--Analyst]

> 439 "They are notorious thieves; when we hear of a band coming in every piece of iron
> 157 or other European article that can be carried off must be shut up."[144]

439 They are also described as great bargainers.

> 437 "I have seen one of this tribe employ ½ hour in bartering a dozen wolves and twice
> 157 as many Depouilles (fat on the ribs and back) and so unreasonable as to demand a
> Gun, Pistol, or any other article that attracted his attention for one Skin . . ."[145]

Maximilian notes this in another connection:

> "The Crows in their visits and negotiations presented the Blackfoot with valuable articles, costly feather caps, shields, horses, etc. but received nothing at all when they came to the latter, by which all the Indians are incensed against the Blackfoot. In this respect the other tribes showed much more delicacy."[146]

The unusual shrewdness of the Blackfoot in their trade with the whites, their sharp bargaining, their disregard of tradition in not giving return gifts to the Crow, and the firing of the prairie to raise the price of meat were, according to the fur traders, uniquely Blackfoot, and must be attributed, at least in part, to the fact that they were subject to a competitive fur trade which made good businessmen of them.

### *Religion*

432 This commercialism of the Blackfoot was not limited to their trading
425 practices but became characteristic of many aspects of their institutions.
778 This was especially apparent in the buying and selling of bundles. Religious
bundles such as the Medicine Pipe bundle, Beaver bundle, and Sun Dance
● [782] bundle were bought by an individual, usually in fulfillment of a vow made
in time of misfortune. Although the bundle transfer was part of a religious
ceremony, the interest of the buyer, the seller and the community was
centered upon the property exchanges involved. To sell at a high price
and to buy at a low price was a major objective in most bundle transfers.
The buying of bundles was frequently a profitable investment, for the
bundle owners received fees for the religious services they rendered to the
[454] community. Finally, some individuals bought bundles as an investment for
prestige in which wealth could be displayed.

175 The above picture of bundle transfers applies only to the latter part
of the nineteenth century. Earlier, it appears that the number of bundle
425 transfers was less frequent and the property exchanged much smaller. In
432 a discussion of Blackfoot medicine bundles in 1833, Culbertson says, "they
778 might be transferred but the owners were seldom willing to surrender the

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[144] *Ibid.*, p. 544.

[145] *Journal of Duncan M'Gillivray*, p. 46.

[146] Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 161.

The turnover in these important pipes and bundles is not great and prices 778
fluctuate considerably.[173] The man who has paid a large number of horses 432
is frequently loathe to relinquish his bundle for fewer animals. It was many 435
years before the last buyer to pay a hundred horses for the Long Time Pipe was ready to let it go for fifty. The woman who bought the *natoas* bundle in 1929 put up ten horses, one heifer, a set of harness and a saddle. In 1939, she still owned the bundle.[174]

The initial expense, however, is but a small part of the total cost. Further ritual knowledge enhances the value of the bundle, but while this may bring a good return in the future, it must be paid for in the present. Moreover, the owners of certain bundles are expected to open them and feast all previous owners sometimes as often as once a month. For some these additional obligations are too onerous. All four owners of beaver bundles participate in the general ceremony, but only one possesses the knowledge necessary to conduct it. His bundle is considered the most powerful.[175]

All bundle owners are members of societies, but five, each of whom had 575
purchased only one bundle, did not join the Horns. Pressure from the 778
Church, the loss of horses, or the complete acceptance of white goals may [177]
account for this unusual behavior. Whatever the reasons for these particular
lapses, it is also an interesting fact and an index of changing values that the [798]
sons of bundle owners and society members have not always followed in [178]
their fathers' footsteps. They have not always joined societies or purchased ceremonial objects.

Those who buy ceremonial privilege consider the gain against the cost. 787
When Harvey Fleet Foot, a young and ambitious farmer, was at "death's 778
door" shortly after the serious illness of his small son, he dreamed that he 432
should vow a pipe. Only then would he and his family be protected from
further harm. Since no special pipe was mentioned in the dream, he sought 782
advice from an old medicine man and Horn priest, his father's brother, and [751]
from his father-in-law, a substantial cattle and horse owner and farmer. [756]
The two old men agreed to back Harvey, "if he followed the voices of the spirit." They decided that he should vow the Long Time Pipe. Said the medicine man, "As long as you can pay for it, you might as well vow the
strongest pipe." And Harvey Fleet Foot, aided by his rich father-in-law, [435]
bought the Long Time Pipe for twenty horses and other goods.

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[173] Bradley (*Characteristics*, p. 265), writing before 1877, comments, "In value [175]
they were computed at about nine horses." Lewis (*Effects of White Contact*, p. 44 ff.), basing his conclusions on Major Culbertson believes that before 1850 "the number of bundle transfers was less frequent and the property exchanged much smaller." Wissler (*Blackfoot Bundles*, p. 277) writes: ". . .whereas. . .medicine pipes formerly required but two or three horses, they now often go to thirty head."

[174] Harry D. Biele, Field Notes.

[175] *Ibid.*

war deeds and political authority being equal, would ordinarily not join 561
a war expedition led by one who was his junior. Among war chiefs who had [701]
already made their major coups, seniority was as important a factor in
prestige as the number of major coups. [554]

Unlike the Pawnee and the Comanche one's prestige did not decline after [555]
the last war deed. War was understood as a means for acquiring wealth,
and if one were already wealthy, status could be maintained in certain 556
spheres without war deeds. Once one had built an adequate herd of horses, 721
there was no humiliation for those who preferred to remain in camp. More- 554
over, after renouncing warfare, one might gain further prestige. Ceremonial [778]
life was another form of competition with property as one of the stakes; a [425]
man surpassed another by paying more for an article of ceremonial im-
portance or by acquiring more sacred articles. The tribal chiefs themselves [621]
were usually older men who had already distinguished themselves as war- [622]
riors. Having given up the war path, they settled with their large herds of
horses to help their relatives and thus established their positions as leaders
in civil life. In this status of leader a man with less wealth and fewer coups
might surpass a man with a finer war record who had greater wealth but less
generosity. Above all, the mere fact of having grown old was regarded with 888
respect, for one must have power in order to grow old. Hence, it was any 561
dignified old man who with his liaisons to supernatural powers said prayers [782]
for the departing warriors. In fact, they prayed that the young man who
offered them a pipe would have a long life and many children. [889]

The general structure of the age societies exemplifies this pattern still 575
further. The societies such as the Bees and the Prairie Chickens were
entered by many young men, required little outlay of wealth for member- 561
ship and served mainly for display, recreation, and solidifying the bonds [556]
between comrades. Those high in the hierarchy of age societies such as the
members of the Catchers and the Horn societies were necessarily older men
of sufficient wealth to pay a relatively high price for admission. Hence the
group of members was not large. In addition these societies were entrusted [692]
with legal authority, based in part on the supernatural power which mem-
bership gave them. We thus see again the tendency to associate with age
both authority and supernatural power. Though the Crazy Dogs, lying [761]
about midway in the hierarchy of age societies, might sing the old Plains
song, "We do not want to become old," this was sung perhaps more in [533]
derision of their "enemy society" than as an expression of the desire to die
young.

Within the residence group any remarks on authority must be prefaced 592
by the observation that the smaller units were in the final analysis auton-
omous. Each household unit was free to move any place it desired at the 596
will of the man who was head. Among the households that coalesced into

## Song Services, Bundle Openings and Curing Ceremonies

184 Song services were meetings of the singing groups and served
177 both as practice sessions and as forms of social gathering for the
533 people involved. The sessions were held in the home of one of the singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen and friends might attend and an evening was spent in singing and drumming old and new songs. The session would break up at the discretion of the singers and might be followed with a late-hour supper.

796 Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant
778 and newspaper reports) were religious rituals to which people were
184 invited. The reports indicate that those in attendance were always
177 people of Indian-orientation. Some were believers and others were sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants' families. The activities on these occasions were determined by the ritual of the particular bundle or cure, but involved singing, drumming,
[782] prayers and some dancing by selected participants. The owner of the
[302] bundle regularly painted the faces of those in attendance as a mark of prayer for their well being. Bundle opening ceremonies are followed by a feast. One such ceremony held recently at Starr School was described by one the neighbors:

> The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home of Jim and Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and sudden cold. There were many people from Browning out to see this rare dance, that has long been forgotten. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the
> [535] many people of our community. The dance began with the rythmic [sic] beating on hides to certain songs. The bundle
> [825] was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides. The bundle consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that are of help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter

177 of bundles. Formerly these bundles were held for life by relatively
old men, but today younger men own them for short periods of a
778 few years. This reflects the general competition to own sacred objects,
422 and the Beaver Bundles, though formerly outside this competition,
have entered it today. In keeping with this interest, the
177 number of bundles on the reserve has been increased from two to five,
778 since three were imported from other Blackfoot-speaking reserves.
Furthermore, rivalry between owners has led to the holding of two or
[796] more simultaneous Tobacco Dances at various parts of the reserve, instead
of the single ceremony with two or more bundles as in the past.

Vows of sacrifice in return for supernatural assistance during
177 time of crisis continues as in the past to be an important function
● 782 of ceremonial life. While the wealthier participate in the expensive
796 Sun Dance, Horn Society and Old Women's Society, there is a
galaxy of less expensive vows for the poor. Vows to assist the important
ceremonies in minor capacities are usually filled. Deer and
177 Ghost dances flourish. In addition to their traditional function,
796 sociability and recreation are also an important purpose, for all of
these vows imply participation in gatherings of people. These continue
517 to be good, gay times for people, and the less expensive membership
requirements of the Tobacco Dance society give opportunity
for many to join. Perhaps the loss of interest in a Medicine Pipe on
the Blackfoot reserve may be explained by the fact that its ceremonies
were never occasions for large celebrations with many people.
In addition the cost of a Medicine Pipe has risen to an almost prohibitive
177 price. Finally, all these ceremonials, but especially the Sun
Dance and Tobacco Dance, reaffirm solidarity with the past. They
796 offer the opportunities for dressing in Indian costume, for being in a
tipi, for hearing familiar sounds; only then is the old life renewed
with the camp announcers who shout orders around the camp circle,
the boys that sing through the night, the men and women who sing
praise songs at dawn. Though all other aspects of life may have
changed, the ceremonial details continue. Old people, previously
too sick to sit erect, insist on attending the Sun Dance and the
Tobacco Dance, happy if they can die there. For the very old an
element of sadness also enters, for it reminds them of deceased
comrades, and they feel lonely. One man expressed this in the following
way: "I feel bad when I talk about war deeds. I do not like
to talk about them because I feel lonely for those people who are
now dead. Next year at the Sun Dance I am going to put up a tent
just for old people to tell their stories."

## Part 1

## CEREMONIAL AND RELIGIOUS USES OF PLANTS

### Overview

824 237 The role of plants in the religious and ceremonial life of the Blackfoot was* no less important than that of animals: both were essential for a correct re-enactment of the sacred event. The function of animal artifacts appears to have been documentation in general; the function of certain plant species was preparatory in nature.

781 778 824 By "preparatory" is meant the ritualistic use of plants to help place a person (or a group, such as a tribal society) in a condition to receive power from the sacred realm. The objects contained in the bundles and the charms of personal use attested to the original sacred event by which such power was conferred, and they were the symbolic means through which the [302] [554] revelation was demonstrated. The real power of the ceremony, commonly but mistakenly thought to reside in the songs, really lay in the face-painting, and the owner of the design reserved the right of initial benefit and source. He was the human proprietor of the sacred gift.

783 824 The preparatory role of the plants was essentially that of purification. Blackfoot mythology and ceremonial procedure show that the prerequisite of favors from the supernatural realm was the symbolic shedding of daily life. This cleansing——so suggestive of the initial stages of a rite of passage——usually was brought about in either or both of two ways: the subject could ● [782] pass through an ordeal in a small enclosure, the sweat lodge. It is important to note that incensing was prescribed primarily for the handling

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[128] *We use the past tense with few exceptions, throughout, because Blackfoot ceremonials belong, alas, mainly to earlier times. However, certain practices persist, albeit in more or less abbreviated or distorted form; and to that extent a "present tense" reading of this account is warranted.

783 824 [782] of material preparatory to praying and that the sweat lodge was used for the purification of part or all of the group. Whatever route was taken, the end was the same: the cleansing of the heart and soul from the defilements of life. In one informant's words:

783 824 787

> Now I am told to illustrate the things we burn incense with, how these things came into existence. A person is out in the wilderness to get visions. He goes to the river and swims. He bathes himself and then he wipes himself with sage grass (Artemisia ludoviciana). His filthy body is not there and he walks away. He did not take any bedding. So he came to where he can build a shelter. There are a lot of creeping cedars (Juniperus horizontalis). He started to pull them out and make a shelter with them. The shelter is not the conical-shape shelter. They are called bridge shelters. He used the creeping cedar for a mattress. The creeping cedars smelled like his body. The holy spirit approached him. The human had a bad odor so the holy spirit fled from him. The first night he slept out; his body still has an odor. The next morning he started to cry. When he got drowsy from crying he slept again. He still has a bad odor. The next morning he will go to another place and he will sleep in another place. He will build another shelter with the same material. And he still has a bad odor. In the morning he starts crying again so that somebody might pity him, a strange person (supernatural being revealed as a man or animal). He built a shelter with the same material. On the fourth day he did not have any more body odor, and the holy spirit approached him. When the spirit noticed him, that he had no more body odor, then it gave him supernatural powers.

783 824 [782] And in another account:

> The leaves of the sage (Artemisia ludoviciana) are trimmed off, and they are moulded into balls, and the offering is cleansed with them. The sage is given to the ones that are going to sing, and they cleansed themselves with it. They cleansed the bad life that they had in the past, and now they are going to live a new one. Now, someone has a deceased relative and he is going to be purified by an older person. She will cleanse herself with the sage, and then they take them and they will throw them away. Now that dirt in the body is thrown away. That bad body. That's a cleansing of ourselves.

000 In the mythical tale of Scarface, the protagonist enjoyed the

824 778 773 The mediating nature of plants can be seen in the important function of the Holy Turnip of the Natoas bundle. The turnip (symbolized by a plumed headdress) was the plant that was pulled from the ground by the woman who married Morning Star and went to live in the sky. It was through the hole left by the plant that she saw her people once again; then she became homesick and at length returned, bringing with her the Natos bundle as a gift from the supernatural realm. The turnip had quite literally become a gate through which the connection between man and the supernatural was realized.

824 [783] It was no accident that all the plants used in the smudges and sweat lodges were aromatic herbs. Sweet grass, juniper, alpine fir, and sage yielded potent scents to those in need.

[821] Another practice illustrates this point. It is well known that the elements of the weather were personified by the Blackfoot. Such was the [782] case with the thunder. It was during heavy storms that needles of alpine fir (Abies lasiocarpa) were placed on a smudge with the expressed desire that Thunder would smell the symbolic offering, recognize his loyal subjects, and keep his lightning away from the camps.

[781] The figuring of plants in important parts of Blackfoot religion and mythology is evidence of strong belief in their effectiveness in helping anyone disposed to use them for attaining spirituality. Other plants had slightly different functions in the religious life of the Blackfoot---aspen and poplar (Populus spp.) for centerpoles, the "power root" (Angelica dawsonii) of the Horn Society, and tobacco---but the difference seems to have been one of degree rather than essence.

This overview is not meant to be more than suggestive of Blackfoot religious conceptions. The topic far exceeds the scope of this study. Our task is merely to document some of the uses of plants in Blackfoor religious activity. The remainder of this paper is devoted to those particulars.

## ANNOTATED LIST OF PLANTS

824 The following list of plants and their functions reflects the Blackfoot emphasis (see Overview) rather than botanical taxonomy. We have found a ratio of social restriction corresponding to the amount of power attributed to the plants: the more powerful the plant, the more restricted was its use.

### SWEET GRASS

*Hierchloe odorata*

Sweet grass (Fig. 1)* grows from creeping rhizomes throughout the low meadows of southern Alberta and Montana. The specific epithet *odorata* bespeaks its delicate scent, which graces any place the dried grass is kept. In Blackfoot the plant is *siputs-sima* ("fragrant smell").

The grass could be harvested by anyone. This was done in late summer. A handful of stems was bound at the lower end with other stems; then it was braided into double strands about 45 cm long (Fig. 2). We were not able to obtain an origin myth for this plant; indeed, there may not be one.

778
783 Virtually every holy artifact was incensed with sweet grass. The
824 incensing usually was done at a smudge altar (Fig. 3) and with the help
of a ceremonialist. Several small pieces were broken from the braid and
placed on hot coals, which had been removed from the fire with a forked
782 stick. Prayers accompanied every smudge. It was believed that a person
[577] would not lie if he used the incense. Medicine-pipe owners were required
to burn the incense twice a day: in the morning and in the evening.
[782] Almost every ceremony began with prayer and the burning of sweet grass.
Sweet grass was essential to the raising of a fallen dancer or fallen

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

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*Figures follow the text.

824 [825] been able to review this with him. He said that the cutting of small trees was sanctified with fire originating from a sweet grass lighter.

TOBACCO

*Nicotiana multivalvis*

276 796 Smoking was an important part of Blackfoot ritual: like the communal
182 meal, it tended to emphasize the inclusiveness of those partaking.
575 249 Traditionally, the native tobacco (*Nicotiana multivalvis*) was ceremonially
796 planted and harvested by members of a North Blackfoot society known as the
Tobacco society (Fig. 4). (It is noteworthy that this society was not a
[184] [561] part of the age-graded system and that it was maintained only by the North
Blackfoot.) For about a week, each spring, members gathered at the sacred
planting-grounds. Elaborate ceremonies accompanied the sowing. The tobacco
[237] [415] seed, with fertilizer, had been stored through the winter in pericardium
containers of the society's Tobacco bundles. (The same bundle, less certain
paraphernalia, was alternately called the Beaver bundle.)

249 [782] Between the period of planting and havensting, taboos prevented anyone
[784] from visiting the plots, because the young plants were being tended by
[786] [776] supernatural Small People, who did their gardening in return for offerings
of miniature apparel, which had been left at the close of the planting
ceremony (Fig. 5).

824 778 At harvest, in the fall, the seed was used to replenish the bundle
276 supplies, and the leaves were distributed to the appropriate claimants, who
[249] in turn later distributed leaves to the other divisions of the tribe. The
tobacco usually was mixed with the leaves of kinnikinnik (*Arctos-taphylos
uva-ursi*) or the dried cambium or red-osier dogwood (*Cornus stolonifera*).
The mixtures were included with all religious bundles---either in the bundle
proper or in a preliminary bundle.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

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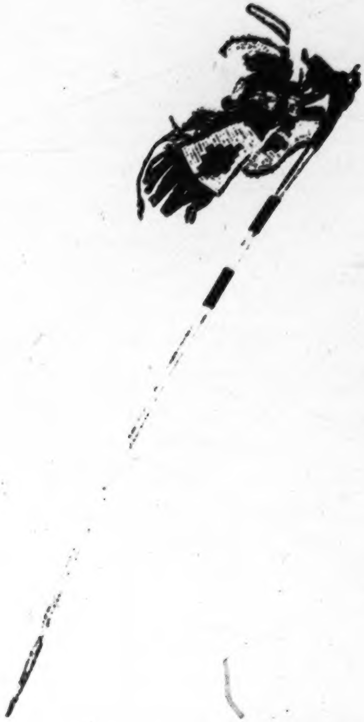

Fig. 5 — Miniature apparel left as offerings at the planting grounds of the Tobacco Society. (North Blackfoot). Photo courtesy of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute. Ethnology Department. Catalogue No. AF 1985.

137 to the lush riber-bottoms. Our information has to do only with those
growing along the prairie streams (Fig. 7).

343 Sweat lodges (Fig. 8, 9 & 10) were associated with all of the ceremonial
824 bundles, with most of the societies, with all of the medicine pipes, and
[778]
[178] with the Holy Lodge, or Okan, of the Sun Dance. Traditionally, the water
birch (Betula occidentalis) was used in the construction of sweat lodges;
however, in recent times, because of a difference of opinion among ceremonalists as to the origin of birch, only willows (Salix spp.) came to be used.
A given number of wands were sharpened at both ends. One end was planted in
the ground, and the wand was woven through the rest of the wands until the
other end reached the ground, where it was forced in. The sweat lodge was
a dome-shaped shelter in which two to six men could sit. When it was ready
for use it was covered with skin robes or blankets. In some cases the
[778] sweat lodges were painted and the ceremonial bundles were placed on top of
the lodge. Sweat lodges also were built for bundles that had not been used
for a long time.

[823] The door always faced east. (Sometimes there was a west door, through
which the participants left after the ceremony.) A small pit, of variable
size and shape, was excavated in the center of the floor, and hot stones
[782] were placed in it. Due west from the east door was the sweet-grass smudge.
The floor was covered with sage (Artemisia ludoviciana), which was used for
[782] cleansing. (Sometimes a small offering of meat and sage was buried in the
[27] base of the pit before the hot stones were rolled in.) Sage was chewed by
[789] assistants to the participants during the sweat-lodge rituals to relieve
thirst resulting from taboos against the consumption of liquids.

575 The Horn Society sweat lodge was constructed of fourteen willows. The
343
824 Holy Woman's sweat lodge in the Sun Dance was made of one hundred willows,

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 24]

796 Society rituals was traditionally made from two incense tongs, but recently
824
[178] two poles crossed at right angles have been used. Eagle feathers and cloth
[237] are attached at the top. The sage is tied at both ends of the arms and at the center, where the poles cross (Fig. 12), balls of sage are also used to cleanse the body during participation in the All Smoking Ceremony.

[782] In the Okan (Holy Lodge) of the Sun Dance the Lodge dancers wore sage around their wrists and ankles---as though they were themselves offerings.

[785] Among the Peigan, one man fasted until the Okan center pole was raised;
[302] then he entered a sweat lodge and used sage to wipe off the black paint with which he had been covered. In early times sage was used as a bed for the Buffalo Stones (Iniskim) during buffalo drive rituals.

[823] It seems that the proper way to dispose of the sage was to throw it eastward rather than burn it or just put it down. There were other uses of
[775] course. A person afraid of a ghost would cleanse himself with sage. A
[773] man who was going to enter a horse race might do the same. There does not appear to be an origin myth for this plant.

## SASKATOON

*Amelanchier alnifolia* Nutt

824
796 The saskatoon (Fig. 13) is a well known bush of the river bottoms and
262 coulee slopes. Its berries make preserves and tasty snacks. They were included in Blackfoot ritual meals. A berry soup accompanied most ceremonial events, such as the transfer of a tipi design or the opening
[462] of a Medicine Pipe bundle or a Beaver bundle. The woman prepared the soup from saskatoon berries, assorted roots, fat, and water. At an appointed
[782] time during the ceremony this soup was served to all participants. The soup was blessed, and an offering of one of the berries was put back into the ground, before eating began. A few mouthfuls were taken; then the

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 29]

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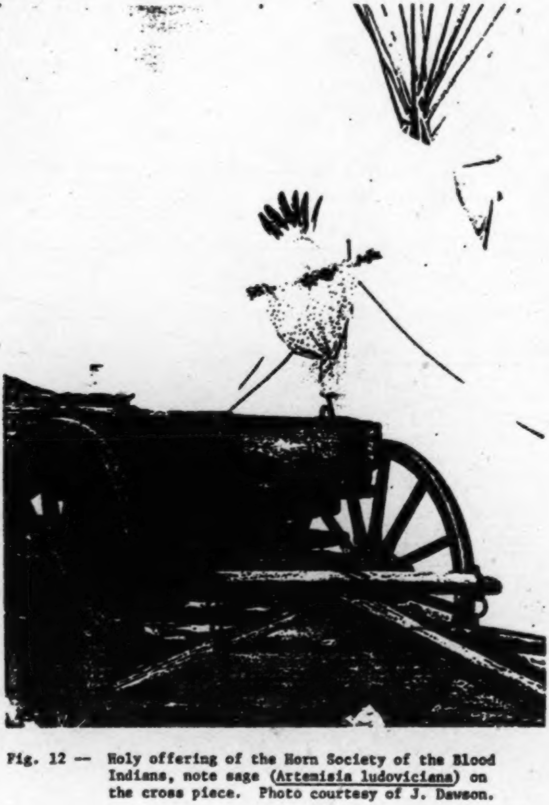


Fig. 12 — Holy offering of the Horn Society of the Blood Indians, note sage (Artemisia ludoviciana) on the cross piece. Photo courtesy of J. Dawson.

824 like a religious bundle. One informant, who owned a Weasel-tailed suit,
796 [237] said that the black tip of the weasel's tail represented a creeping juniper
[292] berry that had become attached.

ALPINE FIR

824 Abies lasiocarpa (Hook) Nutt

783 782 Katoy-yis, the Blackfoot "sweet pine"----that is, alpine fir (Fig. 19)----
was used an incense, primarily in association with the Medicine Pipe bundles.
[276] This was because pipes had been given by Thunder. Similarly, a smudge of
[773] alpine-fir needles was made, for safety's sake during severe thunderstorms.
[789] [821] For the benefit of the reader and student we have included a list of medicine
778 783 pipe bundles with which the use of this plant is required as incense:

824
- Long Time Pipe
- Riding Pipe
- Gros Ventre Pipe
- Cree Pipe
- Mandan Pipe
- Opposite Direction Pipe
- Arapahoe Pipe
- Childrens Pipe
- Short Pipe
- Small Pipe
- Red Covered Pipe
- Shaggy Covered Pipe
- White Mans Pipe
- Sarsi Pipe
- Numerous unnamed medicine pipe bundles

000 We have found fir needles in the initiation bundles of the Horn Society.

575 we have found
824 fir needles in the initiation bundles of the Horn Society.
778 We were told that the needles were mixed with the dry paint to make it smell
better. Fir needles also were chewed and then sprayed over the Horn
[783] ceremonial containers to purify them.

[783] Fir needles were used as incense during the transfer ceremonies of the Black Spring tipi design and the Bear Medicine Hat bundle.

### PUFFBALLS

_Lycoperdon_ spp.

824 The prairie puffball (a fungus) figured in Blackfoot religious life. The Blackfoot name for it is _ka-ka-toos_ ("less powerful"), which implies that puffballs are stars fallen to earth during supernatural events.

[776] There is a story about the woman who married Morning Star and had a child by this supernatural being. When she returned to earth with the Natoas bundles and her child she was directed by the star-personage to keep her baby from touching the ground for fourteen days. She managed all right until the day she went for wood and left the child in the care of a grandmother. The grandmother was careless, and the baby touched the ground. It turned into a large puffball and returned to the heavens as the Fixed Star (North Star), plugging the hole left by the woman when she pulled out the Holy Turnip.

[782]
[775]
[372]
[342]
[532] _Lycoperdon_ and other fungus, _Polyporus_, were used as incense to keep ghosts away. They were also included in the Firelighters bundle of the Horn Society for use as a kind of punk to light a fire easily. On certain painted lodges (for example the Otter lodge, shown in Fig. 20), the small circles at the base of the tipi represented the puffball (not lakes as is commonly thought), which insured fire to those within.

### 000 LUPINES

_Lupinus_ spp.

782 776 302 824

## LUPINES

Lupinus spp.

Lupines (Fig. 21) called "wolf turnips" by the Blackfoot, were used as incense in the Ghost Dance. (This was not the rivivalist movement dance of recent times.) The ceremonialist who was sponsoring it chewed the leaves of a lupine before he undertook any face painting. He did so to reinforce his powers.

## YELLOW ANGELICA

Angelica dawsonii S. Wats

824 278 This is probably the most interesting of all the plants of religious use. The root, a religious power medicine, was called sau-gas-sim, it was also used medicinally. There are three ways in which Angelica (Fig. 22) was [777] used: for luck in games of chance, for individual power by ceremonialists and diviners, and for collective power in designated societies. The [782] [285] harvesting of the root was the same in all cases: those responsible for gathering it would first pray; the root was dug while more prayers were sung; and the newly dug roots were tied to a circular piece of rawhide by means of a thong, which was laced through holes along the rim. The roots were kept there until needed.

541 824 777 For luck, the root was used in horse-racing and in the hand game. In the horse race, the root was tied in a small bundle and attached to the base of the tail or to the bridle. No other horse could pass the one carrying sau-gas-sim. In a variation of this casting of a spell so that other horses could not pass, the root was held in the rider's mouth. Short pieces were broken from the stem of man sage (Artemisia ludoviciana) and a small, flat, white stone was collected. The man first sprayed the rock with juice from his mouth. Then the stems were placed on the ground; they represented the [801] other horses. The stone was sprayed again and shoved toward the stems, without touching them, three times. At the fourth shove the stone was pressed onto the stems.

[illegible] CONTINUED ON PAGE 43;

541 824 777 pressed onto the stems. Horses so cursed were sure to slacken in the race.

Another method made use of a quirt (or a rod). The sau-gas-sim was placed in the mouth, and the rider sprayed the quirt with the juice. This quirt was not used to whip the horse. When the race began, the rider would try to get on the right side of the other horses; he carried the magic quirt but whipped his horse with a regular one. At an opportune time the rider threw back the sprayed quirt, causing the other horses to fall behind.

Sometimes a man used a small, flat stone that had been sprayed with the root. When no one was looking it was thrown at the competing horse. That horse would trip, probably break a leg, and die; and its owner would be sick for days.

524 525 824 777 For use in the hand game, the root was kept in the mouth. This would
make the other players lazy, and they would lose continually. But if a man
was suspected of using the power root, there was a defense against its
[825] influence. The loser went to his lodge (or to one nearby) and asked for a
small piece of meat, which he combined with man-sage leaves. Carrying this
charm in his pocket, he returned to the gambling place, where he walked
abruptly among the participants and took the dice in his hands. Then he
pretended to sing and perform with the dice---all the while secretly rubbing
[827] them with the meat-and-sage mixture. After he handed back the dice the man
who had been using the sau-gas-sim would get a headache and grow lazy, losing
all he had won.

824 777 ● [782] [695] The power root was used by ceremonialists to bless others with long life and good luck. Vows were made with sau-gas-sim, ceremony called for spitting on the hands and touching the head, shoulders, chest and hips: that insured the validity of whatever was said thereafter.

000 We have been told that the power root was once included in the rites of

824 tradition, that would enable him to run long distances——more than twenty
783
224 miles a day, we were told. The runner wore special moccasins, which were
[292] transferable annually.

824 Balsam root was used as incense during the Planting ceremonies of the
782 Tobacco Society (North Blackfoot). A horse was encouraged to stand near a
[776] smudge of ohm-ah-gaha. Then a rider leapt on the horse and galloped across
the planting-grounds, stopping only to deposit small offerings to the Small
People.

[778] The root of ohm-ah-gaha was used as incense for the Crow-feather headpiece
[292] during the transfer ceremony of the Beaver bundle. (Fig. 26).

128 This completes the Annotated List of Plants in Part I. The remainder of the paper consists of a List of Bundles and Religious Artifacts Associated with the use of Sweet Grass.

232 pus would drop out.

824 Prunella vulgaris

An infusion of the plant was used to treat saddle and back sores. It also made an eyewash.

Salix spp.

The root was chewed and spit into the horse's eye if it was clouded or bloodshot.

Selaginella densa

The powdered root was applied to the mouth of racehorses in order to make them hyperactive. It was a personal medicine.

"Stink Foot"

Coughing horses were fumigated with the smudge of the root. For treatment of advanced stages of round worm infection, an infusion of the root was administered through the nostril as well as the mouth, which killed the
● 782 worms in the nasal and intestinal passages. Then the horse was incensed
232 with the powdered root as prayers were sung. The root was burned with choke
824 cherry coals which were on top of a small flat stone. Then the stone was buried, burned side down, in a badger hole while more prayers were sung and the sickness was considered to be "put away".

824 Blackfoot always obtained them from the Kootenay and called them "excrements",
262 the same name for candy.

[192] [439] *Cirsium spp.*

The flower head was dissected and the pedicel eaten fresh.

*Cornus stolonifera*

[276] The cambium of the dogwood was dried, greased and crushed, then mixed with smoking tobacco.

The ripe berries were eaten.

*Crataegus chrysocarpa*

Certain conditions had to be met before the berries were eaten. Other-
● [782] wise, they would cause stomach cramps. The procedure was to offer the tree a gift, for boys a little bow and arrow made from the thorns, for girls a pair of miniature moccasins fashioned from the leaves. In return, the tree
[222] would not allow its berries to "bite" the stomach. The gifts were placed on the tree and the berries collected.

*Disporum trachycarpum*

The ripe berries of the "dog-foot" were eaten anytime.

*Elaeagnus commutata*

[251] The berries were peeled and eaten or mixed with grease and stored in a cool place, then eaten as a confection or added to soups and broths.

*Epilobium angustifolium*

The fresh roots of "red round object" were eaten.

*Erythronium grandiflorum*

See *Lilium philadelphicum*

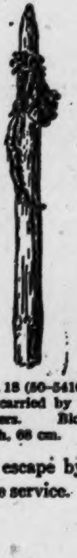
*Fritillaria pudica*

See *Lilium philadelphicum*

## THE CATCHERS.

561
575
796
[411]
[531]
[237]
[276]
[292]
[531]
[237]

The catchers have two pipes spoken of as the black-covered pipes (see Vol. 7, 159) whose keepers are regarded as the leaders. The members carried a curious club, spoken of as an ax (Fig. 18). It is nothing more than the broken end of a tipi pole, painted red, and trimmed with a bunch of buffalo dew claws.



[302] Fig. 18 (50-5410a). Club carried by the Catchers. Blood. Length, 68 cm.
[625]

According to one informant the pipestem is covered with eagle plumes and four bunches of tail feathers. The owner wears wristlets bearing small iniskims (buffalo rocks) and some human hair. On the head he wears a fan-like bonnet of owl feathers to the top of which is fastened a small iniskim. With the pipe there is a buffalo chip enclosed in a pericardium. A specimen will be found in the collection (50-4534b). The pipes should rest on this when being smoked, but if such were not at hand an ordinary buffalo chip was substituted.

The painting was described as a black hand across the mouth and chin.

When acting as police the members cannot enter water to make an arrest in consequence of which one may escape by riding into a stream. The pipe keepers do not perform police service.

## THE HORNS.

561
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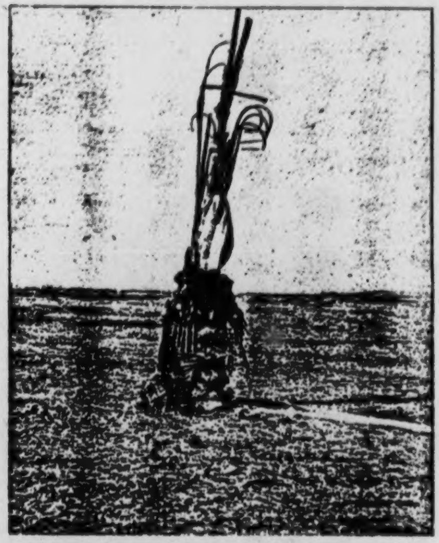
[184]
[124]
[126]
[796]
[782]
[114]

While the corresponding society among the Piegan has long been extinct the horns still flourish among the Blood. There are many members among the North Blackfoot and the North Piegan and a few among the South Piegan, but so far as we know, the ceremonies are rarely held except on the Blood Reserve. We never saw any of the ceremonies but collected some of the regalia. It is the custom of the society to give a public ceremony at the sun dance and to offer their unwrapped hooked lances to the sun. We saw these still in place on the sun dance field (Fig. 19). Owing to the universal fear of this society and the secrecy of its ritual, we experienced some difficulty in securing information and specimens of regalia. The latter and all the general information was given the writer by various Blood Indians, but the secret part of the ceremony was obtained by Mr. Duvall from two informants whose narratives we present in full.

The following is the statement of a Blood woman who had herself taken 561
part in the ceremonies:— 575

The members of the horn society are regarded as very powerful men and women.
It is very dangerous even to talk about them and one must not tell what is done in [784]
the society; ill luck will surely befall him if he does. The ceremonies are secret.
The power of members is so great that to wish anyone ill or dead is all that is needed
to bring the realization. Among the Blood, the fear of the horn society is still so [695]
great that in court proceedings it is usual to take oath by them, that being the most
solemn oath. Thus, a man will swear, "I will speak the truth by the horns."



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782●

Fig. 19. Photograph showing the Offerings of the Horn and Ma'toki Societies on the Sun Dance Field (1903).

Like other societies the rule is for all the members to sell, or transfer at the same 561
time. This transfer usually takes place in the summer. Both men and women 575
belong, usually husbands and wives, though the latter seem to have a minor part.

There are two male leaders. They wear similar regalia; weasel tail shirts and [292]
leggings with bonnets bearing horns and tails. One of these bonnets bears a small
arrow, sticking straight out in front. (Fig. 20.) [237]

Next in rank are two men wearing "straight-up-bonnets." (One of these was [531]
[796]

takes the woman out-of-doors and proceeds with the painting. If properly done, 561
he spits a piece of turnip into her mouth.

The woman is then conducted back to her husband. As they come near the 575
meeting place, the conductor gives a faint signal, like 796
scouts on the warpath. Then he announces the name 432
of the husband after which the woman enters and spits
the piece of turnip into her husband's mouth. This [784]
turnip is evidence that she was properly painted. She
then squats over a smudge.

Some of the women are refused by the fathers, [558]
because they themselves are not of good repute or
because their husbands are not worthy men. In any
case, it is a disgrace to the husband not to have his
wife properly painted. 561

Our informant never went through this painting 575
ceremony. Some time after joining, a woman came 796
one night and kicked on one of the tipi poles saying
that she came to be painted. He told her that he 531
could not because he had not received the necessary 237
instructions. She then returned to her husband, who 532
sent her to another man. →

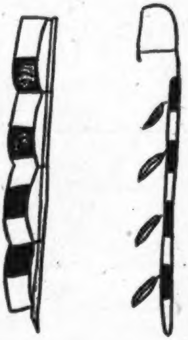

Fig. 23. Sketch of Standards used by the Horns. *a* A yellow painted Staff about seven feet long; *b* Staff carried by the mounted Members. Drawn by an Informant.

The writer has a statement from Strangling-
wolf that the members wear no clothes and paint 561
the entire body red. Some wear plumes at the 575
backs of the head, others wear war-bonnets of 796
several different forms. The lances, however, [292]
are the main objects. They are usually made of [302]
pine and cut thirty hands long. The leader's
lance is five hands longer. The hook is made of birch and tied with sinew. [237]
Around the places where the lance is to be held, bladders are wrapped, [824]
because no one should touch any of the other parts. Nine eagle tail-feathers
are used for each lance. The wrappings are of otter and swan skin. These
are kept in bundles, but new sticks are required for each ceremony, the old [782]●
ones being offered to the sun (Fig. 19).A These are provided by certain men
and the fee is a horse in each case. When the stick is cut, prayers are [782]
offered and some tobacco left at the stump.[1] The whole camp must keep
very quiet while the stick is being prepared. The curved portion is made
and then bound on to the end of the staff. Then the whole is painted red, [531]
after which the wrappings and feathers are added.

There are three kinds of bonnets: the straight-up kind, one with horns,
and one without.

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[1] Flat-tail, a Piegan, once cut and prepared a kit-fox lance for the writer. He performed the ceremony properly, but later met with misfortune and death. It was common talk that all this resulted from his meddling with the power of the kit-fox. [784]

A.[See Category 116, p. 411--Analyst]

561 The leader of this society has the say as to when the camp circle shall be
575 formed and where. He pitches his tipi within the circle.

When dancing, the lances are held out in front almost vertical. The
561 drummers sit in the center. The members dance around them sun-wise,
575 except those with the straight-up bonnets, each bearing a rattle. The latter
go in the reverse direction. The dance is closed by the leader shaking a robe
796 as if driving buffalo.

535 Mr. Duvall writes, "Near the close of the dance the man wearing the bonnet with the arrow dances in the lead while all the other members follow him. He attempts to break through the lines of the spectators who wave him back with blankets and robes and shout. The dancers seat themselves and then go through the same movements as before, trying to break through the crowd, etc. At the fourth attempt the spectators allow the dancers to pass, ending the dance."

[782] When the unwrapped sticks are offered at the sun dance a square rawhide bag is tied on containing the paint and moccasins used in the ceremony.

561 A curious rule is that when a man sells his membership, he must not meet
575 the purchasers, they being as taboo as mother-in-law and son-in-law. Once
[532] when visiting the Blood there was great confusion in the writer's tent over
[784] the unexpected entrance of a new horn member. Like the mother-in-law
taboo, this can be removed by liberal gifts in a special manner.

[606] The belief is strong that horn members have power of life and death over
[431] all outsiders. A short magic formula is known to them with which the result
[754] can be had.

Running-wolf, a very able Blood Indian, is authority for the statement
561 that after the bull society became extinct the horns took over many of their
575 rites. The headdress of the horn leader is said to have been worn by the
173 bulls. His very aged mother remembered seeing the bull dance. He called
attention to the large part buffalo conceptions seem to play in the ceremonies
and origin myths, whereas the kit-fox of the Piegan has a different mythical
origin. One of our Piegan informants was positive that the buffalo did not
figure in the kit-fox ritual in any manner whatsoever. It will be noted that
this theory of Running-wolf is consistent with our accounts of the kit-fox.
On the whole, we believe this to be the most probable explanation of the
[554] differences between the horns and the kit-fox. In a way, this would also
account for the unusual prestige now enjoyed by this organization.

575 During the first day men, women, and children go in to be painted, taking with
796 them sun offerings of cloth, etc., which are tied to the base of the center pole. The
[782] faces of these donors are painted over with red and a blue mark made down the forehead
and nose with a fork at the top. This is said to symbolise the tipi pole in the
[302] center and spoken of as the tipi pole paint.

[348] The ceremonial shelter has two doors, one at the northeast and one at the southeast.
In going out members use the nearest door but return by the other. The four
[534] singers use rattles and a rawhide of the same type as accompanies the beaver bundle
(Vol. 7, 190). They sit west of the fireplace.

[535] All the women wear bone whistles suspended by neck cords and upon these they
blow while they dance. They do not all dance at once, but by groups. Thus, the
four scabby bulls rise and dance. When they sit again the feather bonnets take a
turn, etc. In all movements the owner of the tipi pole has absolute authority. Her
[292] person seems to be regarded as sacred. She wears a buckskin dress and a snake
[237] bonnet and sits to the right of the other snake bonnet wearers. This bonnet takes
its name from a circlet of buckskin stuffed with hair and resembling a snake. It is
[531] painted yellow with a zigzag line beaded along the side. On each side of the head is
a bunch of plumes. Fringes of weasel fur and beads hang from the sides.

The feather bonnets are covered over the crowns with a mass of soft bird feathers.
They have tail pieces falling down on the shoulders and bearing transverse rows of
small wing and tail feathers. All their dances occur in the daytime. The scabby
[535] bulls wear bonnets with horns and robes of cowskin, hair side out. They dance in
single file, circling the pole. First they rise and dance in their tracks, then move to
the south side of the fire and dance, then to the west and then to the north. Next
the snake bonnets rise with the tipi pole owner in the lead and dance in the same way.
Next come the feather bonnets and finally the buffalo wool bonnets.

[782] It is customary for persons who have made vows, or pledges during the year, if their prayers be granted, to provide a feast of berry soup for the ma'toki. At various times during the ceremonies a pledger brings in a kettle of soup and some tobacco which is offered to the tipi pole owner with an announcement of the circumstances. Then the soup is dished out to the members and each and all pray for the pledger.

796 On the morning of the last day, before sunrise, the ma'toki forms in procession
575 and imitates buffalo going to water. They seek out some depression or low place in
535 the prairie. As they drift along they segregate, as they do in the dance. At a place
designated by the leader they all lie down like buffalo.

Now, it is customary for a man or a boy to have made a vow that he will "drive in the ma'toki" at their next ceremony. His sacrifice must be a horse and many presents to the owner of the tipi pole. This man then rides out as if looking for buffalo. When he finds them, he builds a fire with cow dung to windward. As soon as the ma'toki smell the smoke, they rise. The driver then mounts and rides toward them, at which they start for their shelter. As they proceed, he rides on their flank. They trot to the shelter, but the four scabby bulls trail slowly in the rear. When the members get inside the shelter they run around the inside sun-wise until one by one some person lays hold of them and leads them to a seat. Two of the snake bonnets run around in the reverse way. The four bulls come in last and walk slowly around until pulled into their seats.

796 Like the horns and other societies the members sell, or transfer, to others, usually
575 all transferring at the same time. The ceremony seems to require four days and
432

796 575 432 302 Outsiders may come in later with offerings to the sun and have their faces painted by the mothers. The regular painting is yellow over the face with a red horizontal band across the eyes and one across the mouth. Down the forehead and nose is the peculiar forked line in blue, previously mentioned.

796 575 [561] It is a peculiar fact that the horn society having its ceremonies at the same time, brings in its unwrapped lances and fastens them to the center pole as an offering.

The closing ceremony of the ma'toki consists in taking down the shelter and the frame, leaving only the center pole, with its sun offerings. Then the members stand around the pole and sing. This concludes the ceremonies for the year. (Fig. 19.)A

The ma'toki, like the horns, seems to be feared on account of its magical powers, though it is regarded as inferior. During their ceremonies and especially at night, they must not be disturbed.

The statement of another informant is as follows:—

> The ma'toki meet once a year at the time of the sun dance. Should there be no sun dance, they would perform their annual ceremony anyway. The owner of the center tipi pole seems to have full powers of initiation and from her must come all instructions as to date, place, etc. In response to her call a camp circle is formed. [782] When a sun dance is not given simultaneously, the ma'toki go about from tipi to tipi collecting the cloth, etc., to be offered the sun, which is then tied to the center tipi pole. If a sun dance is under way, they are tied to the sun dance pole instead.
>
> [432] During each ceremony, early in the morning, the new members go out and bring in those whose membership they purchased. Suppose A transferred a place to B; then B conducts A to the ceremonial shelter and A paints B. This must be done each morning during the ceremony. A remains in the shelter during the day, to paint any outsider who may come with offerings for the sun.

Dr. R. H. Lowie observed parts of the ma'toki ceremony among the Northern Blackfoot and writes as follows:—

> In the afternoon of June 17th the twenty members of the ma'toki were busy constructing the lodge for their dance. After several hours' work they proceeded to the circumference of the camp circle for the selection of a lodge. They marched in single file, headed by an old man who was said to sing at their performance. After a while they were followed by a man bearing an eagle feather fan, the herald of the [346] sun dance. They walked twice around a lodge, stood still for a while, then took down the lodge and carried it back to the dance lodge where it was superimposed on the conical roof of the structure already erected. The walls of the lodge were lined

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[796] [575] [432] dangerous. He is a member of the horns and his wife a ma'toki. Mrs. Strangle-wolf speaks of the horn members' wives and yet we find one man who is a horn and his wife is not. I asked them about this, and she said that she was a ma'toki, that her husband was not, and that she had nothing to do with the horns.

A.[See Category 116, p.411--Analyst]

794 The following account is by Owl-top, an active member of this society:

796 [756] The dance may be given at any time. Sometimes when a person has made a vow to give a feast because of someone who is sick the members, who are notified, pray for the sick person. As soon as he recovers, the person who made the vow makes a berry soup and goes to one of the members and tells him to have the dance. In entering the place where the ceremony is to be held, the members pass around the left of the fire to the right and take their seats. They must not pass in front of those who are already seated, but behind them. When seated the members place their bundles in front of them. In leaving the dance tipi there is no rule, the members may go out in any manner they wish.

The man who cares for the pipe, furnishes the tobacco. and tends to the fire, is seated at the left of the fire in front of the other members. Sometimes he also heats the skin on the drums, if it should loosen, in order that the drums should give a better sound when the skin is stretched. No one must ever pass in front of this man. The pipe is passed from right to left in smoking. As each man has his bundle lying in front of him a smudge is made, and after the bundle has been held over the sweetgrass smudge, it is unwrapped and the first person at the left sings to the accompaniment of six or eight drums.

The women are seated on the left and they rise and dance, the person leading in the song signalling with the skin or bird he holds, while the women imitate his movements. Each man sings all of his songs, the others joining him. After each man has sung his songs the dance ends. The men may dance if they wish to do so

The person who makes the vow gives one of the members a horse and clothing, as well as the food. These gifts are divided among the members. Even if a man has purchased membership, his fees are divided among all the members

When it is time for the feast, a smudge is made on the southeast of the fireplace and the pot of berries held over it, set down on the smudge, and then placed near. The person who made the vow passes the food and just before eating each one takes up a berry and holding it up, prays. Then they all hold up the dishes with the food a little above their heads, set them down, and begin to eat. The members usually pray for the sick person for whom the vow was made. Formerly, only members were given food and allowed to witness the dance but now all onlookers are given food. During the dance they pray for health and happiness. Anyone of the members, when he wishes to do so, may give the dance.

794 [782] [431] If a member should be a guest anywhere and be offered a pipe, he must always blow some of the smoke toward any medicine bundle that may be hanging up. If one member visit another, the host must always give his visitor a present of some sort. If he was nothing to give he will give a song. This refers only to those living some distance from each other.

794 432 [424] If anyone wishes to buy into the society, he fills a pipe and offers it to one of the members, at the same time asking him for some of his medicine objects. The member calls on the person from whom he bought the object to assist him. If the purchaser has a wife, she is also made a member.

First, the three men go through the sweat house ceremony. Then they go to the seller's house.

The new member calls the seller his father, and the man from whom his father bought, his grandfather. The father has no authority in the transfer, the grandfather doing everything. After the sweat house ceremony the new member and his

The regalia consist of a string of deer ankle bones painted red to symbolize 794
the deer, or that the bearer "holding these bones is likewise holding the 224
feet of the deer." When hunting they may wear on the head a pair of rabbit 789
ears, painted yellow, to give speed and endurance. In the members' individual [237]
bundles are also weasel and other skins for which there are special
songs.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the ritual is the use of hypnotic 794
power. There are four special songs for working this charm. In our collection 928
of myths concerning this cult, we gave the narrative of a Piegan who
came under the power of these songs.[1] Thus, it is said that a member painting
his face yellow, taking up one of the skins and binding it on the head can
hypnotize a person by looking in his eyes steadily and then making a sudden
upward movement with the hands. After a time the operator wakes the
subject, after which he is an undoubting follower of the cult.

We learn from Professor A. F. Chamberlain that the Kootenai have a 794
black-tailed deer dance but for want of full published data cannot go into a [171]
comparative discussion. Naturally, the Blackfoot have the transfer and
bundle conceptions concerning this ceremony as with other organizations. [432]

Mr. Duvall secured a good account of the cult from Tailen Ashley, a [115]
mixed-blood Piegan, who introduced it among his people:—

> The dance is ceremonial and was introduced from the Kootenai. Those who do [173]
> not believe in the dance and ridicule it, are thrown into a trance by those who have
> the power, and are then awakened and become followers. Each man and woman [828]
> member has a song of his or her own and some have more. The songs are bought
> from members and a horse or other property paid for them. Sometimes new songs [424]
> are dreamed.
>
> The dance is held in the evening, generally lasting through the night. Sometimes 794
> it is held four nights in succession. It may be given at any time, and is sometimes 796
> given the night before hunting, when it is usually dreamed where the game
> will be found. Sometimes a vow is made to give the dance for a sick relative. About [789]
> midnight a feast is made. When the dance is given for a sick person all the dancers
> pray for him. If the members do not wish to dance they must remain standing to [755]
> show their respect to the rest of the dancers.
>
> At the beginning of the dance a smudge of sweetgrass is made near the rear of 794
> the house or tipi. The leader holds both hands over the smudge, places his hands 796
> near his ears, one hand on top of his head, his right hand over his heart, over his
> mouth and nose, and then takes his place. All the members repeat the same movements. 535
> The leader rises and stands in the center of the floor, and all the members
> stand around him facing the center. He shakes a bunch of deer hoofs, and prays. [788]
> Then he dances in place, then turns and dances around to his right, the others following [782]
> him in single file, jumping up and down to represent deer. He stops, prays,
> and then dances as before. Then the man next to him takes his place and goes

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[1] Vol. 2, 159.

the pipe. At the close of each dance he fills the pipe and hands it to the 794
leader after which it circulates. As soon as it is burned out the dancing 769
is resumed. There are four periods of dancing. The evolutions consist 796
of dancing, alternately facing the fire and the walls, twice for each. Then 535
all sit down, save the leader who takes the pipe and prays. Then he sits
down and smokes. In starting a dance all rise to their knees, making
movements as in playing the stick game, where with four movements they
rise to their feet.

During the ceremonies no one must laugh nor must anyone spit. No [784]
dead person should be designated by name. [551]

A special ceremony was sometimes given by two members. They did
not use the regular painting but dressed in fine clothes and danced with [789]
ropes and whips. This was believed to bring good luck in capturing horses.

## THE ALL-SMOKING CEREMONY.

We come now to a ceremony that goes by the name kanochisisin, or all- 794
smoking ceremony. It is not clear whether this is a cult or simply a group
ceremony like the sun dance. The right to lead in the proceedings seems [424]
to be owned by one individual and may be transferred like other ritualistic
things. Thus it is said, "If the man who leads in the ceremony is pleased [432]
with the presents he receives, he may transfer the right to lead to one pledging the ceremony."

The distinguishing feature of the ceremony is that it is a kind of medicine [554]
coup counting. Like warriors recounting their deeds, those present are
called upon to count over the different medicine rituals they have owned
and all fired with new enthusiasm to secure more. In conformity to a vow 794
or formal pledge a man will invite people to his tipi for an evening feast. 796
He will engage a man with the right to lead to conduct the all-smoking 554
ceremony. He will have ready a pot of tongues and berry soup; also a
quantity of tobacco cut and mixed. The meeting is to last until this is
used up. Each guest is called upon in turn to sing songs from one of the
rituals of medicines owned by him. So they pass around in order. The
process is thus a kind of counting out in that the last men are those who have
owned the most medicines.

The following account was secured by Mr. Duvall:—

When a man vows to give the all-smoking ceremony he invites many men to his 794
tipi and calls upon someone who has the privilege to lead the ceremony. A fee is 796
paid in blankets or clothing. First the man giving the feast makes a soup of tongues,
cherries, and blood. Before the tongues are cut up by the women, prayers are said [782]

794 and a smudge made. The tongues are boiled all day and in the evening added to the
796 berries and blood. During the day, a stick to which is fastened some sage grass at
either end and calico or a piece of skin at the middle, is tied to a tipi pole as an offer-
782 ing to the sun.

788 The leader takes his place at the rear of the tipi to the left. A young single man is called upon to tend the smudge, light the pipes, cook the soup, etc. In payment, prayers are said for him. The pipes are lighted with four service berry sticks about a foot and a half or two feet in length, which are lighted in the fire.

The smudge place is not cut out but white earth is spread over an irregular surface. Four buffalo dungs are placed on the west side with sage grass on top of them and at the right is placed the smudge stick. In the center is placed a buffalo dung on which the smudge of sweetgrass is made.

Four undecorated black pipes are used. No metal may be used on the pipes. The man who gives the feast fills the pipes while the assistant lights and passes them. Four rattles, similar to those in the beaver bundle ceremony are used. The guests sing the songs of the different medicines owned by them. In all each one must sing sixteen songs, four at a time. Anyone who has owned the medicine-pipe may sing four of the medicine-pipe songs; as many of the beaver bundle songs as one wishes to sing may be sung; but of other medicines, only one song may be sung. One song is allowed from each of the societies. The man sitting on the south side of the tipi starts the singing and is followed by the one on his left, and so on. One of the rattles is used by the person singing while the other three are used by the three people next to him to his left. Before singing, a smudge is made, he tells of what object he is going to sing, the amount paid for it, and a short prayer is said. When a man owns no bundle and has no song to sing, he merely passes the rattles to the next person. When medicine-pipe men join in the ceremony they bring with them their own utensils, sweet-pine needles for the smudge, etc. During the feast they are served first. When the owner of the smoking-otter joins he is given a place near the smudge place, opposite the leader; the medicine-pipe man is seated to his left. While the smoking-otter owner smokes, sleigh bells are shaken four times and everyone must desist from touching his moccasins. The smoking-otter owner uses juniper for his smudge. At the beginning of the ceremony the iniskim songs are sung.

The man who made the vow goes out to bring in the sun offering, making four stops in his circuit around the tipi. It is spread out and the moon and sun dogs painted in the center in black. On it is placed the tobacco board. The leader rubs the board, steel, and knife with sage grass. He brushes the right side of his head, his shoulder, and his arm, and then the left side with the sage grass. The same movements are repeated by all the men in turn. While the man who made the vow holds the tobacco and knife to cut it, the leader holds his wrists, and another man counts four war deeds. Meanwhile the leader motions as if to cut the tobacco. The leader paints the face of the man who made the vow and his family, with red paint, a black stripe around the face, and a dot on the bridge of the nose. He cuts the tobacco, fills a small pipe, and hands it to the leader who holds the stem or mouthpiece over the smudge and then the bowl, twice for each. Prayers are said to the sun, telling of the offering made, and asking for mercy for the man who gave the feast. The moon, stars, earth and all the animals are also appealed to and then the pipe is passed around for everyone to smoke.

The four rattles are held in the smudge, four times, and shaken, between each time. Then the singing commences and continues until each man has sung sixteen.

songs in groups of four. If tobacco is left over some is tied up in the sun offering 794
and some given to some old man, who prays over it. Should the supply of tobacco 796
give out before sixteen songs are sung the ceremony ends. 788

When a smudge is to be made, the assistant takes the smudge stick which lies to
the north of the smudge, goes back toward the door and around the fireplace before 782
he makes the smudge. Each time the pipes are filled, the assistant hands them to some old man, before lighting them. The old man holds the pipe in the direction of the smudge, pointing twice with the bowl and mouthpiece alternately. Then he prays.

The berry soup is served at the close of the ceremony. First the assistant takes four pieces of tongue and gives them to the leader. He holds up a piece, between his thumb and forefinger, prays to the sun and stars, and places it at the south side of the smudge. Thus he places a piece at each corner of the smudge. He places a piece on the west and east side, and the fourth piece in the assistant's mouth. Before eating the soup everyone holds up a bit of the tongue and prays.

After the ceremony is over the leader hangs the sun offering in a tree or other
place. The leader may give the man who made the vow the right to lead in such a [432]
ceremony by simply saying, "You have paid me so well. You may lead such a ceremony and do as I have done." The ceremony seems to be connected with the sun dance as tongues are used and offerings made to the sun.

## THE STICK GAME DANCE.

Within a few years a new association was introduced from a neighboring 796
tribe passing under the name stick game dance. It was reported by Duvall
during the winter of 1910-1911 as having just come to the notice of the tribe. [177]
He made no investigation of it but later James Eagle-child attended several
ceremonies, participated in some and interviewed the founder. In a [178]
previous paper it was stated that rituals were still being created and devel-
oped. This is a splendid example and offers therefore an unusual oppor- [121]
tunity for a functional study. The stick game outfit to which this ritual
is attached has been used by the Piegan for some years and seems to have [177]
originated with the Gros Ventre from whom they usually obtain them.
As developed in our paper on ceremonial bundles, it is difficult for a Blackfoot [121]
to look upon any curious object used by persons without a feeling that it is
"medicine." Thus, we are told that when a Gros Ventre exchanges a [432]
game set for a horse and other property, whatever power the set possessed
is transferred to the new owner. The suggestion is sharpened by the fact [424]
that certain special songs are used in the game, for according to Blackfoot [422]
conceptions the transfer of the bundle containing the set gives also a presumptive right to the songs.

The facts of the case seem to be that a Piegan, named Fish, once owned 778
one of these stick game sets and later had a dream in which a ritual was 524

778 conferred. This makes the stick game set a bundle and it has already
524 changed hands several times. At the transfer a horse and some clothing
[422] are given. (As a rule, the regular stick game sets were given to the person winning four straight games.) The new owner's face is painted red, but
[432] in the game the players paint red crosses on the face. The songs used in
[302] the game and the special songs of the ritual are also transferred. Though
[424] the set is kept in a bundle, it seems possible to open it at any time and
[784] without the ceremony. The owner is subject to no taboos but menstruating women must not go near the game. There must be no flirting among those present and the players must not cheat or members of their families will die.

The following is Eagle-child's account:—

778 In 1909 Big-spring bought the stick game dance bundle from a Gros Ventre. It
524 contains twenty sticks with magpie feathers and four small plumes on the end of each. The sticks were about fourteen inches long and half an inch in diameter and
237 were painted red. Small bells are also attached to the end of one of the feathers.
531 There are two guessing sticks about fourteen inches long with eagle feathers and a few plumes and bells on their ends. These sticks are also painted red. There are four bones or hiding sticks two of which were blue and two white. There is a small wheel-like object about two and one half inches in diameter resembling the wheel
[824] used in the arrow game. This is worn by the guesser. Sweetgrass is used for the smudge. The only difference between the two guessing sticks and the others is that the former have eagle feathers instead of magpie feathers.

796 The stick game dance or ceremony is regarded as a powerful medicine. In it
524 prayers are offered to God only and not to the stars, moon, sun, and other Blackfoot deities. In case of sickness the head of the family may make a vow to provide a
[778] feast for the owner of the stick game bundle if the sick one recover. Then some time after the recovery he invites everybody, old and young, to the feast. The ceremonies
[782] are held at night though the ordinary stick game can be played at anytime. When all have assembled, the owner of the bundle takes his place at the back of the tipi or
[755] house and makes a smudge with sweetgrass. Then he opens the bundle and takes out the contents. He then selects or calls for a woman to act as the guesser for one
[302] side to whom he gives ten of the sticks and one of the guessing sticks. He then prays for the guesser, paints her face on the forehead, cheeks, chin, and palms with a red cross. Then he selects or calls for a man who comes forward and is fitted out in the same manner as the woman. These two become the leaders for the opposing
[533] sides. All this time the singers and drummers are rendering the songs used in the game and those connected with the bundle.

All the persons present, men, women, and children, may take part in the game, sometimes as many as forty or fifty take part. The two players then choose their sides by passing their sticks, giving one to each person. The woman also hands out two of the hiding sticks to one of her side and the other to another. The man does the same on his side. The woman lines up her players on the right, the man his on the left. The woman ties the wheel ornament on her hair and play begins and continues until one side has all the sticks. Every time a game is completed, the winners rise and dance, making a great deal of noise while the losing side keep their seats. Every time a side loses a game, a new guesser is chosen in his place. The rule is that

785 When my grandma was about a year or two old, Heavy
796 Head became one of the last Bloods to go through the ancient
ritual of self-torture. He had gone to raid horses from an
● [782] enemy tribe and gotten into a tough situation. In order to
get help and courage, he made a vow to go through this ritual
at the next Sun Dance ceremony, which is the main tribal
event in our traditional life. In front of all the people, his
chest was pierced in two places so that willow skewers could
be inserted. To these were tied two long ropes, which hung
down from the symbolic Center Pole in the sacred Sun Dance
lodge. Heavy Head had to pull these ropes tight and dance
until the skewers broke through his flesh and released him.
The ceremony may sound cruel today, but my ancestors had
a lot of faith and meaning for it in their nature-oriented life.
A couple of years later the ceremony was forbidden by the
government.

756 Heavy Head suffered from his Sun Dance wounds for some
787 time. He went out into the hills so that he could cry and
suffer alone, and out there he was given certain mystical
powers to cure ailments with prayers, songs, and herbs. As
he grew older he became the keeper of various tribal medicine
756 bundles and a member of ancient societies. Among the Bloods
593 a man does all these things in company with his wife—his main
one, if he should have two or more—so my great-grandma,
First-to-Kill, began to learn the songs and ceremonies of our
sacred ways. Her life changed from helping one husband feed
and house wagon-road travelers to helping another husband
doctor the sick people and lead their religious ceremonies when
they were well.

177 Grandma AnadaAki grew up hearing these old songs and
watching the ceremonies. But her mother knew that the mod-
871 ern ways were coming to stay, so she made sure that her
children got themselves educated. Grandma was sent to a
177 special girls' school run by a British matron named Miss
Wells. Unlike the missionary and boarding schools that were

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

000 survived the many dangers of war and wilderness living and their offspring might be likely to survive in the same way. 162 Because of the constant warring, the fatality rate among young men was pretty high, which gave the people a majority 595 of women. That was probably the major reason why men had several wives.

837 However, just as wild bulls jealously protect their harems and fight intruders, so did my grandfathers watch over their wives. Tribal customs allowed them to kill intruders, or at least demand heavy retributions, but still the calls of nature could not always be ignored. Many young wives of old men in big households suffered from loneliness and a desire to be loved. Many young men risked their lives to find mutual satisfaction if they could meet with such a lonely girl out along one of the trails to the water or the firewood-gathering places. Some old men even sanctioned these relationships, as long as they were discreet and brought them no public disgrace. Occasionally an older husband would give up one of his younger wives if he knew that she was hopelessly in love with [762] a good young man. However, more often such romances brought much frustration and unhappiness, and suicide was not uncommon among young, heartbroken women.

• 782 837 The tribal truth test for the virtuousness of women was the grand Sun Dance ceremony, since only those women who had been true to their husbands were eligible to make the sacred vows. It was not unusual for a husband to challenge his wife to put up a Sun Dance if he doubted her faithfulness to him. All members of the tribe were raised to understand that lying under any such sacred circumstances meant death to the liar and suffering to the relatives. That is not to say that the Sun Dance was mainly such a truth test for the holy woman, since most of those women lived well-known lives far above reproach. But there are stories of women whose virtuousness was publicly contested and whose death soon after was taken as final proof by all the people.

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

582 I lost my first teeth. I have never cared for any other man, nor did I have a secret lover.

657 "My father was Black-Snake Man. He was head chief of the tribe many years ago. I remember when he first told our people they were going to get food from the government. At that time were were camped at the place where the Yellowstone River flows into the Missouri. Then many Indians were starving because the buffalo had disappeare[illegible]

796 "During my life I have given three Sun Dance ceremonies.
782 I gave my first Sun Dance because of a battle with the Assiniboines. I made a vow in order that Sun might keep some of my relatives from being injured in the fight. I gave my second to fulfill a vow by my son Cross Guns. He made it in battle when surrounded by enemies. Cross Guns escaped and came home. When I saw him I ran out to meet him. He kissed me and said: 'Mother, I have made a lot of trouble for you. In a fight with the Crows I was surrounded and thought I was going to be killed. I made a vow to Sun. I promised that if I came through alive you would make a Medicine Lodge. I know this means suffering for you—to starve yourself and become thin and weak.' But I was glad. Quickly I made my vow, and I kept praying day and night until I performed the ceremony.

778 "I was fourteen years old when I learned about the medicine pipes. One day White Calf had visitors in our tipi. He
425 ran short of tobacco and asked me to borrow some from his friend Four Bears, the famous medicine man. When I came to the lodge of Four Bears I found it very crowded inside. I wondered what was going on, but had no idea that it was a medicine pipe ceremony. I stood in the doorway and asked Four Bears for the tobacco. He said he had none. I started to go away, but Four Bears called me back. He left his seat at the back of the tipi and took some tobacco from a bundle hanging over the doorway. It was a medicine pipe bundle. He burned incense and held the tobacco over it, then he made

532 design on another cover, and right now I could transfer the design to somebody else if I was asked to.

852 I was also initiated to join with a medicine pipe bundle when I was very small. Each of those bundles has a man and a wife for an owner, and a child goes with them to wear the special topknot wrapping and fur headband that is kept with the bundle. That is what they transferred to me, and I sat right up in front with the main people, each time the bundle's opening ceremony was held. I have been around medicine pipe bundles all of my life, and I know all their songs and ceremonies.

551 Mokakin and I got married in 1921. His name means Pemmican, although today he is also known by his uncle's name,
778 Eagle Ribs. We were still very young when we made a pledge to take that bundle called Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe. We treated it very well. I was very scared to do something wrong to it, there are so many rules and regulations to follow.
[796] The ones who initiated us for it were the real old-time people, so we were initiated in the old-time way. The ceremony took a couple of days. They even initiated us for going to sleep at night and getting up in the morning.

778 We lived very good by that medicine pipe bundle. I used to take it outside every morning, before the sun came up, as was
782 the custom. I always had to start a fire in the stove so that I could make incense before I took the bundle out. I watched it during the day so that nothing would happen to it while it hung outside. That is what those tripods with each bundle are for, to hang it from. But when the people started living in houses they just put up a big nail at the back, where the bundle can hang in the daytime. Then I made incense again before the sun went away, and I would bring the bundle back inside. I made incense once more before we lay down to sleep. That is when we really learned to pray. That is one reason why you have to make incense often for your bundles, so you will learn

to pray. Since then I have been praying steadily, and up to 778
this day I am still praying.

Sometime after we got this medicine pipe bundle for the 782
first time we were transferred a large tipi with a painted design. 342
It came from the Blackfoot division. It was the Yellow- 532
Otter-Painted Lodge. Later we also got the Half-Red-Painted
Lodge and the Yellow-Painted Lodge. Along with the painted 778
lodge I got as a child, I have owned four sacred lodges in my
lifetime. Each of them has its own powers and its own story,
and I can call on them in my prayers and get help that way.
That is our religious belief.

Mokakin and I have also joined the Horns Society several 575
times. First, we had that membership bundle called Has-a-Rattle,
which is one of the leading ones. These membership 778
bundles come from long ago. We went around with this bundle
for several years, and I treated it good, too, just like our
pipe. Then we gave up our medicine pipe to another family
that made a pledge for it, just like we did. Each time it was [425]
transferred, the new owners gave up their best horses, wagons,
sometimes cattle, blankets, money, and other valued property.
That was to show how sincere they are in taking over such a
sacred responsibility. In the past only the leading chiefs and [554]
their families took care of the medicine pipe bundles. My
father's father was a leading chief in the old days, and he became
one of the main medicine pipe men in the tribe.

Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe changed families several 778
times, then we made a vow to take it back again. The
first time we got it from Black Forehead and his wife, and this 425
second time we got it from Day Rider and his wife. After
some time we passed it on to Fred Weasel Fat and his wife.
This second time when we got the pipe there were not so many
old-timers left for the ceremony, so it was shorter than the
first.

In our old age we took Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe once days they lived in their tipis all year long, and the thick hides 342 kept them much warmer than our thin canvas would. Imagine being in a tipi in January, at forty below zero, with a blizzard blowing deadly cold through every pore and opening in your only shelter.

In the buffalo days of my grandmothers several of them 342 got together and helped each other with their tipi-making. 476 When one woman had all the necessary hides tanned and sinews prepared, she invited her friends and relatives for the work. She made a big meal and provided tobacco for smoke-breaks. Sometimes she got an old lady to pray first and paint [782] the faces of the workers, to ensure a well-made new home. [302] Most families got a new tipi cover every year, along with a new set of tipi poles from the pine hills or the forests near the mountains.

Some buffalo-hide tipis were quite small, and some were 342 quite large. Among my father's ancestors there was a famous chief whose tipi was so big that it was packed up in two sections. When they put it up they had to pin together both front and back, instead of just the front. He had a number of wives and many children, so there were plenty of workers to make such a big lodge and to put it up. His name, by the way, was Father-of-Many-Children. The band to which my family belongs is called the Many Children.

You might imagine how eager I was to try out my first 342 tipi after it was completed. But since we were going to have 532 a painted tipi design transferred to us, we had to paint that design on the tipi first. The new owners of a design can hire someone to paint it for them, or they can do it themselves, unless they are going to get the old cover with the design already on it. Usually the former owners have about worn it out, so they take it to a lake and sink it with stones, as required by tradition.

The design we were given by my grandmother is called the Yellow Otter Painted Lodge. The last time it had been used

252 had learned to prepare buffalo when she was young. I helped her many times, and I can still recall very well how we did it.

Before she started butchering she always sharpened her ax and knives. She would take that ax and start chopping the carcass right down along the backbone. By this time it was already skinned. She would chop it, and then she would cut the meat from along the backbone in one long strip, from the neck to the end of the ribs. This loin ends up being about four feet long, and it is a real favorite because the meat is so tender. Most women were so good at butchering that they never tore
this long piece of tenderloin. Sometimes this meat was roasted
[782] and pounded up with berries to make real good pemmican. The
Horns Society uses this kind of pemmican for their sacred meal of communion. I used to help my grandmother make it for my grandfather, who was a leader in the Horns Society.

The ribs toward the front are called the shoulder ribs, or the boss ribs. They are considered a man's special meal. Ribs
were cooked in the tipi over an open fire. My grandmother
251 would slice the ribs up. She would boil the boss ribs, and
252 then stack the rest of the ribs up in the shape of a tipi frame
over the fire pit. Then she would build a fire underneath them and let the smoke dry them, so they could be saved. Because they had to use up the pieces that spoil first, they usually saved all but the boss ribs.

## COOKING THE INSIDES

252 One of the first things from the cow that my grandmother prepared was the insides, because they spoil the quickest. Most important of these were the heart, kidneys, liver, and lungs. The tongue she would just slice open and hang up to dry, and the same with the lungs. The rest were either eaten raw, thrown on the coals and roasted, or boiled and laid out in the sun to dry.

[251] The intestines were taken care of next. In the summer-

boiled them until they just started cooking. She would quit 251
boiling them before they got soft and tender, then she would
hang them up on her strings near the ceiling to dry. She would
blow air into some of them so that they looked like balloons.
That made them dry more quickly.

The lungs were not cooked, they were just sliced and hung
up to dry. All the excess fat inside the body was hung up,
too, so that the moisture would dry out of it. It was later
served with the dried meat. Some fats in the animal were 252
rendered into lard instead of being dried.

If the animal was a female, my grandmother would prepare
the teats or udders by boiling or barbecuing. They were never
eaten raw. Sometimes they ate the brains—always raw—but [262]
they usually saved them for use in tanning instead. The [281]
tongue was always boiled if it wasn't dried. It is an ancient
delicacy, and served as the food of communion at the Sun [262]
Dance. Even old animals have tender tongues. [782]

If the animal was big she would cut the meat from the
cheeks and inside the head. This meat always had to be
boiled a long time before it got tender. Since my grandmother [177]
was first married to a German she learned how to make the
head cheese that is so popular over there. She would crush
the head with her ax and boil all the meat off the pieces of
bone. Later on, this kind of food became quite popular [262]
among the Bloods.

If the animal was a female with an unborn young or a [888]
suckling, this was fed to the older people, because it was so [262]
tender. The meat would be boiled, and the guts would be
taken out and braided, and then boiled, too. If the calf was
too small it was just thrown away.

The animal's bones were broken open for the marrow
grease. For instance, the shinbones were skinned out, then
my grandmother would take a big rock, or her ax, and she
would strike the bones about halfway between the joints.
Then she would scoop out the grease and put it in a con-

ture was worked with the fingers until all the clots and lumps 252
broke up. Usually she saved the broth from the boss ribs that she first cooked for my grandfather. She would boil some serviceberies in that broth, and then stir in the blood mixture very slowly. She kept stirring it and tasting it until she was satisfied that she had blood soup the way she liked it. This [182]
is still used as a sacred meal during the nighttime Holy Smoke Ceremonies.

Sometimes my grandmother used the blood to make sausages. She would pour the fresh blood straight into some of the guts that she had already washed and tied at one end. She would fill the gut about halfway with blood; then she tied the other end shut and boiled it until it was done.

Whenever my grandparents killed an animal they invited 574
their friends and neighbors to share some of it with them—especially the parts that would spoil quickest. First, they would take out the main parts that they wanted to keep for themselves, and they would prepare most of the meat for drying, then they would prepare for their guests. It is an old custom that when a family has lots of fresh food to eat they invite plenty of guests to help them eat it. Later on, when the guests have a lot at their homes, they invite the others, in turn. Many of us are still that way today.

No matter who was invited—even a chief—my grand- 574
mother always fed my grandfather first. The head of the
household always sits down and gets served first, especially 264
when he is a holy man, like my grandfather was. He might
say a prayer before starting to eat, or he might ask someone 264
else to say it, especially if there was someone whose prayers 182
were noted for strength. But since they prayed all day long anyway, they didn't necessarily pray before each meal. Mostly they prayed at important meals, or if there was an honored guest. Nowadays I hear more praying at meals, but less at other times.

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

551 given the name Low Horn, in honor of his great-grandfather, who was a leader in the tribe. The Low Horn that he was named after lived so long ago that he is mentioned in our legends.

"My daughter carries the name of her great-grandmother, SikskiAki, which means Black-Faced Woman. This is an honor that was bestowed on her by one of that great-grandmother's sons, who was an old man when my daughter was born. He is gone now, but the memory of his mother lives on through her name.

"While men most often carry an inherited name, women [552] were usually named for famous war deeds. Old warriors and chiefs were asked to give these names to little girls in order to bless them with the good luck and success of the war trails. Common names are Stabbed-in-the-Water Woman, Shot-Close Woman, and Medicine-Capture Woman. One thing we all have in common is that our names end with *Woman*. That's strange, since not so many men's names end with *Man*."

Our late grandfather, Willie Scraping White, was put
846 through a powerful ceremony when he was first born, in
782 1877. His mother had hard luck with children. All up to
852 him had been born dead or died shortly after birth. His parents were desperate to have him live, so they went to an old lady named Holy Otter Woman, who was a holy woman noted for spiritual powers. The old lady prayed for him, then chopped off part of his little finger and gave it to Sun as an offering. This was considered a most powerful form of sacrifice in the ways of my grandmothers. Many of them did likewise in times of need.

The old lady also took our grandfather, wrapped him up in blankets, and tied him up in a tree as if he were dead. His mother stood underneath and mourned for him. The old lady said that she would never have to do that again. She was right, since our grandfather lived to be ninety-seven.

861 some things, the parents would always tell them things like:
"Don't go away from the tipi or the wolf will come and take
you." They said: "Don't go around at night because that's
when the ghosts are out and they will come for you." Things
855 like this kept the little kids right close to home. If the mother
had to go somewhere on foot, she would carry along her
toddler wrapped in a blanket and worn on her back. Compared
to modern mothers, my grandmothers really indulged
in their children. The kids grew up in the midst of the daily
household, so they learned family values and customs naturally.

867 My grandmother told me the following story about her
childhood:

"I was the youngest of my mother's children. She wanted
us to grow old, so she encouraged us to follow her advice. She
taught us from the start to respect old people. Because my
father was a medicine man we had a lot of old people as visitors.
867 Sometimes my mother would give me a piece of meat
264 and tell me, 'Go ask that old lady to chew your food for you.'
This would be some special old lady—one with a lot of
888 power to doctor or put up Sun Dances. She would chew my
meat and then give it to me to swallow. This was a blessing
867 for me, just like getting part of her life. Whenever we had any
spare change we were taught to give it to old people like
that.

869 "Because a lot of holy people always came to visit my
784 father we were taught not to fool around near them. These
people who have spiritual powers are required to follow a lot
of rules. We were never allowed to pass in front of them,
especially if they were smoking. These were the rules and we
[302 never thought to question them. My father painted his children
784] and his grandchildren, and he prayed for them, so that
no harm would come to them in case they passed in front of
him accidentally or did something else against the rules.

their way to Waterton and Banff National Parks 778
or to the famous Calgary Stampede in Canada. 823
Yet there are areas far enough away from the
speeding traffic for the Belly Buttes to remain the
isolated center of the Holy Spirit among the
Blood People. 823

The Power of the Buttes is felt by all who go 778
near them, even when there is no encampment in 776
progress. One winter a desperate family searched
an old Sun Dance campsite for firewood, which is [372]
scarce out on the prairie. This family discovered
they were using the fallen log of the sacred Center
Pole for fuel when they were awakened during
a cold night by an unseen Power singing the holy
Center Pole songs in a loud voice. Another time,
an enterprising rancher from our reserve began to
fence in the Buttes so that his cattle could graze
there. But he was discouraged from building his [784]
fence when strange sensations overtook him; older
relatives reminded him that Holy Spirits must not [782]
be disturbed without some sacrifice.

◆

823
In 1972 the Sun Dance Encampment was 796
located near the edge of the flat that overlooks 778
the tree- and brush-lined Belly River bottoms. As
the flat rises up from the river, the Belly Buttes [133]
rise up from the flat, farther to the east. It is in
those Buttes that many men have gone to find [787]
their visions and Spirit helpers. Bears lived there [136]
not long ago. Today, eagles sometimes build their
nests there, and mountain lions cross tracks with
porcupines and coyotes. In some of the many [764]
caves and crevices are now the final resting places
of those Old People who passed away after laws
were made forbidding the traditional practice of
placing bodies near to the Spirit World on top of
scaffolds or in branches of trees.

It was still morning when we arrived at the 123
campground with our outfit. Our spiritual grandparents, 115
Mokakin and Ponah, pointed out a
vacant spot next to their tipi where they thought
we should camp. Mokakin, who was attending his 553
[554]

through the Teachings he gave to me and my 123
family. Some of these Teachings are too sacred 115
for me to pass on in writing, but many others can
be shared. Wolf Old Man, or the Old Man, was
one of four holy men whose Teachings most in-
fluenced my interpretation of our Old Ways.

□

Our first chance to relax in the new camp 000
came just before dark. Everything inside the lodge
was in order, and our young son Wolf Child was
securely tucked into his bed. The long, hot day
and the fresh air gave his mind a cushion that
immediately carried him into the world of sleep. 276
A few small sticks of burning cottonwood [372]
crackled inside the stone circle of our fireplace
and gave a cheery warmth to the cooling evening
air. SikskiAki took one of the burning sticks and
held the glowing end to the bowl of my long-
stemmed pipe while I puffed until its contents
were lit. The sacred herb glowed brightly within
the shiny stone bowl that I had recently made
with old Uncle Atsitsina's guidance. I offered the [782] ●
mouthpiece of the pipe to the Spirits of our sa-
cred Bundle, then to Sun and Earth.

For some time we sat in silence and puffed
on the polished mouthpiece, watching little
clouds of smoke whirl upward around us, and to- 276
ward the smokehole of our tipi. The sacred 778
tobacco comes from our Mother Earth in the
form of leaves and it goes to our Father, Sun, in
the form of smoke. We watched it diffuse into
the air. It seemed to disappear. Yet we knew that
it was only changing into a shape invisible to our
eyes, just like the Spirits that dwell all around
us.

At the rear of our tipi, facing east through 778
the doorway, is our altar. An altar is a small area 353
of earth cleared of pebbles and grasses, a place
where we burn incense. The shape of an altar is
determined by the traditions of each household's
sacred Bundles. Ours requires an altar in the
shape of a rectangle.

[p.6-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

After we finished our smoke, SikskiAki took 778
the incense tongs—a forked serviceberry branch—
from their place next to the altar. Between the 782 ●
burnt, pointed ends, she picked up a small glowing [824]
coal from the fire. Carefully, she carried the
coal and placed it in the middle of the altar. [412]
From a little buckskin pouch she took a pinch of the sweet pine needles that are the sacred incense for our Bundle. Lifting them up high to symbolize the Holy Power of the Universe, she then slowly lowered the needles and let them fall onto the glowing coal. As the pine needles made contact with the coal, a spiral of smoke rose upward, its sweet fragrance filling our lodge with goodness and holiness.

Earlier, before Sun went down over the 778
mountains, SikskiAki had brought in our ancient
Medicine Pipe Bundle. The Bundle, which hung 783
from a tripod, was covered with a fringed shawl. As the smoke rose up under the shawl and caressed the Bundle, we breathed deeply of the sweet smell and bathed ourselves, rubbing the smoke between the palms of our hands and then brushing our hands downward from the tops of our heads to the ends of our toes. Our Old People taught us this way of symbolically removing the evil from our minds and bodies with the Power of the Good represented by the sacred incense smoke. I prayed:

*HiYo sacred smoke! HiYo Good Spirits of the Universe! Hear me! Let us take your Holy Power into our minds and into our bodies, so that your Holy Power will help us to be good. HiYo holy Pipe and all of you Good Spirits who are with our holy Pipe! Give us your strength and Power, as you have given it to the many good People in the past who had you with them while they followed their holy Ways. Inspire us to think of your Holy Power all of the time, you Good Spirits, so that we may learn to be holy, ourselves, so that we may be able to inspire others with your Holy Power and with these holy Ways. Be the center of our* 782

[p. 7-A]

*family, so that we may, someday, teach others those songs and ceremonies. . . . Help us to do what is right, you Good Spirits, with our holy Pipe. . . . Give us your strength and guidance so that we may give it to any others who wish to have it. . . . HiYo, hear my prayers! . . . Okohe, you Holy Powers of the Universe! Hear me! HiYo Natosi, our Father, Sun above! Let us see you for as long as we live so that we may always be reminded of the Holy Power that exists all around us in the universe. . . . Make our paths bright with your light so that we may see our way clearly, so that we may be able to follow our paths easily and safely and that we may find all the goodness that lies along the way. HiYo Ksaxkom, our Earth Mother! Let us always live close to you and treat you with respect. Give us strength beneath our feet as we walk along our paths, and give us good foundations for our homes. Let us raise children near you and help us to feed them well. Let us grow good crops. Let us find success with our hunting. . . . Let our sacred Tobacco grow well. Let us always have this small part of you in the midst of our home, so that we may always make incense upon you and so that we will always be reminded of your sacred body beneath us. Let us think of good things when we burn that sacred incense on you every morning and every night. HiYo all of you birds and animals! you trees and flowers! you rivers and mountains! you thunder and rains! Let us live a life in harmony with all of you in nature. . . . Teach us to have respect for all of you, and for all that we meet, you Good Spirits. Teach us to think good thoughts about everyone and to overcome those who may have bad thoughts about us. HiYo all of you good Medicines who are with us! Teach us your good Medicine so that all our Spirits may come together to be good Medicine. . . . HiYo HiYo! . . . Hear me you Good Spirits! . . . HiYo—HiYo!"*

☐

[p.7-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Outside it was dusk. We could hear a few 857
kids still playing. Their voices seemed distant, even though only a thin layer of canvas separated us from their vast outdoor playground. Here and there a dog barked, and from the nearby brush we could hear the whinny of a horse. A mother called for her children to come home and get ready for
bed. Then we heard the voice of old Mokakin. 861
He called out for all to hear:

"All of you children who are still playing around the camp, all of you young people, hear
me! This is a holy camp, and the older people [782] ●
wish to pray now. They will be praying that all of you will live good lives and reach old age. You must help them by going to your homes and keeping quiet for the rest of the night. Tomorrow will be another day for playing and visiting with your friends. Mothers and fathers, see that your children are at home now, so that they will disturb no one in the camp."

Mokakin slowly walked around the camp circle while he talked. He was headed for the west side of the camp, toward Sun. He stayed close to the tipis, so that everyone could clearly hear his
words. He was the main camp crier, often called [203]
upon to make announcements for others.

Slowly Mokakin made his way back to our 291
side of the circle. He was wearing his very old Hudson's Bay point blanket, the kind with one black stripe instead of several colored ones. The blanket was wrapped around his body, over his left shoulder and under his right arm, allowing it
to hang free. This arm he waved in the air, mak- 201
ing gestures to support his words. He came to the
door of our lodge and coughed lightly, letting us 778
know that he was about to enter. From the reflec- 784
tion of the fire on our tipi's walls he knew that we were still up. He did not know that we had been watching him through the small opening. Quickly, we rushed back to our seats and waited for his entrance. One of the many rules of respect shown to Medicine Pipe Bundles is that the Keepers must never call out to anyone from

during these midsummer nights this far north on 512
the plains.

While I combed and braided my hair, Sikski- 788
Aki lit a small fire of cottonwood twigs so that we 512
could have a coal for our morning smudge of in-
cense. With the forked stick, she picked up a [372]
piece of one of the twigs and placed it in the
center of our altar. She sprinkled a few sweet pine [824]
needles on the coal, but sparingly, for the trees [779]
that give us this holy incense are usually found
only in remote and scattered mountain places. A
little spiral of smoke again marked the place where
the hot coal and the dry pine needles met. The 782
pungent odor brought the Good Spirits to us 512
through our sense of smell. With our hands held
in the smoke we again took the Spirit, brought it
to us, and accepted it into our minds and bodies
by rubbing ourselves from head to toe. We prayed:

*HiYo Good Spirits who are here with us! You who make up everything that is Good and holy! Let us take your Holy Power and use it well. Let us be thankful for being aware of the goodness of your presence. . . . Let us think of your goodness as we go through this day, so that this day will be good for us. HiYo Natosi, our sacred Sun above! Help us to see the goodness along our paths. Let us be thankful for being able to see you again this day. Let us feel your warmth in our bodies, Natosi, and let us reflect your warmth in our food and in our homes, so that our families may be healthy. HiYo Earth, our holy Mother! Let us feel your strength beneath our feet as we walk upon you this day. Let us be strong and safe as long as we remain close to your body . . . all of you Good Spirits! Let us go through this day with respect and holy thoughts, and let us learn from our mistakes and trials, so that we may end this day with happiness. HiYo! Hear me!*

□

After we finished praying, SikskiAki took our 778
sacred Bundle outside and fastened it over our 512

doorway. In the Old Days, the Bundle would 778
have been hung from its tripod and placed at the 512
rear of our tipi, even though horses would sometimes knock over such tripods. Nowadays, few people hang their sacred Bundles on tripods, not for fear of horses, but for fear of mischievous children who are not taught an understanding and respect for our holy Ways.

Dipping water out of our tin cream cans to 415
wash the sleep from our faces, we thought of the 512
Old Days, when our People were forced to use cleaned-out buffalo paunches to store water. Such containers were usually tied to tipi poles or hung from smaller tripods. They were hard to handle and keep clean. Water from them had an odd taste. It is no wonder that our Old People treasured metal buckets and kettles brought to this country by the early traders.

I stepped outside and walked over to the rim 512
of the coulee that ran past our side of the camp. Most everyone in camp made at least one trip to this coulee each day. Across the coulee, I could see horses tied to bushes, where their owners had left them to graze. Some of these horses were later to be given as payment in transfer ceremonies during the encampment. Most of the [222]
bushes were covered with ripe berries, and all day long women and children would go back and forth to fill their berry containers.

Although it was still early in the morning, Sun was already over the top of the Belly Buttes, on his way across the sky. It seemed as though only the Old People were awake so early in the morning. Some were just sitting, waiting to wake up fully in the fresh morning air. Others were [782]
quietly standing, facing Sun, praying in quiet voices. One old lady was walking along with the help of a cane, her eyes almost shut. I could hear her prayer plainly as she called out the names of her children and grandchildren and asked Sun to pity them and keep them safe on this day.

Soon the smoke from many morning fires rose 372
above the tipis and tents, sharply contrasted 512

guests, the two Horns advisors discussed business. 778
Albert Wolf Child took part in the conversation, 574
since he is a former member of the Horns and is
sometimes called on for advice. During this time I
filled my smoking pipe and in my mind rehearsed
the songs for our sacred Bundle. It is a tradition [867]
for a Medicine Pipe Owner to invite one or more
former Owners for a meal and to offer them a [533]
smoke. They, in turn, will pray for the present
Owner and his family, and will sing some of the
Bundle's songs. Before the coming of tape recorders,
this was the only way such songs could be
learned. Many songs were lost between the years
when the People stopped camping by each other
and when songs could finally be recorded. Even
now, few people will take the time to listen to
these songs as often as it takes to learn them.

I asked the Old Man to sing one song, meaning 533
one set of seven songs. Many of our holy songs
are sung in sets of seven, although no one seems to
remember why. I could have asked the Old Man
to sing more than one set, but I realized he had
plenty of singing to do in his affairs with the
Horns.

SikskiAki placed a hot coal in the center of 782●
our altar, while I took a pinch of sweet pine 778
needles and held them with the thumb and first
finger of my right hand. The Old Man took 533
that hand in his and held it high above the smoldering
coal. He said a prayer of thanks to the
Holy Powers that brought us together. Then he
prayed for good thoughts and long life for all of
us and asked our holy Pipe to inspire my family to
live a straight life. He thanked the Pipe's Powers
for being with him for so many years and with us
now. Then he began to sing: "The Above . . . it
is holy . . . the earth . . . it is holy!"

He lowered my hand during the singing, letting 533
the sweet pine fall on the hot coal, making 778
the incense. While chanting, we all reached out
our hands toward the sacred smoke and rubbed it
on our arms and over our bodies from our heads
down. Each song consisted mostly of chanting

and a few sacred words, all repeated four times. I 533
handed my filled pipe to the Old Man during the 778
final song. The sacred words were, "My smoking
. . . it is holy!" [276]

Before the pipe was lit the Old Man prayed 276
again.[A] He pointed the mouthpiece of the stem
upward and asked all that is holy to come with 778
the smoke into our minds and bodies. He asked 782 ●
that my family and I have long life and good health for taking proper care of our holy Bundle. Then he told SikskiAki to take a brand from the fire and hold it inside the shiny black bowl to light the sacred tobacco. The pipe lit well, which was a good sign, and burnt for a long time. Everyone took a turn, smoking contentedly. When the smoking was finished, the ashes were carefully knocked out at the edge of the fireplace.

Wolf Child and Mokakin had things to do at 000
their own lodges, so they got up and left. Suddenly it seemed very still in our lodge. We just sat quietly. SikskiAki and I let the Old Man's Spirit overpower us in silence. His eyes were closed. He was no doubt thinking of the many Powerful things that dwelled in his mind. We sat without moving, waiting for him to speak. Even though he requires two canes to walk and needs help getting up and down from the floor, I felt very weak next to him.

The Old Man did not care for gaudy "In- 302
dian" garb, unlike some of the "Medicine Men" of today. Yet his appearance was very striking. His face was freshly painted with sacred red earth. It was streaked up on his forehead into the pompadourlike forelock of his white hair. His hair had thinned so that he could only form two small braids, which he fixed himself. When he was younger he wore his long hair with a third braid hanging down his back in our traditional warrior style. The ends of his braids were always wrapped with red cloth, another tradition of our People.
He used to wear shell earrings until a few years 301
ago, when one of them got hooked on something
and tore the ear's small hole into a slit. Enough of 000

A,[i.e., the Medicine Pipe--Analyst]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Crow." He spoke the Blackfoot language and 114
took an interest in the Old Ways. With notebook and camera he recorded some of those Ways from those who still knew their traditional meanings. He wrote down the Blood versions of many old tales told among the tribe. These were given to him by the master storyteller, old Eagle Ribs. He also wrote accounts of Medicine Pipe, Beaver Bundle, and Nighttime ceremonies as they were led by such holy men as Moon and Running Wolf. He used both paper and camera to record the last Medicine Lodge self-torture ceremony, at which men who had promised to torture themselves physically, in exchange for spiritual help during some earlier time of need, fulfilled their vows. Many of the customs and rituals Wilson recorded still are alive in the Old Ways we observe today.

Copies of Wilson's unpublished papers and 127
photographs are in the collections of the Glenbow Foundation Archives in Calgary, Alberta. The foundation's historical director, Hugh Dempsey, was most helpful in my efforts to record all these Old Ways; his staff also gave time, locating and duplicating photographs and papers. It is good to know that some museums and ethnologists care more for our People's Ways than just to collect their belongings.

□

In 1892, people were already living in log cab- 657
ins instead of tipis. They could not roam beyond 178
the limits of the reserve, and cows had replaced
buffalo as the source of meat. Nevertheless, most [342]
of the Blood People still taught their young and lived according to the Teachings of the Old Ways. They continued to be proud to be of the Blood tribe, and worked hard to learn the songs and ceremonies that had inspired their parents and grandparents.

An example of how closely the People still 796
followed the Old Ways occurred during the 782
winter before the Okan. Seven women felt called
upon to vow to make the personal sacrifice of 793
"putting up the Medicine Lodge." Among our 796
People, the person who represents the tribe in the [156]

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 22A)

[P. 21-A]

793
holy place of the Medicine Lodge ceremony is a 796
woman, a virtuous woman who has lived a
straight life and knows the Good Spirits. The [156]
holy woman's spiritual responsibilities are many
and her physical sufferings are strong. That's why
it was unusual to have as many as seven making
the sacred vows in one year.

Only a woman who has lived a pure life will [782]
approach the Holy Powers and offer to exchange
her physical suffering for the spiritual good of her
People. The vow is usually made in a time of
extreme need, such as a severe illness in her family
or a male relative gone on the warpath. (The 721
last battle between enemy war parties was fought 555
five years before the 1892 Okan. However, many 178
Blood men were still following the traditional
practice of proving their bravery and finding adventure
by raiding for horses or material trophies
in places distant from the reserve. This continued
well into the present century.)

After a woman has vowed to make the sacrifice 782
of putting up the Medicine Lodge, she goes 796
to an old man, usually a respected member of her
family, and walks with him outdoors. He calls out
for Sun and all the Holy Powers to hear that this
woman is seeking protection for her family and
herself, so that she might fulfill her vow for the
good of all the People. The vow is usually made
during wintertime, giving her half the year to prepare
for the holy ceremony—the erection of the
holy temple in the center of the Sun Dance camp.

Early in the summer of 1892, the People of 796
the Blood tribe began to gather on the large flat
that lies north of Stand Off and to the east below
the Belly Buttes. Nearby was a large grove of cottonwoods [372]
where firewood was gathered. Next to
the camp flowed fresh mountain water in the
Belly River.

As the Blood tribe forms a division of the 619
Blackfoot Confederacy, so do several lesser bands 628
form divisions within the Bloods. In the Old
Days, these lesser bands often camped apart from [361]
each other, depending on their preferences of

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Each holy woman had a spiritual mother, a 796
former holy woman, who gave her a sacred 793
Bundle and the knowledge and rights to use it for
the ceremony.[A] Their husbands were instructed by [778]
spiritual fathers, who were in turn the husbands
of former holy women. While the husbands engaged [782] ●
in the sweat baths, the holy women sat
outside the lodge and prayed. The purifying sweat [783]
baths marked the beginning of the holy fast. During
this fast, the holy women and their husbands [785]
concentrated completely on their efforts to inspire their People. The only thing they consumed was a shell full of water each morning and evening. Only the participants of the Medicine Lodge ceremony were allowed near their tipis, and they spoke not at all or in whispers.

The fourth and final move was made early in 796
the morning. While the camp's lodges were being
set up, the holy leaders marked out the site for 346
the Medicine Lodge in the center of the camp [361]
circle, and dug the holes for the posts. While the
women arranged their households, the children [957]
gathered firewood. The men went down to the river bottom, where they ceremoniously cut one upright post and one rafter log for the frame of the Medicine Lodge, then returned to the camp with the Spirit of a successful victory and again sang the ancient song. Some men fired their guns into the air. The excitement spread around the camp and strengthened the Spirits of everyone.

The construction of the Medicine Lodge began with the placement of twelve upright cottonwood logs. These posts stood in a circle about thirty-five feet in diameter; in the center was the large hole into which would go the Center Pole. The posts, long enough to extend about nine feet above the ground, forked at the top end. Eleven smaller logs, each about twelve feet long, were laid so that their ends rested in the forks of adjacent uprights, thus forming a circle. The remainder of the Holy Lodge was constructed the following day, the most important day of the ceremony.

[A] [i.e., the Sun Dance--Analyst]

- [P. 25-N]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Wilson observed in his notes: 796 346

> *That morning as I neared the camp I saw* 782
> *that most of the lodges had sacrifices or offerings of some garment or blanket elevated upon an extra lodge-pole leaning against the lodge; these were tied to cross sticks. . . . At each of the four lodges occupied by the O-Kon people an extension rite was, in the forenoon, begun.*

Wilson did not often explain the spiritual meanings of the details of ceremonies he recorded. For instance, the customary purpose of an offering is to give every family an opportunity to participate in building the sacred lodge. A gift of fabric, fastened to a small frame, is presented to the holy people, who are acting in behalf of the Spirits, just before the main construction of the lodge takes place. The frame is made by tying two [824] scraped willow sticks in the shape of a cross, representing the Four Holy Directions of the Universe. Bunches of sage tied to the cross represent the gifts obtained from our Mother Earth. The cloth is added to share our material wealth with the Holy Powers. Each family hangs its offering above its tipi early in the morning so that the Spirits of Sun and the Universe can see where it came from. The family members, observing their offering in this way, derive spiritual pride for their part in the proceedings.

On the day the Center Pole is raised, the 793
holy women end their fasting and praying, and 796
the former holy women (or woman) transfer 778
their sacred Bundles to the new holy women. In 1892, the seven transfers were conducted simultaneously in the four main tipis.

The holy woman's sacred Bundle is called the
Natoas. It is kept in a cylindrical rawhide case [415]
decorated with painted designs and long fringes.
On the outside of the rawhide case the sacred [412]
digging stick is fastened, the same kind of stick our women used to dig edible roots like camas.
During the transfer ceremony, a set of dried [237]

[p.25-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*Very slowly they walked to the south side of* 793
*the half-built medicine lodge, stopping at inter-* 796
*vals to pray, but not loudly. They circled the* [792]●
*medicine-lodge once, taking the course of the*
*Sun, and then sat down in a shelter which had*
*been constructed for them to the West of the*
*medicine lodge.*

*This shelter was made up of travoix poles* [346]
*and canvas. Those using it sat facing the sacred*
*edifice. The shelter was about 60 feet long, and* [114]
*sitting in a row, extending from one end to the*
other [were] *seven parties of people, each com-*
*posed of the woman who had sold her O-Kon*
[Wilson should have said Natoas; he uses the
word O-Kon in various ways, although it actually
describes only the Medicine Lodge ceremony
itself], *her husband, the new O-Kon, and her*
*husband. . . . In front of these people and about* [415]
*20 feet from them was a row of 7 parfleche bags, 4* [779]
*placed on each side of a central space through*
*which those going and coming passed.* [The bags
belonged to the holy women and contained the
dried sacred tongues.] *In front again of this en-* [237]
*trance space was deposited a green beef hide*
*wrapped in a black blanket; the use of the hide*
*will appear later on.*

While the holy people prepared to receive those who wished their blessings, the Horns Society mounted horses and rode to the cottonwood grove to obtain the sacred Center Pole. The party rode off as if headed for war and approached the chosen tree as they would a powerful enemy. After brave deeds were recounted and prayers for success were made, the tree was cut down amidst shooting and shouting. While the Horns were preparing to haul the sacred tree back to camp, Wilson made these observations: 796

*People in camp now began taking down the* 796
*offerings before mentioned from the tops of their* 793
*lodges, and soon a woman came to the O-Kon,* 792
*leading a child and bearing her offering. She went* 276

[p. 28-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

to one of the old O-Kon [priests] and reluctantly 796
[she was probably shy before the holy man] knelt 793
in front of the man and handed him a filled pipe
which she had brought, and deposited the offering 782
at his feet. The vendor took the pipe and 276
pointed the stem to the Sun and prayed in favor
of the suppliant, who knelt through the prayer
with bowed head. At the end of the prayer the
latter passed her hands to head of the prayermaker
and down his shoulders and arms to the
hands, taking the pipe from him and laying it
aside. The old man's wife then painted a black [302]
ring around the face of both mother and child
and her husband. The old man took up the offering
and made a pass with it down each side of the
woman's body; the latter turned about without
rising and the offering was leaned against her back
at which she arose and departed. Four members
of the Society, "Crazy Dogs," were sitting near at
hand, their duty being to light the pipe. One of
these now came and took the late suppliant's pipe
from [the] old man who handed it to him, went
out to the front of the enclosure, past the beforementioned
hide, to a little fire built there for the
purpose, and lit the pipe. Puffing it on the way to
keep it from going out, he returned it to the old
man who first took a few whiffs himself, then
handed it to the black man of his set who smoked
and handed it around.

When the pipe was emptied, it was passed
out to someone of the owner's family waiting for
it. That is a close description of the mode of giving
the offerings, which were brought by all sorts
of people, young and middle aged. Some were
boys, some were girls, bringing children with
them, and others alone. All were dressed in their [292]
best clothing. Some boys wore their fathers' war
bonnets. Many sacred pipes were brought, the 796
young men "attendants" were called upon, but 276
the pipe bearer himself took the pipe to the fire, 778
after he was painted, the old man going with him
to pray as he lit it for the other. The bearer of the
pipe now presented the mouthpiece to each man

[p.29-A]

*and woman in the row of O-Kons and then to* 796
*everyone sitting outside. Great rows of people* 276
*were sitting in a half circle on either side of the* 778
*shelter. Each person to whom the pipe was presented
took 4 draws only. These sacred pipes were
always passed a long time after they had ceased to
emit smoke. They seemed to go out before many
people had smoked.*

As is the case with our People now, anyone 796
in camp could make an offering, a symbolic gift to 793
the Holy Spirits—to Sun, Moon, sky, stars, birds, 782
animals. The offering would be brought to the
holy people by a family member. At this stage of [776]
the Medicine Lodge ceremony, these holy people
were thought to be in strong communication with
the Spirits. Each person bringing an offering selected
one of the holy people waiting in the Sun
shelter for this purpose. The chosen holy person
would then pray to the Spirits on behalf of the
offerer. Later, all the offerings would be brought
to the Medicine Lodge and tied, permanently, to
the lodge's Center Pole.

Families keeping the tribe's sacred Medicine 796
Pipes and Beaver Bundles had the opportunity for 778
an unusual and powerful spiritual experience during 276
the Medicine Lodge ceremony. Only at this
time were these sacred Pipes fitted with bowls for
smoking; at no other time were they smoked. The
Owners of the sacred Pipes gathered their families
inside their lodges. Usually, past Owners were [533]
present, especially if the current Owner did not
know the Bundle's songs very well. There are
songs to sing while opening the Bundle and many
more songs to sing afterwards, when the People
pray and dance with its contents.

After incense was made, the leader of the [302]
opening painted the Owner's family with Medicine
Pipe symbols on their faces and wrists. The
sacred Pipestem was taken from its cloth wrapping
and carefully laid on top of the Bundle. At
this point the sacred Bowl was removed from the
Bundle and filled with ceremonial tobacco. With [782]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

a prayer for success and good thoughts, the Bowl 794
was fitted to the Stem. The Owner took hold of 778
the Pipe—one hand on the Stem and one on the 276
Bowl. It would have been a bad sign if the Stem
became separated from the Bowl during the rest [782] ●
of the ceremony.

With the guidance of some old man, the
Owner took his sacred Pipe outside. He was fol- [292]
lowed by his family, all wearing blankets or
shawls, as a sign of modesty during holy occasions. The old man would call out, "Make way, People, here comes the bearer of a sacred Pipestem. Give him your respect." Quickly, the People would move aside, leaving a clear path for the bearer to walk, straight to the holy people's shelter.

As Wilson stated, the sacred Pipe would first [793]
be offered to one of the priests. A helper from the
Crazy Dogs Society would hold a glowing stick into the Bowl while the priest puffed on the mouthpiece. The Owner, holding Stem and Bowl in his hands, would offer the Pipe among the people, who placed their lips against the mouth-
piece to smoke it. They would not hold the Pipe, [783]
not being purified with the sacred incense, and
not trained in handling it. Some people would brush their hands reverently over the sacred Stem and then down their bodies, taking its ancient Holy Spirit within themselves. For many, this was the only chance to be in the presence of one of the tribe's sacred Pipes and to give their prayers directly to the Holy Spirits within it.

Wilson noted on his watch that not quite 796
two hours had passed since the Horns Society left
camp to go after the Center Pole:

> *Offerings were still being brought when, at 4:30, appeared in sight those with the centre pole. They came in a great procession, scores of*

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 314]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*At last "Gambler" came forward and began to* 796
*take off his clothes. Calf Shirt [who had the*
*Power of Rattlesnakes] painted him red all over* [292]
*and dressed him in new . . . garments. Gam-*
*bler's relatives now brought in piles of goods and* [302]
*put them on the ground as presents to Roached* [431]
*Mane, [who] produced a knife, which was painted*
*red, and placed it in Gambler's hand.*

During the year previous to the Okan, a 796
number of women had vowed to "feed Sun" 778
some of the sacred tongue. These women wanted
the inspirational power obtained by taking part in 782
the Medicine Lodge ceremony, but were not able 237
to take on the responsibility of holy women. At this stage these women came forward, accompanied by the person for whose benefit they first made the vow—usually a child or some other relative.

*A number of virtuous women in the tribe had during the year vowed to distribute the sacred tongues, which duty can only be done by such women. These now came forward and opened up the sacks and each took out a number of pieces. Each walked out to where she could see the Sun, and pinching off a little piece of the dried meat, held it up and prayed aloud. At the conclusion of her prayer each put the little pieces of meat into the ground at her feet, giving it to her mother the Earth Person [as] a duty.*

While the virtuous women held up pieces of sacred tongue, they usually called out something like this: "As I have lived a pure and honest life, I feed you this piece of sacred tongue, our Sun, and ask you to keep my family safe and healthy." After finishing their prayers,

*These women, assisted by some men, then* [262]
*distributed to the assembled populaces all of the sacred tongue meat. Nearly all of the recipients prayed where they sat and put a little into the earth as before.*

[p. 32-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*Lazy Going Man's 2 children were brought* 796
*in and painted, then both were mounted upon a* 431
*horse. Their father stood up and presented a rifle*
*to the outgoing "hide cutters" party by laying it* 852
*upon the ground. His wife and others also made*
*various presents of lodge furniture and wearing*
*apparel.*

Lazy Going Man was a close friend of Gambler, the new hide-cutter. By contributing presents to the past hide-cutter, he was helping [424]
Gambler assume his new duties. At the same
time, he obtained the right to help his friend with
the sacred hide-cutting. Having his children [302]
painted was to give them the inspiration to look
for success in later life.

*The hide was then uncovered and spread* 796
*out; Gambler stood up before it and made a* 281
*speech. He, Strangled Wolf and Lazy Going Man* [555]
*each counted 4 coups . . . holding the knife in*
*hand as he did so. . . . Gambler, assisted by*
*others, cut up the hide. Beginning at the tail, he*
*cut around the edge and continued cutting until*
*the whole hide was made into a single, long thong*
*about an inch in width, the tail being one extremity. To the tip of the tail was tied an eagle tail* [237]
*feather. The offerings were now all brought from*
*where they had been piled behind the A-Kax* [782]
*[Medicine Lodge] and were tied to the ends of*
*all the rafters. Many of the offerings were also*
*tied to the [top] end of the centre pole, as it lay,*
*and others were wrapped and tied about the*
*middle. . . . The tail end of the raw hide was* [346]
*now pulled along and made fast to the top end of*
*the centre pole, in such a manner that the ox-tail*
*[beef hide] would hang near the ground when*
*this pole became erect. The raw hide was then all*
*cut into lengths sufficient to tie the smaller poles*
*together . . . and several men went to work*
*tying them.*

The tail left hanging down from the Center 796
Pole represents the tail that hung from the bot- 346
773

[p. 32-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

tom of the rawhide rope Morning Star made for 796
his wife—in the very long ago—so that she could 346
come back down to her home on Earth and bring
the Medicine Lodge ceremony to the People. [773]

*A strange sight next appeared. Four processions of young men approached from the lodges, one from each of the cardinal points. Each procession was made up of pairs of young men, walking, each pair behind the other. Each man held aloft a lodge pole, which was strongly connected at the top to the pole of his companion. So in all 4 of the processions, the poles of every pair of young men were tied together, a foot and a half or two feet apart. They approached a few yards at a time until, when within 50 or 60 yards of the Sun-Lodge, they changed their formation from column to line. This resulted in the ends of their 4 lines uniting so that they, as a whole, formed a large circle, the centre of which was the half erected medicine lodge. The completion of the lodge by raising the heavy timbers in place* [with their lodge poles] *was the errand of all these young men.*

We are here in the midst of a symbolic battle. The young men with their lodge poles represent the warriors of the tribe, the tribe's defenders, carrying their weapons. The warriors are about to converge upon the Center Pole, representing the enemy, and overpower it by raising it up. This is symbolic of the People's power to triumph in battle. The holy people wait by the Center Pole to lend their spiritual power to the
victory. The husbands wear the black paint worn [302]
by a victorious war party.
Completing the Medicine Lodge follows: [822]
[727]

*The A-Kax* [holy party] *now left their positions and entered the circle; the black men each* [782]
*carried the scalps tied to a short stick, climbed upon the resting centre pole and, all bending their heads close to the top and covering their heads with their blankets, prayed silently. At the*

Power that Sun passes on to all the creatures on 796 Earth. 791

On their way to the Medicine Lodge, the [535] Weather Dancers made four stops. At each stop they intensified their holy thoughts and danced more vigorously, while the drumming and singing continued behind them. The People stood quietly before their tipis, watching the brightly colored dancers make their way around the north side of the Medicine Lodge and then enter through the large opening on the east side of the cottonwood boughs.

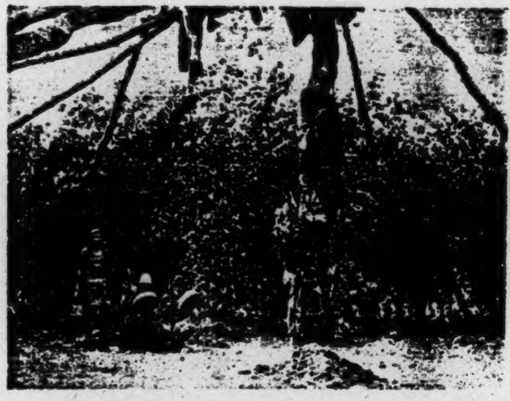
The Weather Dancers entered this sacred booth and sat down, facing the Center Pole and the entrance of the Holy Lodge at the east. The holy people followed and sat down on their robes at the northwest side. The drummers sat on logs at the southwest side and were soon joined by several old men who knew the ceremonial songs. People approached the Holy Lodge to see inside, so that the entrance was blocked. Others found places around the outside where they could look through.

According to our Old Man, who was a young boy at the 1892 Okan, the head Weather Dancer was Ki-soum, or Sun, still remembered as one of our finest holy men. Wilson often refers to this man by the name Moon. The other was a former Weather Dancer who had vowed to help Ki-soum. Among the small bundle of things Ki-soum [276] had brought into the Weather Dancers' booth was a black-bowled pipe. He filled the pipe with [778] sacred tobacco and handed it to the drummer nearest the booth. The drummer raised the stem, [782] ● prayed for the spiritual success of the People, lit the pipe, and passed it among the other drummers to smoke. It was then passed into the booth, where the Weather Dancers smoked quietly.

When the pipe was smoked out, Ki-soum [533] signaled the drummers, who began to drum and sing a Weather Dancers song. The Weather [534] Dancers placed their bone whistles between their lips and stood up. Raising their heads so they [535]

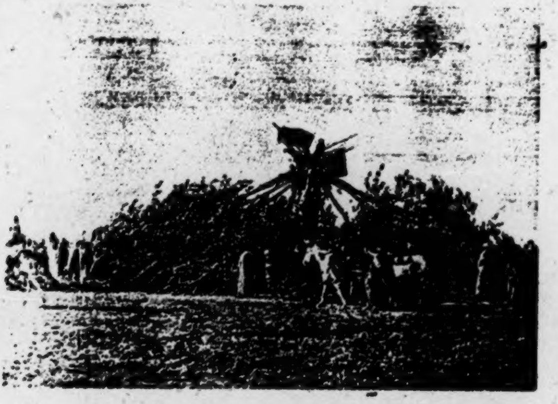
[p. 34-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



346
778
782●
791
535
796

Inside the 1892 Medicine Lodge. In the foreground is the pit where the sticks representing war adventures were burned. Behind the pit is the sacred Center Pole, with offerings tied to it. The man standing is believed to be the Weather Dancer, Ki-soum. The others are his drummers. (R. N. Wilson)



346
796

Outside the 1892 Medicine Lodge, while ceremonies take place inside. (R. N. Wilson)

[p. 35-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Late in the afternoon those members of the 796
Pigeon Society [who were able to relate personal
exploits of bravery] formed a line, standing. Two 431
of them rode a single horse; the others were all [575]
dismounted. They began to sing and approached
the A-Kax and entered, then took a position in [555]
two rows; the riders rode their horses once completely around the enclosure, passing at the back
between the banner [Weather Dancers' booth]
and centre pole. Four Tom-toms [hand drums] [539]
and the same number of rattles were obtained for
music. While the Pigeons danced and sang, relatives brought in piles of goods which were deposited at the feet of the dancer related to the
giver. These presents were all gathered up by an
old man and distributed to other people. Eagle
Ribs [the uncle of our Mokakin] was taken by
the arm and led out to the centre and left standing there. Pails of food were now brought in; generally a row of 4 or more pails were strung upon a
stick and carried in by two squaws, each taking an
end of the stick. Squaws [a foreign word to us, [601]
even though Wilson uses it often; a man calls his
wife Aki, "woman," or Nitokeman, "my wife"]
always put down the pails, and either left the
enclosure or joined the crowd of women at the
south and near the entrance. The food was distributed to all the people who had seated themselves inside, with bowls in front of them. Next [276]
pipes were filled, presented to an old man, blessed
and smoked. They then danced three times without changing their positions in rows. Bob Tailed [792]●
Chief [then a young member of the Pigeon Society—he later became one of our holy leaders]
went and placed a stick at the feet of an old man,
which meant that he had given him a horse, at
which the old man stood up and made a long
blessing over the liberal young man, whose wife
came forward and shared it with him. A 4th dance
was indulged in at close of which they danced out.
Time was 8:10.

The Pigeon Society was composed of young 575
men who had few exploits to their record, and so 561
796

[p.36-A]

they were the first to perform in the Medicine 575
Lodge. This was an opportunity for the societies 561
to inspire the People, as well as themselves, with 796
their ceremonies and comradeship. And it was an
honor for members to donate food to the gathered [431]
People, who were given good thoughts [556]
through the gesture.

After the presentation, the People were asked 796
to return to their lodges and spend the night
quietly. There was to be no noise, especially near [784]
the Medicine Lodge. The Weather Dancers were [791]
fasting and meditating on the Holy Powers
created by the sacred encampment. [785]

## THE SELF-TORTURE CEREMONIES

Another group to participate in the Medicine 796
Lodge ceremony came to fulfill their own vows. 782●
These were men who had made vows of physical
sacrifice in exchange for spiritual help from Sun. 785
Such vows were usually made during dangerous situations, perhaps on the hunt or warpath, when death seemed imminent. A vowing man might call out to Sun, "Help me, O holy Sun, my Father, and let me see you again with happiness. Give me your strength so that I may survive this danger, and I will give myself to you. I will help my People to remember your Holy Power by performing the physical torture dance during the next Holy Lodge ceremony of our People." Fulfilling such vows was truly a Sun Dance, and inspiring to those who watched.

### *WILSON'S OBSERVATIONS: 1892*

The last time self-torture vows were fulfilled during 796
a Blood Medicine Lodge ceremony was in 785
1892. The days of warpaths were already past. Although 657
our young men still went on regular horse
raids then, there was seldom any fighting, even [178]
when the raiders were caught. Government agents [721]
knew that the self-torture ceremony inspired a
spirit of adventure, which they opposed. Follow- [182]
[177]

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 37A)

[P. 36-B]

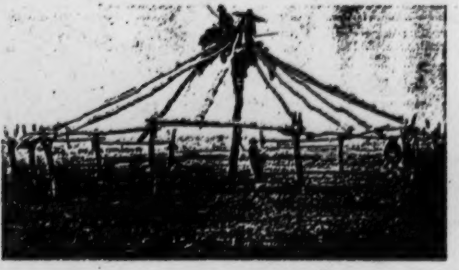
ing the 1892 Okan, the agents sent word to the 796
People that participants in self-torture would 785
henceforth be jailed. They aroused outside backing
for their move by calling the ceremonies 657
"heathen rituals." The missionaries hoped that [177]
this ban would lead to an end of the Medicine
Lodge ceremony itself. However, Medicine [797]
Lodges continued to be built. Self-torture vows
were carried out in places that were not so public.

In writing and with his camera, Wilson recorded 796
the details of the last ceremonies to fulfill 785
self-torture vows:

> *Next day nothing occurred until afternoon,* [575]
> *when some members of two Societies, "Crazys"*
> [*Wilson's own name for the Crazy Dogs, who*
> *were not actually crazy in any way*] *and "Black*
> *Soldiers," came out of their rows. At this, Sitting* [292]
> *Bull's son entered in the paint garb of the "self-torture"*
> *as follows: no clothing except breach*
> *cloth and a blanket wrapped about him. A wreath* [824]
> *of wild sage about the head, a ring of same about*
> *each arm and ankle. Painted with white dirt from* [302]
> *head to foot. He sat down upon his blanket and*
> *presently some one placed a pillow and quilt on*
> *the ground upon which he laid down. A man* 796
> *assisted by others put a skewer in each breast and* 785
> *a 3rd* [*behind*] *one shoulder. When he arose to* 304
> *his feet a shield was fastened to the skewer in the*
> *back and the ropes from top of centre pole, to the*
> *others* [*on his breasts*]. *He walked up and embraced* [782]●
> *the centre pole and silently prayed. Then*
> [*he*] *went back until the ropes tightened and,*
> *reaching around behind, grasped the shield, tore*
> *it from his flesh with a jerk and cast it upon the*
> *ground. Giving a yell, he next caught hold of one*
> *of the ropes in each hand and gave them a couple*
> *of good jerks which pulled the skin out from his*
> *breast several inches each jerk. Then he threw* [534]
> *back his full weight upon the ropes, having first*
> *inserted a whistle in his mouth, the string of it*
> *depending from around the neck. The drums* [535]
> *started up and the boy danced in time to their* [533]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
346
782



Robert Wilson standing by the Center Pole of the 1892 Medicine Lodge. The offerings at the top of the lodge remain, but those around the bottom of the Center Pole are missing. None of our People would have dared to remove such offerings, as they are the spiritual property of Sun. Wilson's adopted brother, Mean Bandolier, stands on the right. (R. N. Wilson)

[P. 40-B]

when men were sometimes left suspended from 785
the Center Pole for several days and nights, going 796
without food or water. Scraping White was only 115
suspended for a short time, and was not required 164
to fast at all. Here is his story.

*Three of us tortured ourselves in the Sun* 785
*Dance that year—Tough Bread, Heavy Head, and* 796
*I. I was the oldest of the three.*

*I was on a war party to take horses from the* [782]
*Assiniboine* [a neighboring tribe] *when I made*
*my vow to be tortured. Shortly before Sun went* [726]
*down, when we were in sight of the enemy camp,*
*I turned to Sun and said, "I want good luck. Now*
*I go to the enemy. I want to capture a good horse*
*and go home safely. I'll be tortured this coming*
*Sun Dance." As soon as it was dark I went into*
*the enemy camp and took two fast horses out of*
*their corral without any of them knowing it. I had*
*good luck and reached home safely.*

*Then I told my relatives of the vow I had made. Yellow Horn, an older relative, who had been through the torture before, told me, "Put up a sweat lodge for me and I shall look after you." I made the sweat lodge the very next day.*

*Not long after that the Sun Dance was held.*
*The torture took place the day after the Center*
*Pole was raised for the Medicine Lodge. I was the* [304]
*first one to be tortured. The torture began about*
*noon. Old Yellow Horn cut my breasts with an* [411]
*iron arrowhead and inserted a skewer through the*
*cuts at each breast. These skewers were of service-* [412]
*berry wood, flattened on both sides, thinned toward the ends but not sharpened, and about this long* (showing two inches with his fingers). *Then sinew was wrapped around the ends of the skewers and they were tied, each skewer to a 4-strand plaited rawhide rope. The two ropes were fastened at their far ends to the Center Pole at its forks.*

*I stood up and Yellow Horn told me, "Now* [782]
*you walk up, put your arms around the Center*
*Pole and pray. Tell Sun, now your vow is being*
*fulfilled." I did just as he told me. Then I stepped*

*back. Yellow Horn pulled hard on the rawhide* 785
*ropes attached to the skewers. Then I danced. I* 796
*didn't dance long before my flesh gave way and the skewers pulled out. Yellow Horn came to me and cut the skin that had broken. He trimmed it off even. Then he gave me the pieces of skin he had cut away and told me to take them and stick them in the ground at the base of the Center Pole, saying, "Now, Sun, I have completed my vow."*

The Old Man said that he often saw on his
father's chest the scars where he had been
pierced, but that old Scraping White suffered no
other permanent injuries from the experience. He
said that his father had asked for deep cuts and
had been fortunate in actually having the mildest
torture of the three. He remembers his Old [115]
People telling that Heavy Head suffered more
than anyone they had ever seen. Here is how
Heavy Head told his story to the same anthropologist:

*There were only two of us, Buffalo Teeth,* 796
*my partner, and I. We went to war together to* 785
*take horses. At Medicine Hat we found a small* 782 ●
*camp of Cree half-breeds. It was night when we*
*saw their camp. It was moonlight. I looked up at* [726]
*Moon and prayed, "I shall be tortured at the Sun*
*Dance if I have good luck and get home safely."*
*Then I stole up to the camp and got one bay that*
*was tied in front of a lodge without any of the*
*enemy waking or seeing me. Buffalo Teeth took a*
*roan. We started back to the Blood camp, trav-* [261]
*eled three days and three nights with no food*
*other than a black rabbit. We got awfully weak*
*and hungry.*

*When I reached home I told my story to my* 796
*father, Water Bull. The old man got up and sang* 785
*his honoring song. Then he told me, "My son,* [554]
*you have done something worth doing. You have*
*made a vow that you will be tortured at the Sun*
*Dance. You must do it this coming Sun Dance."*

[p.42-A]

A few days later, I went out to the east point 796
of Belly Butte to fast. While I fasted I dreamed 785
that a sacred person came to me and gave me a
drum and certain herbs to use for doctoring. [787]
Then I returned home.

A short time after that the bands began to
come together for the Sun Dance Encampment. I
prepared myself to go to an old man named Little
Bear, a relative of mine [SikskiAki's great-grandfather],
who had been through the torture himself,
years before. I filled my pipe and took it to [431]
him. I gave him the pipe and a buckskin horse,
and said, "Here is a horse for you. Keep this pipe
too. I want you to look after me in the torture."
When I gave him the pipe he put it down and
went over to the next lodge. There were two old
men there, Green Grass Bull and Red Bead.
These men were not related to me, but they were
both older than Little Bear, and both had been
through the torture. Little Bear asked them to [792]●
come to his lodge, to take my pipe and pray for
me. After they prayed, they told me not to take
any food or water the day I was to be tortured.

The day before the torture I ate or drank [261]
nothing. Next day I ate or drank nothing until
after the torture. However, the three old men
gave me some sagebrush to chew.

I was the last of the three Bloods to undergo
the torture that day. Scraping White, who was
the oldest, was first. Then Tough Bread, then I. I
was the youngest. Inside the Medicine Lodge, on [346]
the west side of the Center Pole and north of the
Weather Dancer's arbor, a shelter was built of
sticks like a sweat lodge, covered with willow
leaves. I went there before noon of the day of the
torture. I was laid on my back with my head
pointed north. I was barefoot, and wore only a [292]
breechcloth made from a small red trade shawl
purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company.
There was a little bowl of white paint and another [302]
of black paint nearby. The three old men
painted four black dots, one below the other,
under each of my eyes. This was called "tear

west toward the doorway of the Sun Lodge and 785
back. Then, when the skewers did not break 796
loose, the old men realized that the incisions had
been made too deep. Red Bead came up and cut
the outside of the incisions again so they would
break loose. As I started dancing again the left
side gave way and I had to continue dancing with
only my right side holding. An old man named
Strangling Wolf jumped up from the crowd and
came toward me shouting. He called out four
coups he had counted and jumped on me. The
last rope gave way and I fell to the ground.

The three old men came to me and cut off the rough pieces of flesh hanging from my breasts. They told me to take this flesh that had been trimmed off, and the sagebrush from my head, wrists, and ankles, and place them at the base of the Center Pole. I did as they told me.

Then I took my robe and walked out of the
Medicine Lodge alone. I went to a lonely place
and fasted for a night. I wanted to dream. But I
couldn't sleep because of the pain. At sunrise I [782] ●
prayed to Sun.

Some time after that I saw a man approaching on horseback. He said, "I'm going to take you home right away." He took me up behind him on his horse and rode me slowly back to camp. My breasts were swollen and hurt. The rider's name was Red Crane. He told me of a mix-up that took place at the Sun Dance over horses stolen from the Gros Ventres.

When I got to my lodge, my mother gave me
something to eat. She and my father told me
what had happened at the Sun Dance gathering—a
mix-up between the Mounted Police and
Indians. I had to stay in the lodge several days.
My breasts were so swollen that I could hardly [752]
move. Indian doctors used herb medicines to take [759]
away the swelling and to cure my wounds.

Heavy Head and Scraping White both passed away a few years after their stories were recorded. They were the last of our People who

had undergone the self-torture ceremony. With 785
some variations in the details, their stories are still 796
told whenever our Old People get together to talk
about the past. The mentioned mix-up with the
Mounted Police will be more fully described later
in a story about old Calf Robe, who was the object of the mix-up.

## THE 1908 OKAN, SPONSORED BY HEAVY SHIELD

We are fortunate to have Wilson's written ac- 796
count of the 1892 Okan. Without it, many of the 114
details of the ceremony would have been lost to
us. Nevertheless, many details were not recorded
and are lost because he did not understand all
that went on around him. He was given no
Teachings about Medicine Lodge ceremonies.
Among the Old People who were given such 796
Teachings is George First Rider, the son of a 115
priest and doctor. Here is his story of another,
later Sun Dance, as he told it recently.

*My grandmother, Catching Amongst, was* 796
*going to sponsor a Holy Lodge in the year 1908,*
*but she didn't. Something happened in the family*
*of the people that were going to transfer the*
*Natoas Bundle to her. [Probably a death; a mourn-* [765]
*ing family cannot take part in holy ceremonies.]*

*If there is no one to sponsor a Holy Lodge,* 796
*then the Horns Society will look for someone.* 575

*The Horns Society took one of the tongues* [237]
*[from the cows that were butchered on ration*
*day], and the ceremonial leader painted it black.* [531]
*The Horns Society sang, "The black paint I take.*
*. . . It is holy."*

*The seven high-ranking members went out in*
*a procession bearing the painted tongue. They* [292]
*all wore holy moccasins, breechcloths, and robes.*
*The procession led to the east entrance of the*
*camp circle. They walked slowly. When they got* [782]
*to the south side, they stopped and prayed. They*
*stopped and prayed several times as they pro-*

*ceeded around the camp circle, each time waiting* 796
*for someone to approach them. This is what they* 575
*prayed: "Help, O Sun, may someone take this* [782]●
*tongue. O Sun, bless the tongue yourself so that*
*someone may build a holy lodge for you."*

*The elderly Horns members sang a song of* [533]
*praise for each band in the camp circle—the Fish*
*Eaters band, the Many Children band, and also*
*for the women who sponsor Holy Lodges. . . .*

*Still, there was no one to sponsor a Holy*
*Lodge. The men continued carrying the tongue*
*around the camp circle. They stopped a little way*
*from the east entrance of the camp circle. They*
*were worried. This was their last stop, the camps*
*of the Lone Fighters band. For this band they* [533]
*sang, "My children, when they were long gone,*
*I was still happy."*

*The members prayed again and were about to*
*go back to their lodge when a woman came out*
*of her tipi. As she walked toward them, Chief*
*Calf came out and sang a song of praise for the*
*woman. The woman was the wife of Iron Neck-*
*lace [better known as Heavy Shield]. Her name* [795]
*was Many Kill. She walked straight up until she*
*stood in front of the leader who carried the*
*tongue. She held out her robe in bowl-like fashion.*
*The tongue carried around the camp was held* [824]
*with sage grass and a braid of sweetgrass. It was*
*not carried in a dish.*

*Many Kill did not say a word; the leader did not say a word. He just gave her the tongue. As he did, the rest said, "Aye," and made a downward brushing motion at the woman, showing their acceptance of her holy effort. She stood facing northeast. She turned to her right and went home. The leader was the woman's father. He sang, "Many Kill Woman—when she started to walk I was very happy."*

*The People all sang praise. The Horns Society members returned to their lodge. They walked around it from the south side to the north side, in the direction that Sun travels, and then they went inside. Some of them came out and called*

*built. The young Horns got their saddle ponies* 796
*and rode down to the river. They gathered one* 346
*hundred rocks. The rocks were smaller than a* 575
*folded fist. White flint rocks and sand rocks were
not taken. They picked all ordinary rocks. About
noon the riders were heard returning, singing
plainly. There were no women among the riders.
The riders paraded around the inside of the camp
circle. They all dismounted at the Holy Lodge
tipi and their horses were led away.*

*The sweat lodge was constructed. There are* 796
*one hundred willows to a holy sweat lodge. The* 346
*entrance is on the east side and the exit is on the
west side, just like the daily path of Sun. The* [824]
*fifty willows on the south side were colored with* [531]
*real paint [red earth] and the other fifty willows
were colored with black paint. The real paint* [822]
*represents the day; the black paint represents the
night. The buffalo hides used to cover the sweat* [237]
*lodge were also colored, the hides on the south
side with real paint, the hides on the north side* [531]
*with black paint. In recent years the willows and
the canvases are not colored anymore.*

*In legends of the long-ago, only one rock was
used in the sweat lodge. Lately, one hundred
rocks were used. In this sweat lodge the rocks
were not heated red hot. It was a sweat lodge just
to reinforce the spiritual powers.*

*The buffalo skull, which is offered to Sun, was* [237]
*laid on a small pile of dirt that had been scooped
out from a hole inside the sweat lodge. It is different* [782] ●
*with the Crow Indians, who put their buffalo* [171]
*skulls by the Center Pole. Buffalo skulls are
no longer left out as offerings. They are put away
for use in the next Sun Dance.*

*The night after the sweat lodge ceremonies,
the Horns Society members were painted and the* 796
*next morning they cut down the Center Pole.* 346
*There were four singers, each with hand drums,* 575
*which were invented by that time. The Center
Pole was cut down, and as it was hauled to the* [533]
*center of the camp circle, the Horns Society* [534]
*members rode on it. A woman member was ap-*

from a clay, though it used to be made from buf- 386
falo gallstones; and green, made from a certain 778
type of algae.

In the Old Days, these natural colors were [237]
mixed with water and animal fat to form the [824]
paint that was applied to tipi covers. Brushes were
made from buffalo bones. The bone was cut at one 532
end, so that its pores were exposed to form the tip [237]
of the brush. These pores held the thick paint [413]
quite well. The natural paints had to be rubbed
into the lodge covers very thoroughly, or else they
would run with each rainfall. Even so, the natural
colors tended to fade very quickly from constant
exposure to the elements. Nowadays, we use the [178]
somewhat organic combination of oil paint and
linseed oil, which has proved to be effective and
durable.

Painted tipis are usually given up as an offer- 782
ing whenever a new cover is made, as there should 532
never be two copies of the same cover. The old 342
cover is either offered to the Underwater Spirits
by sinking it with rocks into a lake, or offered to
Sun by leaving it weighed down by rocks out on
the prairie.

Nevertheless, occasionally two or more covers 432
having the same design can be found. In some
cases, they represent similar dreams by different 532
people. In other cases, they indicate a design not 342
ceremonially transferred but inherited, and prob- [787]
ably looked upon as a family heirloom or coat-of-
arms to be reproduced in new tipi covers—usually [424]
by younger people unaware that they should not
copy the design. And then there are those who [428]
know better, yet copy original designs on new
covers and sell them to museums and collectors of
"Indian relics." Finally, so-called Indian enthusi-
asts also contribute to the existence of multiple
copies of the same design, when they make pains-
takingly precise but nonspiritual representations
of some old design for their own tipis.

The Spirit of the Otter has inspired more 532
designs than any other spiritual power. Our own 342
Otter Tipi was one of four similar ones at last [776]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

My wife had the 3rd dream a year or so later 778
and in this dream the man came up to her and 787
said, "They have done a horrible thing to me.
They have laid me out in the open glass case so 114
that people will come in and look at me, and my
altar is left standing. Nobody comes to burn sweetgrass any more; and where I am sitting is not holy. Why did they take me away from my own country? It was my home; it is where I originated. It is where I wanted to be until the end."

My wife had the 4th dream a few months ago. In this dream the man came to her with you, and my wife saw the case with the Long Stem Pipe on display. The man said to her, pointing at you, "This is the man that took me. He must be very kind to me and if it so happened that somebody came and asked for me he must not refuse to let me go. I am left uncovered and that is what is making me very sad."

I am very surprised that my wife has had this dream because we never did own the Long Time Pipe. It must be very important or why should she keep having this dream? But it must be because we really believe in this religion and we live accordingly.

So we have come to offer this blanket so that [782]
you can take it to Edmonton on your next trip and cover the Long Time Pipe with it. We would be very happy if you would say a few prayers for us and tell the bundle that we have given the blanket as a sacrifice to it.

I bought this blanket in the U.S. and it is the same type that is always used to cover Medicine Pipes.

*Mr. Many Grey Horses was undecided as to whether we should take off the old blanket that covers the pipe and give it to him but Mrs. Many Grey Horses said no. She said to place the new blanket over the old one as it was obvious as a result of her dream that one covering was not sufficient.*

*Mr. Many Grey Horses owns the 4 original* 778
*drums of the Long Time Medicine Pipe Bundle.* 534
*When John Red Crane had the Long Time Pipe* 432
*bundle transferred to him from Stephen Fox he*
*refused the transfer of the drums. Since the* 114

*Bundle then had no drums, his friend, Frank* 778
*Cotton's father, gave him 2 drums and Red* 534
*Crane's father gave him 2 drums. These drums* 432
*are not part of the Bundle.*

*Stephen Fox, who owned the Long Time* 114
*Medicine Pipe before John Red Crane, still had*
*the original drums, and after the transfer to Red*
*Crane, when Red Crane refused the drums, he*
*consulted Many Grey Horses as to what should*
*be done with the drums since Red Crane had*
*refused them. Many Grey Horses then purchased*
*the drums from Stephen Fox.*

*Many Grey Horses explained why some* 796
*people will not attend the transfer ceremonies* 432
*sponsored by the Provincial Museum. He said* 778
*that they believe that the ceremony is holy and* 778
*that the tape recorder is receiving the prayers and* 782 ●
*not the Creator. He said that when the bundle is* 784
*taken down the shaman [Medicine Man] smears* 114
*blood clots all over his body and then takes the*
*bundle down. He then stands and prays for the* [302]
*owner of the bundle, but the tape recorder is*
*"sucking all the prayers" and the owner of the*
*bundle who is being prayed for does not get the*
*full benefit of the prayers and that is not right.*

Three years later, in the spring of 1972, Sik- 778
skiAki and I, with a group of our Old People, 177
visited the Provincial Museum. Upon seeing our 114
ancient Pipe the Old People were moved, but
were also dismayed to see it hanging open inside a
glass case. The Bundle was not closed and the
donated blanket not only was not covering it, it
wasn't even there. Museum officials unlocked the [782]
case so that we could pray with the Bundle and
leave offerings of tobacco in it. Then we asked
them to close the Bundle and remove it from
display. While they debated our request, they
showed us the film of the Bundle's ceremony. Before we left, the museum people assured us that it
would no longer be left lying open and that they
were prepared to bring the Bundle back to our
reserve for a ceremony at any time. This latter
assurance was a surprise, because the white-man

[p. 87-8]

Owner, who was no longer on the museum's staff, 778
had told everyone after he left that the museum 177
would no longer cooperate in honoring its claim
to make the Bundle available to our People. The 114
white-man Owner had also claimed that all museum materials and papers had become classified to outsiders, including himself.

Although we were pleased to learn we could have the Bundle for ceremonies, we nevertheless began discussing the possibility of taking the Bundle back to the reserve permanently, and selecting a member to act as "new Keeper," or even placing it in the charge of the tribe as a whole. For as we since learned, the former museum official, having divested himself of any responsibility to our artifacts, had been selling our Bundles at even higher prices to collectors of Indian relics. Here is an account of one of his more recent transactions:

This story involves our uncle, Atsitsina, one 778
of our favorite companions. He enjoys staying
with us and teaching us the many things that he 432
knows of our Old Ways. Atsitsina was Keeper of
two Medicine Pipe Bundles. One was owned before him by his long-gone father, Sun Chief, or
Eagle Plume. Atsitsina transferred this sacred
Bundle just a few years ago to a young man
named Harrison Black Plume. His father, Bob [795]
Black Plume, was a leader of our holy ceremonies
until recently, when he gave up our Old Ways for
the way of the Full Gospel Church. Young Black [782]
Plume had vowed to take the Bundle during a
family illness, so our uncle did not withhold it.
Since Black Plume had little to give in the way of
material exchange, Atsitsina offered him the Bundle and told him he would take it back at a later
time, after the vow had been fully completed.
Meanwhile, the white-man official had already [177]
offered Atsitsina a tempting amount of cash for [439]
the Bundle. When Atsitsina gave young Black
Plume the Bundle, he warned him that under no
condition was he to "give the Pipe to that white
man." Black Plume gladly acknowledged he
would not.

[p. 88-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

793
291
302

Ki-soum, or "Sun," the holy man who was also called Moon. (Glenbow Archives)

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counting, they would sometimes mix up their 793
songs to confuse the counter.] Running Wolf 796
and Old Moon have been for years the only two I- 778
'O-Keeme in this tribe. [This statement depends [533]
on one's definition of Beaver Man. There were
then a number of Blood men who knew Beaver
Bundle songs and were learning to lead the cere-
monies.] Last summer "Three Bulls" purchased a [432]
third outfit from a Blackfoot but during last Win-
ter "Old Moon" sold his to a S. Pegan [South
Piegan]. These transfers are made by a payment
of horses, and a ceremony of installment as is
made in all religious regalia so acquired and dis-
posed of. An Indian buys the regalia in fulfillment [782]
of a vow or promise made in time of sickness.
[This transfer of Beaver Bundles is thought to 793
778
425

[p.91-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

space on the north side, against the wall, where 796
laid the mysterious bundle as yet unrolled. Run- 778
ning Wolf sat next to it on the east. Three Bulls
upon the left of Running Wolf and next to him
was Old Moon; the other men sat against the wall
side by side reaching along the east wall to the
door. Upon the right, on west side, sat the
squaws, the wife of Three Bulls being next to the
bundle and the wives of the other two medicine
men, right of her; the other squaws sat in a row
against the wall thus leaving a space for dancing
in the middle of the room. Near the door, in [262]
front of a stove, were several pots of rice, stewed [272]
beef tongues and tea. "Running Wolf" began the
opening songs with gestures and was assisted by
the other men near him.

A long, slender, forked willow was passed [412]
around the room from right to left; each person as
he or she received it, held it up to the cheek and [824]
murmured a prayer. This implement is used to [782] ●
carry coals from fire to altar as I will show. When
the stick came back to Running Wolf he made a
long prayer and put it down in front of him. In
front of the sacred bundle was the altar, a pyrimid
of clay about 6 inches in height, flattened on top
[to represent a Beaver's home]. Running Wolf
now handed a squaw the willow fork, who ex-
tracted from the fire a red coal which she depos-
ited upon the pyrimid. He next gave her a little [237]
piece of wool or hair which she placed upon the
fork and stood waiting near the stove; Running [533]
Wolf was all this time singing. At end of the song
the door was quickly opened by a woman sitting
near it; the wool was cast from the fork into the
fire and Running Wolf sprinkled incense upon
the coal and he and all those present made signs
of chasing something out of the door.

Singing renewed at once [with] gestures as if
to receive something from the entrance which
they placed upon their breasts. [This is some- [201]
times referred to as the "receiving sign," the
People showing that they take into their hearts
whatever is being sung or prayed about.] Many of [533]

[p.92-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

the songs were started while all the singers placed 796
ends of their fingers to the floor. [These songs 778
referred to our Earth Mother.] A man took the 533
forked stick and brought a coal from the fire to
the altar upon which incense was then made with [824]
sweet-grass. A song in the meantime being sung.
Gesture in this was shading the eyes with hands, [201]
and searching for something on the ground. [This
gesture illustrated the words in one of the opening songs, in which the Beaver says, "When spring comes I look outside, and if I see any enemies I dive back down under the water."]
Running Wolf ended that song with a prayer. [782]

Singing was at once renewed. R Wolf and Three Bulls' wife, who were the persons nearest to the bundle, now turned in their seats towards it. The woman took up the bundle and held it up a foot or so from the cushion and towards the altar; it being rather heavy she was assisted by the
woman next to her. R Wolf took up a roll of raw [237]
hides and rattles and held them also towards the [534]
altar. Three Bulls held up a bag containing rattles
and then several songs were sung at conclusions as the articles were set down again. After another song Three Bulls' wife unrolled the bundle, while the men spread a tanned beef hide on the floor, hair side down. . . . Continuing his songs, Running Wolf took the bag of rattles and distributed them to the musicians. [A special rawhide was spread over the tanned hide. The rattles from the Bundle may be beaten only on this rawhide.]

In next song, each musician took up one [825]
rattle and held it with handle resting on floor, and ended the song by imitating the caw of the crow. . . .

3 songs came next, rattle held as before; at end of each song they cawed, struck the upturned bottom of rattle with ends of fingers of right hand, thus mimicking very nicely the picking and cawing of the crow. Next was a song during which they all took up rattles and beat slowly a few times on the hides in front of them and ended the song by striking some quick and strong blows,

[p. 93-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

fear. When someone is praying, however, there is 796
always silence and respect.] 778

Running Wolf and the two women, singing 781
as they did so, now proceeded to unroll the pipe
from its coverings, which were four in number, 796
the outside one being of red stroud and the others 778
ordinary calico. Outside of each cover was wound 276
a long strand of buckskin, painted red. Singing
ceased long before the unwrapping was finished.
At 1:10, rattles and songs were renewed, but a
man from the number sitting in the house
brought a common pipe ready for lighting and
kneeled in a most solemn manner in front of R
Wolf and presented it to him. The latter dropped
his rattles and took the pipe. When the singing [782] ●
ceased, he held the pipe with stem to the altar
and made a long prayer, at the conclusion of
which all responded and the pipe was handed
back to the still kneeling man who returned with
it to the other men, who at once lit it and passed
it around to all the men.

This pipe had a stem too long for one man to light and smoke at the same time. One man applied the match, while another used the mouthpiece. [This is the proper way of lighting a pipe, even if it has a short stem. One man has the duty of "cutting the tobacco." He sits before the cutting board, mixes the smoking herbs, fills the pipe, and lights it for the first smoker.] A three-pound [a carrot, or bundle of rolled and twisted tobacco leaves] of tobacco was now divided into
many pieces by the two squaws above mentioned
and a portion given to each person present. The 796
women near the door now busied themselves with 778
serving out stewed tongues into many little pans 264
and bowls; each singer held up a rattle while
Running Wolf sang, and Moon prayed loudly [533]
7 times. Each man and woman present was [782]
handed a single dried sarvisberry which was held
waiting for the proper time to eat it. R Wolf in [262]
next song held his berry to the altar and then put
it in his mouth, all doing likewise. At once he and [533]
the other musicians took up one rattle each and
poked it with fingers of other hand at same time [825]

[p.94-A]

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

cawing like a crow. R Wolf then took a piece of 796
meat from the stewed tongues, a dish of which 778
had by that time been placed in front of each 264
person, and after praying to the earth, shoved the [533]
meat between the cracks of the floor in front of
him. All the others prayed and did likewise and [825]
the feast began. [Before we eat a ceremonial meal [782] ●
we always break off a piece of meat and hold it up
toward the Spirits of the Universe, while giving a
prayer of thanks. At the end of the prayer we say,
"Oki, this piece is for you, Spirits of the Earth,"
thus symbolizing our request that our Earth
Mother share her food with us.]

Singing was renewed at 1:40. Two little sacks 796
containing red and black paint were taken from 778
the outfit, and R Wolf extracted a particle of the 302
Red Paint and held it towards the altar as he
sang. Next he put a small bunch of wool in left 852
hand, poised the paint with right, and finally
placed paint with the wool rolled both together
and deposited them upon the altar. The same was
done with the black paint, after which the squaws
painted a child's face red and black. One of the
men present (Cut Face) brought his child, a boy,
and kneeled in front of R Wolf, laid a dollar bill
at the latter's feet and waited while the child's
face was painted as follows. Running Wolf con- [533]
tinued singing with the other musicians who all [586]
rattled; covering the palms of both hands with a
mixture of red paint and grease, after many waves
to and from the altar, he applied the paint all
over the face of the now kicking and struggling
child who tried in vain to free himself from the
grasp of his father who held him throughout. At [782]
the end of his process Running Wolf made a
long prayer and then rubbed the stuff off his
hands.

Renewing his singing, he mixed the black in [782]
same way and after striping the boy's face [painting a black stripe over the red paint], indulged in
a 2nd elaborate prayer; he also painted a black
ring around each wrist. The striping of the face
consisted in a single black stripe down the middle
of the face from forehead, at base of hair, to chin,

[p. 94-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

over the nose and mouth. He finished the boy by 796
waving the pipestem from altar to the child's 778
body, passing it down each side . . . at last plac- 302
ing the mouth-piece to the boy's lips, he dis- 852
missed him with a prayer. [782]●

While her husband was thus engaged, R Wolf's wife painted three other children with many prayers, flourishes, and incantations. The prayers being to Sun, that the children may have good health and live long lives. Two little boys walked up and laid some old garments at the feet of R Wolf who painted them as before, and a baby was operated on [not surgically, of course, but ceremonially painted] by his wife, who put mouth-piece of pipe-stem to the little one's lips at the finish. Painting of the seven children was finished at 2:15. The father of the first boy I mentioned had his own face coloured red when he entered. To this Running Wolf added 4 black spots, 1 on each cheek, 1 on chin, 1 on center of forehead.

The next movement was the production [531]
from the sacred package of some dried buffalo
bladders which were painted red by 3 Bulls, his [237]
hand being guided in this operation by R Wolf who held his wrist. Singing all the time without rattles Running Wolf and his wife guided the hand of 3 Bull's wife as she painted two more bladders. All four of those people now grasped at the same time a painted bladder which they brought with a solemn wave or flourish to 3 Bull's head and thence to his feet. A second bladder was used likewise. . . . Incense was then made. . . . An old woman presented herself for decoration and was followed by a squaw bearing a child, all of whom were painted. A white man's squaw [Lee's] dressed in civilized garb and carrying in her arms a white baby, was the next and last applicant. Mother, child, and some of the others, were given four daubs of dark red on cheeks, chin and forehead. Backs of their hands and wrists were also red. . . .

Running Wolf would sometimes forget the 796
required song and at such times he would sit 778
[533]

[p.95-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

*quite still with eyes closed searching his mind for* 796
*the tune. I saw him in this perplexity cause an old* 778
*man to bring a coal of fire to the altar upon which* [533]
*he [Running Wolf] made incense and then*
*passed his hands through the smoke and to his*
*head. . . . After a delay of 5 minutes his wife*
*found the song and hummed it for him, at which*
*he at once remembered it all and went on. . . .*
*He and 3 Bulls took the floor dancing and whistling;* [535]
*one holding a pipe-stem, the other a buffalo's* [276]
*tail. These articles they would exchange with*
*each other from time to time throughout the* [237]
*dance. They danced around to the altar and finished* [782]
*by handing the pipe-stem to 2 Bulls, who*
*put it to his lips and prayed and then handed it to*
*R Wolf. . . . And thus it was passed around the*
*house from right to left, each person as he or she*
*received it prayed with the mouthpiece to the*
*lips. It took 20 minutes to complete this circle,*
*the music was renewed as soon as the pipe*
*reached the women, at end of which incense was*
*made again. When the pipe-stem returned to the* [782]
*woman who had started it, she gave up a long*
*prayer and laid it in its place.*

*Many of the Indians prayed at me although* [782]
*not to me of course; they wished their diety to*
*give me a better heart, to make me more liberal;*
*some prayed that they and I should always be as*
*good friends as in the past. R Wolf held up the* [825]
*front of the hide covering the bundle to hide his*
*actions from view and soon the sound of a bull*
*keeping time with the rattles was heard. At 3:30* [237]
*R Wolf, after 10 minutes of antics such as poking* [531]
*up the nose or head of the animal, exposed the*
*article he had been hiding, which was a large otter* [534]
*skin decorated with a scalp tied to the nose, and*
*bells upon the legs. The head was only stuffed.*
*This object he lifted up and rising to his feet*
*danced around the room to the women and*
*handed it to them. She prayed as usual and set it* [782]
*in place. Running Wolf returned and went*
*through the same performance with a large dried* [237]
*Beaver skin with tail and claws on.*

*During the next song the two women got* 000

[p.95-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

During the next song the two women got 796
down upon their knees and Running Wolf's wife, 778
dancing in that position, held her blanket in such
a way as to catch one of her husband's rattles [535]
which he threw into it, at which the squaws both
took to their feet and danced around the room.
At 3:45, soda biscuits were passed around to the [262]
men; like all the food, this was sent around the [264]
room in the course of the sun, that which reached
those men sitting near the entrance made a com-
plete circuit. As usual a small bit was broken off a [782]
biscuit by each man and put upon the ground
with a short prayer, but in this case it was done by
the singers only. The women were also helped to
biscuits, and Moon's wife alone made offering to
the earth and prayed a lot of nonsense "at me."
Running Wolf exhibited a duck skin, and holding [237]
it up, he sang 4 songs, ending each with an imita- [533]
tion of a Duck's call; the rattles were not used
during those 4 songs. 4 squaws and Running [825]
Wolf got down on their knees and with their [535]
hands and arms over their heads, resembling
antlers, they made gestures of deer, while dancing
in front of the altar; at the end of each song, they
turned about without altering their body config-
uration; all got up at the end of the fourth song.

In the following, Running Wolf's wife took [535]
a large beaver skin, and placing it on her back, she
danced around; three women followed suit. . . . [237]
These hides were several times changed about
among the 4 women who danced completely
around the room several times, imitating the mo-
tions of beaver. . . .

At 4:20 incense was made; the assistant who
brought the coal of fire for the altar, this time
accidentally dropt it on the floor half way be-
tween the fire and altar; it was brushed to one
side and a fresh one obtained. 3 Bulls, I noticed, [824]
all day was chewing the bark of red willow, which
he bit from willow sticks he had. The fossil songs [533]
were now commenced, during which a fossil [an
Iniskim] was produced by Running Wolf from
the outfit. At end of one song he held it to his lips [782]
and prayed. . . . Incense. . . . The fossil was

[p.96-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

passed around and prayed to by all. . . . Incense 796
. . . . The common pipe was filled and handed to 778
Front Horn who pointed the stem to the Sun [782]
and made an elaborate prayer. . . . Incense. . . .
Then came a song in which the rattles were used [533]
in a different manner. Each musician held up one
above his head at arms length, shaking to keep [534]
time; then, all were lowered with handles touching [825]
the floor and the cawing of crows imitated.
Incense. . . . The event next in order was a feast [252]
of boiled rice which was handed around and
eaten without prayers or offering [because it did [262]
not represent a traditional food]. . . . Incense
. . . numerous songs and prayers. . . . Tea was [272]
given out in cups, bowls, and tin pans; the squaws
continued dancing. A rattle, made by stringing a [415]
number of buffalo toes to a stick by means of 796
holes bored in the points of the toes and leather 778
streamers through the holes, was thrown by Running
Wolf into the lap of one of the dancing 535
women. The dancer was free to throw it to anyone, [534]
who then must get up and dance with it,
and, in turn, throw it to some other person, always [237]
of the opposite sex. The woman threw it to
"Moon," who got up, and after dancing around a
few times, threw it to Running Wolf's wife, who
responded and danced near me and threw the
rattle to me. Not caring to join the festivities to
such an extent, I threw it to an Indian near me,
who took the floor and threw the rattle to the
woman who had it first, who, in turn, deposited it
on the knees of Spotted Bull, who was still dancing
with it when music stopped, which seemed to
cause much merriment. Incense 7:25. Song and 796
prayer by R Wolf. More songs and dance by 778
woman. Each rattler, holding up a single rattle, all [533]
sang the closing songs from 7:30 to 7:35. Two
women faced the door and danced during these [535]
songs; at the 4th part, the door was thrown open [534]
and they danced out. The musicians knocked
rattles together in the air to close off the last song.

[p.96-B]

## BUNDLE CONTENTS

As Beaver Bundles were most sacred and scarce, 778
one can imagine that collector Mrs. Walters was
most interested in acquiring them. Here is what
she says about them in her notes:

> *The beaver bundle seems to serve general* 778
> *rather than specific purposes. Yet anyone in* 182
> *trouble may make a vow to give a berry soup or*
> *feast for the beaver men. At the proper time, a* [782]
> *horse, blankets or other property are given to the* [431]
> *owner of a bundle who carries the ceremony and*
> *all pray for him. The beaver bundle is not carried* [796]
> *to the war, but it is opened at tobacco planting*
> *time and again at the tobacco harvest and, furthermore, the ritual is connected with the Sun Dance bundle in whose ceremonials it performs an important part.*

And acquire them she did. Regarding one of 778
the Bundles she bought for $150, Mrs. Walters 432
includes the following comments by Creighton: [439]

*"This bundle is not very well recorded because it* [435]
*came from the North Piegans. It was known as the Elk Tongue bundle. It belonged to a man whose name was Elk Tongue who had it for years then it was transferred to a Blood man named Not Good, and he had it for ten years and transferred it to a man, Scraping White* [the Old Man's stepfather]*, and he had it several years and he gave it to Wolf Bull, he had it for eight years and Not Good wanted it back and he had it for sixteen years and now he sold it. . . . You can hang it on the wall."*

Also among Mrs. Walters's notes is an itemized contents list of what she identifies as "Second Beaver Bundle." She also had a "first" Beaver Bundle, which she got from our People. Elsewhere in her notes, she refers to this first one as 778

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

778
415
824
237
412
782 ●
776
796

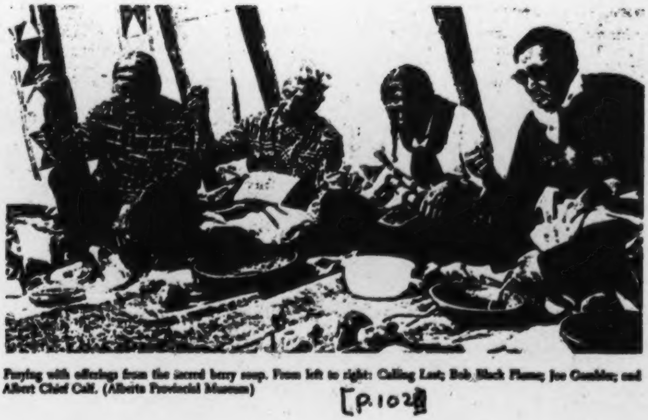
Sacred objects from a Beaver Bundle. The rawhide bowl has a willow hoop around its opening. It was used to serve the sacred soup during the planting ceremonies of the sacred tobacco, which Beaver Men used to lead. In the bowl are a bunch of dried serviceberries. The two digging sticks were used to make the holes for the sacred seeds. Offerings of tiny moccasins are tied to one stick for the Tobacco Spirits. The Iniskim, or sacred stone, at the right, was often left nearby the sacred plants for protection. Sacred Tobacco was last planted by the Bloods around 1871.

[249]

[P.99-B]

21: Hungry Wolf    F-4,5    (ca. 1972) 1977    NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

291
353
796
778
415
782
302



Praying with offerings from the sacred berry soup. From left to right: Calling Last; Bob Black Plume; Joe Gambler; and Albert Chief Calf. (Alberta Provincial Museum)

[p.102]

my left. The stem was made from a branch of 276
silverberry willow, a popular wood for making 322
pipestems. However, the most popular pipestem
wood is a species of ash that has a nice-looking [824]
straight grain, found in the country of the Crow [137]
and Sioux People. In the Old Days it was brought
back to Blackfoot country by members of war
parties. Today it is obtained by trade or gift, or
else our People cut it themselves while visiting in
that country for a powwow encampment.

Before beginning the hole, I prayed that I [782]
would continue to live a straight life and that the
hole in this pipestem should be evidence of
whether or not I would do so successfully. If the [787]
hole should come out through the side of the
stem, it would be a bad sign for me and my family.
I made three passes toward the spot and then
pressed the heated point against the core of the
stem. As the first wire cooled off, I placed it back
into the fire and took up the other one. In this
way, the soft core of the stem was easy to burn
through. Slowly, I turned the stem in my hand to
make sure that the hot wire would burn a hole
straight through.

Atsitsina described how holes were put
through pipestems in the Old Days: "My dad [412]
said that ever since he could remember there had
always been some wire around the camps, but he
told me that they used to use long twigs of hardwood
the same way that we use wire. Before that, [412]
in the long-ago, they must have made their pipestems
the same way that I showed you to make a
pipestem on a war trail—just cut a dry stick from
a rose bush, or something similar, and split it in
half with a knife. When it's split that way, then
you can scrape the stuff out of the middle. When [891]
you put it back together, you can seal it shut with
pitch or with that glue they used to make by [824]
boiling hooves, and then you can wrap wet sinew [237]
or thin buckskin all along it."

A little puff of smoke from the other end of
the stem signaled my success at burning through a
straight hole. As soon as the stem had cooled, [412]

When it was time for Atsitsina to leave, he 123
apparently forgot his fears of being tapped by the [575]
new Horns members. I walked him to the door,
where a relative was waiting to take him by car.
He left openly, saying he would return in a few
days to take me to another part of the Belly
Buttes to collect some plants and teach me about
them.

As he left, Atsitsina said, "I sure would like 778
to pray with my old Pipe when they open it. You 782
go and pray for me, huh?" He was referring to the
Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe, which he had
twice kept in the past. We knew that Jim Twig, [432]
the present Owner, was going to transfer it after [575]
the opening ceremony, but Atsitsina was again
afraid to be so easily accessible to recruiters for
the Horns.

Sun had burned off most of the fog by this 575
time. We could see the Motokiks walking in a
line toward the east, just outside the camp circle.

## MOTOKIKS: THE WOMEN'S SOCIETY

The Motokiks had put up their lodge on the evening 575
of the third night in camp. It was not big. 346
They had begun to put it up as we started our
supper, and as we finished, so were they. Their
lodge looked like a small Medicine Lodge without
any coverings or boughs. The framework was
covered with tipi linings around the sides and tipi
covers over the top. A long tipi pole, donated by
someone in camp, was used as the Center Pole,
and stuck out far above the top of the lodge. Just
above where the roof poles intersected the Center
Pole, a small stick was tied firmly, crosswise and at
a slight angle, making it look something like a
Christian cross. Its purpose is not known and is
probably one of the secret traditions of the society.

The Horns and the Motokiks are companion 575
societies. Some parts of their ceremonies are pub-

lic, and other parts are so sacred they are per- 575
formed only before members and explained and
passed on only to members. The following is a [114]
fairly brief but accurate description of the society,
published by the American Museum of Natural
History over fifty years ago.

*Some specimens were collected [from the Motokiks Society]. However, some secrecy was maintained as to details, and the writer gained the impression from Blood informants, that the awe in which the Matoki was held was secondary to the Horns. He was told that as a rule, the wives of Horn Society men were also members of the Matoki. This was explained as proving that the great prestige of the Horns gave one the social level desirable for Matoki membership. According to the recollection of my informant the leading woman in the Matoki was usually the wife of the leader of the Horns.*

The members of the Motokiks Society are
divided into four groups, all under the leadership
of the head woman known as the Pole Owner.
Her annual duty is to obtain a new Center Pole [796]
and to attend to its ceremony when it is erected.
The Center Pole is always left as an offering after [782]
the ceremony each year. One woman was a Pole
Owner for fifty-four years, according to Percy [424]
Creighton. Her name was Pretty Wolverine
Woman. When she gave up her rights, she was [425]
succeeded by Moccasin Woman.

Each member cares for a sacred Bundle, kept [778]
in a rawhide container. The main contents are
headdresses and sacred paints. Anyone in camp [415]
may see the members dressed in their headdresses
and paints, so I can tell you more about them.

Traditionally, the Motokiks are divided into
the Snakes, the Birds, the Bulls, and the Scabby
Bulls. Much of the following information comes [127]
from the notes of Mrs. Walters, who took such
an interest in the Motokiks she tried to buy all
their Bundles for her collection. Although she

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Motokiks Society Dance, 1905]

*The ma'toki dance but once a year when the* 575
*camp circle is formed. Their ceremony lasts four* 796
*days. First they make a shelter somewhat like the* 346
*one used for a sun dance. A tipi pole is set up in*
*the center, with a peculiar cross piece near the*
*top. A number of travois are set up in a circle*
*around this pole and joined together by tipi poles*
*tied along the top, making a single railing all the*
*way around. . . . On the sides and over the top*
*are stretched tipi covers. At the bottom they are*
*weighted with stones. Along the sides within*
*blankets are suspended. . . . Near the cross piece*
*on the pole are four transverse black bands about*
*a hand apart. . . . The members bring their bedding*
*and occupy their respective places during the*
*entire four days.*

There are six men attached to the society, 575
but all the other members are women. Four of 796
these do the singing. The remaining pair act as 353
messengers and attendants. . . . Each woman
has a red-painted backrest stick planted before her
seat to support her headdress. When they sleep
they lie with their feet toward the center. Just to
the west side of the center pole is a fire. When
food is brought in and handed to members, they
pass what is given them to members on the opposite
side. Each member has an individual smudge
altar before her seat. . . . Along the sides next to [237]
the sitter are rows of buffalo chips covered with [824]
sage grass. Sweetgrass is used for smudge. The [292]
headdresses must always be smudged four times
before they are placed on the head. [788]

Men, women, and children go in to be 575
painted, taking with them sun offerings of cloth, 796
etc., which are tied to the base of the center pole. [782] ●
The faces of these donors are painted over with
red and a blue mark made down the forehead and [302]
nose with a fork at the top . . . to symbolize the [822]
tipi pole in the center and spoken of as the tipi
pole paint.

The ceremonial shelter has two doors, one at [346]
the northeast and one at the southeast. In going
out members use the nearest door but return by

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 115A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Motokiks Society Dance, 1905]

are covered over the crowns with a mass of soft 575
bird feathers. They have tail pieces falling down 796
on the shoulders and bearing transverse rows of 535
small wing and tail feathers. . . . The scabby
bulls wear war bonnets with horns and robes of [292]
cowskin, hair side out. They dance in single file,
circling the Pole. First they rise and dance in their [237]
tracks, then move to the south side of the fire and
dance, then to the west and then to the north.
Next the snake bonnets rise with the tipi pole
owner in the lead and dance in the same way.
Next come the feather bonnets and finally the
buffalo wool bonnets.

It is customary for persons who have made 575
vows or pledges during the year, if their prayers be 796
granted, to provide a feast of berry soup for the 782●
ma'toki. At various times during the ceremonies a
pledger brings in a kettle of soup and some to- [262]
bacco which is offered to the tipi pole owner with [264]
an announcement of the circumstances. Then the
soup is dished out to the members and each and
all pray for the pledger.

On the morning of the last day, before sun- 575
rise, the ma'toki forms in procession and imitates 796
buffalo going to water. They seek out some de-
pression or low place in the prairie. As they drift [825]
along they segregate, as they do in the dance. At a
place designated by the leader they all lie down
like buffalo.

Now, it is customary for a man or a boy to [782]
have made a vow that he will "drive in the ma'toki" at their next ceremony. His sacrifice must be a horse and many presents to the owner of the tipi pole. This man then rides out as if looking for a buffalo. When he finds them, he builds a fire with cow dung to windward. As soon as the ma'toki smell the smoke, they rise. The driver then mounts and rides toward them, at which they start for their shelter. As they proceed, he rides on their flank. They trot to the shelter, but the four scabby bulls trail slowly in the rear. When the members get inside the shelter they run around the inside sun-wise until one by one

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 118-A]

[P. 115-B]

[Motokiks Society Dance, 1905]

some person lays hold of them and leads them to 575
a seat. Two of the snake bonnets run around in 796
the reverse way. The four bulls come in last and walk slowly around until pulled into their seats.

Like the horns and other societies the mem- 575
bers sell, or transfer to others, usually all transfer- 796
ring at the same time. The ceremony seems to 432
require four days and nights, during which time
they are not supposed to sleep. . . . It is said [513]
that the entire night is given to hilarity. Joke and [522]
jest reign supreme. Some dress like men and act out the part, give orders to a wife, etc. Some roll up blankets like medicine bundles and hold mock ceremonies. . . .

The fees for buying a membership are a [424]
horse, a gun, and other property. The most ex-
pensive place is that of the tipi pole owner for [435]
which twelve horses and a proportionate amount of other property are required.

Shortly after Atsitsina left, we went outside 575
our tipi to watch the Motokiks. They were al- 796
ready beyond the camp circle, walking in single 782●
file from east to west, along the south side of the
circle. We saw Mokakin take down a spare lodge
pole leaning against the back of his tipi. An offer- [824]
ing made of willow sticks, sage grass, and cloth was fastened to the pole. Mokakin had put the offering on the lodge pole before Sunrise, so that Sun could see where it came from.

The women sat down on the ground outside
the south end of camp. Mokakin untied the [276]
offering and gave it to his son Charlie, along with a filled pipe and a bunch of sage grass, to bring to the women. Charlie presented these things to one of the members and knelt before her to receive her prayer. Then she lit the pipe and passed it around. After it was smoked out, she returned it to him. The women got up and, single file, moved

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 119-A]

[P. 118A]

on to the west side of camp, where they again sat 575
down to await anyone who wished to make offerings. 796
They repeated this at the north and east 782
ends, then returned to their lodge.

The next morning, people would have another opportunity to approach the Motokiks for
prayers and blessings, this time in their lodge.
There, the prayer seekers would be painted with [302]
the Center Pole design. We wished to have Mrs.
Red Crow, the society's only remaining Scabby [123]
Bull, paint our son Wolf Child, so that he could
add this blessing to his young life.

## MINIPOKAIKS: THE FAVORITE CHILDREN

That evening, after the camp quieted down, we 574
went next door again to visit Mokakin and Ponah.
Eagle Ribs is always happy to entertain his guests [517]
with stories and talk. One of that night's subjects 593
was *minipokaiks*—"favorite children." It was a 858
tradition among our People for parents or grandparents
to select a child as a favorite, one who [554]
showed particular promise to succeed in our
Ways, given proper care and Teaching. If the
parents of a minipoka went to many ceremonies,
the child was likely to grow up to become a ceremonial
leader. If the parents went to many social
functions, the child was likely to learn much
about leadership. Other minipokaiks, however, [155]
were simply spoiled and pampered so that they
grew up expecting others to help them at the first
sign of difficulty. Mokakin told us this legend, 539
The Story of the Abandoned Children, about one 773
minipoka of the long-ago.

*This happened a long time ago. I don't know how long. I heard the story told by others when I was young.*

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

# Our Medicine Pipe Bundles

Mokakin's remark reminded me of the rumor 775
that the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe was going to be 425
transferred during the encampment. And during
the previous winter we heard that a vow had been [782]●
made for "Laurie Plume's grandchildren to take a
Pipe." Now, as Mokakin spoke, I began to realize
there was a connection between the two rumors.

A vow is made for a grandchild to be Owner
of a Bundle so that the entire family can benefit
from it spiritually. In recent years, some of our
Old People who felt they could no longer properly
care for such a Bundle vowed for their grandchildren
to take it and share its responsibilities, in
this way keeping its holy Power in the family.
Unfortunately, the generation gap causes as much [184]
problem among our People as among others. As a
result, some families who take over sacred Bundles
are only caretakers; they make no effort to
learn the Teachings that make Bundle ownership
a way of life.

Fred Weaselhead was going to be the new Owner of the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. I was surprised to learn that Jim Twig was transferring it, since he had been its Owner for only a short time. But I suppose he was quite busy with the Horns, his own family, his cattle ranch, and his schoolbus service.

"That's going to be the fifth time that Pipe is in the Weaselhead family," Mokakin said

[p. 122-A]

Teachings, SikskiAki and I became *Ninamskaniks*, "Medicine Pipe Owners." 778 793

Each article in our Medicine Pipe Bundle is 123
there to inspire holy thoughts about the element of nature it represents. Under the Bundle's plaid shawl covering are several dozen ceremonial objects—decorated sacred Pipestems, a rattle, whistle, sacred paints, shells and beads, and the skins of birds and animals—each with its own song and place in the ceremony.

Our sacred Pipe Bundles mean to us what the sacred tablets, Koran, Bible, or rosary, mean to others. They are sacred objects we pray with in our tipi-temples and in our Church of the Great
Outdoors. We do not pray to the objects in the [782]●
Bundles; we pray to the Holy Spirits they represent.

Our grandfather, our Old Man, was Keeper of our sacred Pipe Bundle for ten years. During that time, the Bundle hung over his bed, as it now hangs over ours; it heard his songs, felt his prayers, and bathed in his sweet-smelling incense. When I lean my head against the Bundle and close my eyes, I can see his smile and hear the deep and flowing sound of his voice, and I forget my discouragements and discomforts. We are indeed fortunate, SikskiAki and I, that as we live by his Teachings, his Spirit surrounds us all the time, everywhere. As I tell you about some of the Teachings of our Medicine Pipe Bundles, perhaps then you will understand this special feeling we have for our Old Man and how he helped us to learn so much more about life in harmony with nature.

I'll begin by telling you the ancient legend, as 773
I learned it, about how our People were first given 539
a Medicine Pipe Bundle. 778

## THE ORIGIN OF OUR MEDICINE PIPE BUNDLES

Oki, this story took place very long ago, when our People were able to communicate with all the Powers of the Universe. In the camps there lived

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

*who have been painted during* [the] *ceremony of* 000
*transfer also wear the beads. It sometimes happens* 778
*that an Indian does not keep the pipe the*
*alotted four years* [as was common for some
Medicine Pipe Bundles and society memberships
in the Old Days]; *a sick person's relatives may ask
him for it inside of a few months of his possession
of it.*

*A sick man often declares that he will take* [782]
[the] *pipe if he recovers, or will take it to recover.*
*Upon* [such] *declaration he sometimes* [755]
*goes to lodge of owner, and pipe is unrolled and
laid against his shoulders, chest, head, and
wounds, with prayers all over his person. He takes
it and pressing his lips against* [the] *pipe, prays
for health.*

*The Sacred pipe has always a recognized* 778
*value in horses, and the candidate knows how* 432
*many cayuses* [ponies] *were paid by present
owner of pipe and that he must pay a like number.*
[To pay less] *would be considered an insult* [626]
*to the pipe and would deserve punishment in
shape of bad luck.*

*Value of pipes run from 3 to 25 horses* 778
[amongst] *the Bloods; these horses need not all* 432
*be paid by the candidate; his friends, relatives and* 426
*comrades may help him by donating a horse or*
*two and there are generally enough willing ones* [435]
*for two reasons, e.g., a person paying one horse at* [852]
*a friend's initiation is entitled to have a child
decorated at the ceremony of transferring the
pipe and said child will bear more or less of a
charmed life. And when his friend disposes of the
pipe at end of four years or longer, his horse can
be returned to him out of those paid by last purchaser.
It is, therefore, a mutual advantage, for
without friends so inclined the intending pipe
holders might not be able to get the high priced
article.* [Wilson's statements are basically correct, [114]
but the helping friends and relatives were also
motivated to have the Bundle in their area of the
camps. The requirement for "payments" did not 778
limit Bundle ownership to "wealthy" persons in 432
[555]

[p.126-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

the Old Days, only to ambitious persons. Anyone 778
not wealthy but who had enough ambition and 432
spiritual power could go out on a raid and bring [555]
home enough horses to take care of the physical
sacrifice.]

"High sleeper" paid sixteen out of his twenty- 778
one horses. He had lost all his relations but one 432
and bought the pipe to change his luck. I wit- 796
nessed the ceremony of his purchase which took [782]●
place in the lodge of Crop Eared Wolf [the [435]
adopted son of Head Chief Red Crow, who later
became his successor], who had owned the pipe
for ten years. I also was present at the transfer of
a pipe from "Roach Mane" [the young-man name
of Ponah's father, Iron] to "Brave Bear."

The following description I write after being present at four Thunder dances:

Inside the lodge, directly opposite the en- [353]
trance, is a space occupied by a cushion to receive
the pipe which was now outside, where it always
stands in fine weather during the day, leaning on
two sticks against the west side of the lodge. On [533]
each side of this space and extending around the [534]
lodge to the entrance in two half circles are arranged blankets and quilts for seats for the visitors who soon begin to arrive; the host (who is seated with the cushion at his left hand) tells each person where to sit; four or five men, who are good singers and know the songs used on these occasions, are told to take their places on the left of the entrance and are given tom-toms.

The Master of Ceremonies, or Priest, of the [793]
occasion, who is never the host but someone who knows all the songs of the pipe, of which there are a great many, and who is well versed in the mystic rites or functions in connection with the sacred pipes, takes his place next to space for pipe, sitting opposite to host, the cushion space being between them.

In front of cushion, between it and the fire, is a square hole dug in the ground, size about 9 or 10 inches square, and two or three inches deep; its sides being at right angles with the cushion. Upon

[p. 127-A]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

entrance the assembled guests sit smoking and 778
chatting upon all topics. 432

Host's wife presently brings in the Sacred 796
bundle and ties it to the lodge poles directly over
the cushion. Bundle is covered with a red shawl
and consists of a Bear Skin rolled around twenty
or so skins of animals and birds, some of the latter
stuffed, among which is an owl. In centre of
bundle are several red cloth bags containing the
Sacred Pipe, its two stems, a long wooden whistle,
rattles and a number of articles the uses of which
I will presently show.

Between the cushion and hole before men- (782) ●
tioned is now placed a live coal from the fire. The
priest places an open bag of sweet grass [actually, [824]
sweet pine] on the ground and taking right hand
of host in his right hand, he guides host's hand to
bag and extracts therefrom a pinch of the powder-
ized sweet grass, while both are muttering a
prayer. [The incense] is sprinkled upon the coal of
fire with a spiral motion of the hand, causing a
sweet odour to fill the lodge. The bundle is now
taken down and waved towards this altar four
times before it is set down upon the cushion.
[Wilson fails to mention that the series of Medi- [533]
cine Pipe songs is begun before the incense is
made. The singing goes on while the Bundle is
taken down and placed between its Owner and
the leader of the ceremony.]

Bowls and pans are now produced and the 779
squaws bring in pails of berry broth and rice, 432
which is served unto all present, myself among 796
the rest, though the stuff was not very tempting 782
to look at. I managed to make away with part of
my share as my right hand neighbor said it was [262]
not good to refuse. Before eating, the oldest man [576]
present picked one berry from his dish and hold-
ing it above at arm's length began an elaborate
prayer to the sun thanking him for past blessings,
for his old age (70 years), and soliciting future
favours for himself and host. He had hardly
started before the other old men followed suit
and before they had concluded, every male [and

*female] in the lodge was praying in the same man- 778
ner, some to the sun, some to the moon, birds, 432
stars, eniskims [Iniskims, or sacred stones] and all 796
their numerous deities, each person concluding his 782●
prayer by placing the morsel, which he had been
holding up, upon the ground and rubbing it
through the grass into the earth saying: "Earth
persons, I give this to you." After they had done
all this, the host held up some of his food and
prayed as follows:*

*"Oh Sun! Oh Sun, pity me, Oh Sun, pity me, pity me that my children may grow up to be men and women. Pity me, that I may be a good man with a good heart, that my horses may increase and not get stolen. Pity me, that I may not die when sick, that I may escape all danger when I travel from home. I am happy to be able to see my family around me. I am glad to be able to look at my horses, I am glad that I can move around this summer in health, I am glad that things are as they are and hope that I am to be so blessed a long time."*

*[At this point the food was eaten, although Wilson does not mention this.]*

*Priest now takes tallow and red paint and 796
paints his hands and face, holds his hands over 778
incense and passes them over his legs, breast, arms 432
and head [actually, in reverse order, symbolically [302]
cleansing the evil downward from his body],
praying as he does so. Host does same, but does [782]
not paint himself. They now sing a number of [783]
songs, making gestures as they sing. . . . Priest [533]
now paints the South half of the square hole in
the ground Red, and the North half, Black. Priest
and host and wife now proceed to unroll the pipe
by untying the numerous strings; each string as it
becomes disengaged is waved towards incense and
then put away. From bundle is taken four [237]
plumes, two are painted Red and two Black. Host
now takes a pointed red stick and makes three
feints to stick it into the ground at S.E. corner of
hole and at the fourth does so, making a little
hole in which a Red plume is placed. Same is*

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony 1890's]

*done at S.W. where the other red plume is* 796
*placed, then N.W. and N.E. corners [in] which* 432
*are stuck the black plumes. Two small willow* 778
*sticks painted red, about 2 feet long, [are] stuck* [824]
*upright in the ground in front of and close to the*
*bundle, a third is tied across horizontally near*
*tops of them, four waves being made to altar before*
*each stick is placed in position. The mouth* [237]
*ends of the two pipestems are placed resting*
*upon this crosspiece, a stuffed owl is laid with it,*
*head also upon the crosspiece end of long wood.*
*A quantity of tobacco, generally a 3 lb. carrot of* [276]
*H.B.C. [Hudson's Bay Company, which was*
*often supplied by Wilson from his trading post]* [439]
*tobacco, is now divided up by host and a piece* [782]●
*given to priest who, breaking off a small particle,*
*holds it out in front of him and, often giving a*
*short prayer to the earth, pushes the balance into*
*the earth. One of the old men present counts a* [555]
*couple of coups which are loudly applauded. Four*
*children, or as many as the host has, or any child* [302]
*relative whose parents wish it to be painted, are* [852]
*brought forward, and painted by Priest. All is now* 796
*ready for dancing which is started by Priest, who* 432
*takes some article from the Sacred Outfit, generally* 778
*the fancy stem of pipe, and dances around* 535
*the lodge and out through the entrance. He often*
*has in one hand this whistle which he points up* [534]
*to the sun and earth, blowing as he dances, and*
*shaking the pipestem which has a great many*
*bells on it. After turning around outside he* [782]
*dances back through lodge and having danced*
*four times, hands articles to host, who prays to*
*them [or with them, as I have said] and puts*
*them in their place. After some chatting, the* [533]
*drums start up again and sing three songs and at*
*the fourth, one of those men present who have*
*owned a Sacred Pipe gets up and dances around*
*the lodge, dancing towards the pipe three times,*
*holding out his hands as if he would take it; the*
*fourth time he takes it and often one of the other*
*articles and dances with them in his hands. Each*
*man dances to four songs [actually one song, sung*

[p. 128-8]

# BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE OPENING CEREMONY: 1972

NinnaOnesta—Albert Chief Calf—was the crier 778
on the morning of the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe 796
ceremony. He came around early, announcing 203
that Jim Twig was going to open his Medicine
Pipe. Not yet having fulfilled his annual obligation of having the Bundle opened, Jim Twig
wanted to do this before starting the Bundle's
transfer ceremony. All past and present Medicine
Pipe Owners were invited, according to custom.

NinnaOnesta wore a black cowboy hat with a [291]
red-dyed eagle plume fastened to one side, and a
pink scarf around his neck. He had on his ever- [416]
present sunglasses, and in one hand carried a [481]
cane. At the age of seventy-seven he was still a
sturdy and strong-voiced man. Here is what we heard him say: "Hurry up! Hurry up, all of you people who want to see the Medicine Pipe Dance. [Jim Twig] is going to open his sacred Pipe today. He wants to get started early so that we can finish before dark. Oki, all of you Akai-Namskaniks [past Medicine Pipe Men], all of you Ninamskaniks, you are invited. Bring your bowls. All of you people who want to see the ceremony, you are invited to come to the yellow-painted Elk Tipi. Hurry Up!"

We got up and made our incense. SikskiAki 778
no longer took our Bundle outside to hang over 782
the doorway during the day. The Old Man told
us that there were too many casual visitors now in [123]
camp who had no idea how to show proper respect for such a sacred thing. As we made our incense, we prayed for our success with the Spirit of the Old Ways; we dwelled on good thoughts about our own life.

We were about to eat breakfast when Mrs. 778
Stabs Down came in. Our Bundle had last been kept by her and her husband for the benefit of their children, who had been initiated as Owners.
By tradition she is now our "Mother." She had [601]
[432]
[422]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Backside-To-The Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

come to ask for some sacred yellow paint, knowing 778
that I use that color as part of my personal
Medicine. She said that the old Horns wished to [432]
buy some for use in the upcoming Horns Society [422]
transfer. Her husband was giving up his membership,
while her brother was going to join. I told [575]
her I would donate some to the Horns. Then she [431]
declined our invitation to visit and quickly left to
help the Horns in their many preparations for the
transfer.

We had just finished breakfast when another 778
visitor arrived. This time it was Ksachkom 426
("Earth"), or Fred Eagle Plume, Atsitsina's
brother, who, in his seventies, was the oldest man [575]
to become a new member of the Horns during this [782]
transfer. He was joining to fulfill a vow that he
had made some time ago. He came to borrow my
pipe bag. He said that Atsitsina had loaned him a
pipe, but that he must have a bag for it during
the transfer ceremonies. I said nothing, knowing
that tradition would not allow me to ask for the
bag's return if he did not bring it back on his
own. The soft deerhide from which the bag is [915]
made was the last one tanned long ago by my
"grandma" who lives in the south. I could never
replace it. In addition, the bag is beautifully decorated
with SikskiAki's beadwork. Since I did not [576]
care to lend it, I remained silent to his request.
Knowing the reason for my silence, Ksachkom explained that a new bag was being made for him by some woman relative, and that he only needed mine because his was not yet ready for use. Then I agreed to let him use the bag. It is a custom that Medicine Pipe Owners do not lend out their belongings, but give them away if someone is really in need of them. If they do lend anything, then it must be returned within four days. After that they can neither ask for it nor expect to take it back if it is brought.

Sun let us know early that it was going to be 796
very hot that day. It is easier for the body to sit 292
through a long ceremony in the spring, after the 778
first sound of Thunder, than in the middle of a

[p.132-B]

times, facing each of the four directions. The 796
dancing party stands on a walkway made up of 778
blankets, quilts, and pieces of material given to 535
the Bundle's Owner afterwards. However, for this 562
Bundle, both men and women dance, one encouraging the other.

Before the dancing began, Emonissi took the 796
sacred Pipe outside the main tipi and prayed to 778
the Powers of the Universe. He returned and laid [782]
the sacred Stem on a rack, made up of three sticks
like a miniature goal post. The drummers began [533]
the introductory turn for the Medicine Pipe
Dance. All the songs, or chants, were accompanied [534]
by hard-soft, hard-soft beats on the rawhide-covered hand drums. The four drums used to be among the accessories of a Bundle, but no longer. Today, drums are usually borrowed.

During the introductory song, Mokakin got 796
up and prepared to be the first dancer. He went 778
up front and took a pinch of sweet pine needles 783
from the pouch next to the altar. Putting the
needles in his mouth, he chewed them, then spit [824]
a bit of them in his right hand, which he brushed [261]
down the left side of his body. He did the same with his left hand. Then he repeated the whole ceremony. Finally, he spit some of the incense in his hands, rubbed his palms together, then rubbed the soles of his moccasins a total of four times. He was now symbolically purified and ready to handle the sacred objects from within the Bundle.

One of the two Pipestems was very simply 796
decorated, while the other was more fully deco- 778
rated with the eagle tailfeather fan. The simple
pipe looked like the secondary Pipe and the latter 276
looked like the main Pipe, except for one feature. [531]
The secondary Pipe is usually more recently [237]
made; but here this simple pipe was very ancient compared to the one with the eagle tailfeathers. And indeed, Mokakin selected the much older, more simple Pipe, which was this Bundle's main Pipe.

Mokakin prayed aloud, holding up the sacred 796
778
782

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

Stem. He gave thanks to be able to pray with his 796
old Pipe once again and he asked for strength so 778
that he could pray with it again next year. He 782
asked the Spirits of the sacred Bundle to continue sharing their power with him and his family and all past and future Keepers of the Bundle.

After the prayer, Mokakin hummed a few 796
notes and the drummers took up the rhythm of 778
the song. Like other Pipe Owners, Mokakin had 535
his own special song for dancing; these songs [533]
come either from Teachers or from dreams.

Mokakin is a dramatic and spirited dancer. His basic style is to bend forward at the hips, loosen his knees, then take short jumps with both feet. With each jump forward, he turns a bit to the right or left. His left hand rests on his hip, while his right hand is extended before him, holding the sacred Stem.

As he danced by the others, he held the Stem [782]
towards them, giving its blessing. Some responded by reaching out with their hands, symbolically grasping the Holy Power, then holding it to their hearts.

Meanwhile, Ponah bounced enthusiastically to her husband's dancing, holding a corner of her shawl in each hand of her outstretched arms. As she bounced, she turned from side to side, and occasionally burst forth in the high-pitched tremolo of a woman's victory cry.

Each time the singing stopped, Mokakin straightened up, waiting for the next song. As he waited he caressed the Pipe and straightened out any tangled ribbons and feathers.

When the fourth song was over, Mokakin 796
walked over to the doorway of the main tipi and 778
handed the sacred Stem to his daugher, Theresa.
Because the topknot from this Bundle had once [422]
been transferred to her while her parents were the [432]
Bundle's Owners, she had the right to handle the
Pipe. Mokakin reached into his pocket and took [431]
out a couple of dollar bills, which he handed to two male visitors. This was to show his generosity and inspire good thoughts in the recipients.

[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

Ponah did the same thing to two women visitors. 796
Then Mokakin went up and took from the Bun- 778
dle the secondary Pipe. He carried it, dancing,
behind his daughter, who was holding the main [431]
Pipe. Ponah again kept time, and when the dance [535]
was over, all three again gave gifts to the visitors.

Theresa gave the sacred Pipe to her brother
Frank, also a former Owner. They danced side by
side around the fire while their father followed
with the secondary Pipe. This time Mokakin also [534]
carried the sacred rattle, shaking it and keeping
time to the beat.

After more gifts to the visitors, the sacred 796
Pipe was handed to someone else. And so it went, 778
the Pipe and dancing alternating among the men 535
and women until it was handed to one of the
drummers, who asked someone else to drum in
his place as he danced. When he finished dancing
his four rounds, he unexpectedly brought the Pipe
over to its Owner. According to tradition, the
dancing was over, even though only half of the
participants had been given a chance to dance.

Jim Twig then got up to begin the final part 778
of the ceremony. First, he gave each participant a 796
piece of old-fashioned twist tobacco. Each person 276
removed a pinch and held it aloft, while Emonissi
began a prayer. Everyone joined the prayer and [782]
then offered the pinch of tobacco to Earth. Next,
Jim Twig passed out packages of tobacco and
rolled cigarettes to all present. In the Old Days he [178]
would have handed out sacred tobacco, harvested
during the previous summer, dried in the fall, and
kept all winter inside some of the skins within the
Medicine Pipe Bundle. When his supply was exhausted, he returned to his seat, ending the
ceremony.

People picked up their blankets, gathered 778
their eating bowls and bags of food, and left the
tipi. Emonissi and Jim Twig stayed seated, so that
they could tie the Bundle back up. For this, no
ceremony was required.

[p. 135-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

# Later on the Fourth Day

Back at our tipi, we put away our blankets and 312
other things, lay down in the shade, fanned ourselves, and drank lots of cool water. Getting water to the Sun Dance Camps used to be quite a chore in the Old Days, as there was no-accessible water source in the Belly Buttes. Nowadays, a truck with a full tank of cold well-water drives around the camp circle every evening so that people can fill their containers.

It was a clear, calm, middle-of-summer day; 575
the temperature must have been at least a hun- 432
dred. We heard someone singing. The song was
to honor the wife of Harry Shade, about to be- [533]
come a member of the Motokiks. Although it is [554]
traditional for this society to transfer member-
ships as a group, a woman may make a vow to [782]
join if she learns that a present member is willing [422]
to part with her Society Bundle. As in this case, [424]
Noyiss, the wife of Henry Standing Alone, had
agreed to transfer her membership. We looked toward the Motokik's lodge, where we saw someone leading a fine horse with a pile of beautiful blankets on its back—all representing payments for the new membership.

Part of the Motokiks' transfer ceremony is 575
public and part is closed. We walked over to the 432
lodge to join a crowd of others to see what we 796
could through the two doorways and the lodge
covers, which were opened for all to see. Inside, [535]
three women were dancing in place. They wore [292]

[p. 136-A] [684]

Buttes Road. We turned off this road and followed the old wagon trail downhill to the edge of the camp's flat. The trail wound its way over ruts, past gullies, past abandoned badger and fox holes. A lone cottonwood post, forked at the top and surrounded by a few smaller posts, outlined the shape of a Medicine Lodge from a past holy gathering. The missing posts had either been carried off by families in need of firewood during our cold winters (which can go to fifty below!) or else were eaten by a pack of hungry porcupines. 497 346 [372] [132]

Back at camp, we entered our tipi somewhat anxiously. Every time we leave our Bundle we fear it might be stolen. Yes, stolen! Right there in the Sun Dance Encampment. Not stolen by a thief, although that possibility exists, but stolen by one of our own People who might still believe in the Old Ways. You see, there is a custom among our People that helps anyone who wants to obtain the Power of a holy Bundle without having to ask for it or offer the Owner reasons why the Bundle is needed. If such an individual has the property necessary for the transfer, he can find a Bundle in the home of an absent Owner and then sneak in and steal it. 778 425

To steal a sacred Bundle, a person must be a previous Owner, preferably of the Bundle he is about to steal. He must make incense, say a prayer for success, and then call out four coups before he can take the Bundle out of the lodge. If the person is not qualified to do this, he may enlist the help of some older man. Once the Bundle is stolen, the person must still satisfy the Owner with payments. [782] [432]

For a stolen Bundle, the paymens are expected to be about twice what they would normally have been. I will give you an example of this custom later on.

My Teachers had warned me that our Bundle could be stolen. They pointed out that one respected Medicine Pipe Owner with the same fears as ours took his Bundle back home, while the other Owners never even brought theirs to camp. During the Piegan Sun Dance earlier

[p. 137-8]

into the tipi to take turns dancing in place with 796
the sacred Pipe. These were people who wished to 432
share the Pipe's spiritual powers; and for the 778
privilege of dancing with the Pipe, they contrib- [535]
uted some blankets and dry goods. The first group
was young Weaselhead's relatives. They placed [424]
the blankets and dry goods around the fireplace in a semi-circle, dancing on them and facing the four directions. After each dance, the material was given to the former Owner and considered part of the payment.

After the relatives, some members of the 796
Magpie Society came in. Fred's late father (Pat 432
Weaselhead, Junior, son of Mokakin and Ponah) 778
had been a member of the Magpies. Upon his 575
death, his comrades had taken his son into their
society as a junior member, as was the custom.
For ceremony, they danced and then gave their [535]
walkway of blankets and dry goods to the Bundle's former Owner. The last group to come in and dance in the same way were members of young Weaselhead's social society, the Kaispaiks, or Grass Dancers.

After the last dancer, the Bundle was folded 778
up, but not tied, and taken to the new Owner's 796
tipi for the remainder of the ceremony. The 432
woman has the honor of caring for the Bundle, not only at home but also when moving it. She carries the closed Bundle on her back, following the leader and her husband.

Due to the uncomfortable heat that day, a pause was taken until later in the afternoon, when the mountain breezes would blow across the campground. We went back to our own lodge to rest and relax.

It was almost suppertime when the crier [203]
came around to announce that the Bundle would
be closed up. He reminded the participants to [415]
bring along their bowls to share in the meal the
new Keeper's family would provide. The new [264]
Keeper's tipi was soon filled with visitors, most of
them former Medicine Pipe People. Berry soup [262]
and other foods were dished out, prayed with, and [782]
eaten. The atmosphere was now very relaxed. It

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Mokakin was proud to be able to recall all Owners of his old Pipe. He made us all laugh when he reached the end of the list: "Oki, then my boy, Frank, he give to Jimmy Twig . . . and that's where I lost it. I can't remember who got it next." 778

This Pipe had been the first Atsitsina had ever owned. Here is his story of how he got it.

*Oki, I am going to tell you about the way Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe was transferred to me. I had that Pipe twice; I also had another Pipe, later.* [425]

*Oki, my wife was very sick and I was wondering what I could do for her; how I could help her have life again. I was very confused. I didn't know what to do, so I asked my relative, Crow Tailfeathers [Alex Fox], to take me to Jacob's [a white rancher who raised grain on leased land]. I told him, "I've got some money there. I want to get it."* [426]

*So we went to the white man's house and he gave me the money. On our way back Crow Tailfeathers asked me how my wife was. I told him, "She is very ill. I think she is in bad shape." He said, "You should help her. You believe in the Indian religion, you should use it!" I told him, "Oki, I will become a Ninamskan. I will take one* 778 782 755

[p. 144-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

of those holy Pipes and learn how to live with it." 778
In those days my life was good. I had a lot of 782●
horses. I had everything and I wasn't in need. 755

When I came home, my brother, Doesn't Own Nice Horses [Jack Low Horn], was at my house. I came in and I hugged my wife and I told her, "Oki, Last Badger Face, so that you will become healthy again, we will become Ninamskaniks." My brother was surprised and said, "That is a good thing you are doing. You are taking refuge in our holy Ways. My old Pipe, Backside-to-the-Fire, you go and take it." I agreed, and I told him I would go right away to the present Owner and offer to take it.

I filled my smoking pipe and we started out in 778
our wagon to the home of White Badger Face 432
[Fred Weaselfat]. We went inside and I gave him [276]
my pipe. I said, "Here, smoke this. I am asking
for your holy Pipe. I am coming to your Pipe
so that my wife will get better again." He just
said, "Ah," which meant yes to me. Then he took [782]
my pipe and he prayed with it. I told him, "I just
bought two good horses and will give them to
you to show that I meant what I said." He told
me, "Well, you got yourself a Pipe. You can have
it transferred to you anytime you want."

On the way back home, Jack said, "Oki, in the
summer it will be transferred to you." He told me
it would be too much trouble to start making
a new tipi, with my wife still sick. He said, "Buy [342]
a white tipi. But it will not look right just to have
a plain white one. My wife, Cuts Her Hair, still
has the Buffalo Tipi. We will paint it on your
white tipi."

I bought the white tipi from an old lady, Yellow Star. I asked her, "Old Lady, why don't you give me your tipi?" She said, "Yes, I have no use for it. Take it, and pay me whatever you want."

As soon as it was summer I told my brother, [434]
"I am going to go to Bald Head's [a white
Rancher named Ryere]. I will sell my hay to him
so that I will have the money for the transfer."

We painted the tipi. My brother, Kaachkom [532]

[p. 145-A]

Bundle's blue-bead wristlets. The wristlets for the 778
Long-Time Pipe stayed in Weaselhead's family 793
for many years. The original drums from the [432]
Bundle are now owned by Many Grey Horses.
They are often used at the opening ceremonies of [301]
our remaining sacred Pipes. [534]

Bobtail Chief transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to Stephen Fox, who vowed to take it during [782]
an illness. Stephen Fox was a successful rancher
who owned many horses. Bobtail Chief did not [432]
think that enough of those horses were being sacrificed for something so Powerful as our Long- [435]
Time Pipe. During the transfer ceremony, after he [796]
had looked outside at the payments, he came
back in and told the drummers to sing a special [533]
song in which he said, "I do not see that fine gray team among your payments." - Stephen Fox quickly sent someone after the matched team, which he had hoped not to lose.

Stephen Fox was known by the name White- [551]
Plastering-His-Home until he became Owner of
the Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer, he took [553]
on the name Big Eagle. This was in keeping with
our tradition, which allows a person to take a new [555]
name for noteworthy accomplishment: a first coup, a long-distance journey, or a major role within our tribe.

Stephen Fox left behind a large family when he died a few years ago. Some of them are well known in reserve politics, business, social affairs,
and news media. He got the Fox name when, as [551]
a young boy, he was sent to school with his sister. The teachers did not care to learn the students' traditional names, so they decided to give them all "proper" names. Because his sister's name was Medicine Fox Woman, they were both given the last name of Fox.

Calling First wanted to have the Long-Time [432]
Pipe, even though Stephen Fox did not wish to give it up so soon. So he decided to make sure of a transfer by stealing the Pipe from Stephen Fox. Fifty-two horses were among the payments made
during that transfer. Calling First had the distinc- [582]
[584]

tion of having been married to a ten-year-old girl 778
when he was only twelve. The marriage was arranged 793
by their parents. It is said that Calling [582]
First used to have his mother watch his wife [584]
while he went out to play with his friends.

During the 1930s our next-door neighbor, old [782]
Dick Soup, made a vow to take the Long-Time
Pipe for his son, Arthur, who was then in a hospital.
The following year Arthur returned home, [432]
and the Pipe was transferred to him. Old Bird [776]
Rattler called out the necessary coups while Soup [555]
was given the right to mount a horse (by tradition
this required a man to relate how he had rescued [424]
a friend during battle) and to dismount (for [425]
which the coup had to be about an enemy who
was pulled from his horse). Of course, no one
today has such deeds among his record of accomplishments.

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was
Henry Standing Alone, also known as Folded Intestine.
He and his wife were well-liked participants
in our holy ceremonies. Unfortunately, they [165]
were killed recently in a tragic auto accident.
Around 1939, Folded Intestine's daughter was [771]
very ill and he became depressed and lost his faith
in our Old Ways. He wondered why his little girl
had to suffer so much instead of him. But his
daughter recovered and then he became critically
ill. It took three months for him to get well again.
While almost dead, he had a dream in which he [787]
was told that if he vowed to accept the duties of a [782]
Medicine Pipe Bundle, he would recover. He related
his dream to two older relatives, Heavy [755]
Head and Cross Child, both former Medicine
Pipe Keepers. They offered to help him fulfill his
vow if he wished to follow their advice. They
told him that since no particular Bundle had been
mentioned in the dream, he might just as well
vow the Powerful Long-Time Pipe. The Bundle
was transferred to him during the next Sun Dance
Encampment.

Standing Alone transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to his sister and her husband, John Red

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

## SCENES FROM THE CEREMONY WITH THE LONG-TIME PIPE— BLOOD RESERVE: 1968

(Photos from Alberta Provincial Museum)

796
778
353
532
782
276
291
292

Brown Chief Calf, the leader, praying with the Long-Time Pipe.

[P.150-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
778
532
291
353
782
276

Participants praying with offerings of tobacco at the end of the ceremony.

[P151-B]

ing the Crees. Those who escaped sought shelter 778
in the nearby coulee and river bottom. They left 726
everything behind in their camp except their
women and children.

The invaders rounded up the Cree horses 778
and looted the camp. One Spot's partner, Many 727
Mules, saw the sacred Pipe wrapped up and hanging
from a tripod. As he approached it, One Spot
called out, "My friend, don't touch that sacred
thing. Those Crees have a lot of Power that may [829]
kill you if you take their Medicine." Startled,
Many Mules left the Pipe and went on to look for
other trophies. Then One Spot went over to it, [782]
said a prayer and took the sacred Pipe for himself,
calling out, "I am One Spot of the Bloods."

The war party had captured many horses, clothing, and other goods. A large victory dance was held when the party returned. They had not lost a single member. One Spot cradled the sacred Pipe in his arms while others danced with their captured goods. But he left the Pipe on a tripod outside of his tipi; he did not want to risk the safety of his family by bringing the Cree Medicine inside.

A few days later, One Spot asked several holy 778
men, old Medicine Pipe Owners and Beaver 783
Men, what he should do with his new sacred [789]
Pipe. They advised him to go through a purifying
ceremony to remove any bad Spirit the Crees
might have cast upon it from a distance. A bunch [824]
of sage was gathered and mixed with buffalo [237]
meat, a traditional sacrament believed to have the
Power to remove bad Spirits from anything. The
sacrament was rubbed all over the Pipestem and
One Spot's body while all the Old Men prayed.
After that, One Spot kept the Pipe inside his tipi.

In order to take this sacred Pipe into our 778
Medicine Pipe Ways, it was necessary to have it 425
transferred to an Owner. Because One Spot had
fulfilled his purpose by capturing the Pipe and
bringing the party safely back home, he decided
to give it to Many Mules. The basic materials for
a Medicine Pipe Bundle were collected, and Old

when there is a death in the Owner's family. 778
Often a former Owner takes the Bundle back and [768]
later has it transferred to himself.) So Steve Oka
sold the Bundle to Hugh Dempsey for three hundred [425]
dollars. Dempsey took it for the Blackfoot [439]
collection in the then-new Glenbow Museum in [432]
Calgary.

The Bundle's former Owner, Mike Eagle [435]
Speaker, was one of the first from the Blood Reserve [873]
to obtain a college degree. He once told me
that he originally got the Bundle because of a vow [782]
made during a time of need in his family. Because
the Power of the Bundle helped his family overcome [425]
their trial, Mike felt he had been repaid for
his material investment, and for that reason had
given the Pipe to its next Owner, accepting no
payments.

Mokakin said that this Pipe originally came 778
from the North Blackfoot People. The first Blood 793
man to own it was Sun Calf, a partner of old Red
Crow. After him the Owners were Hungry Crow;
Rides-at-the-Door (the holy woman and her late
husband); Gordon Bird; Morning Bird; Camoose
Bottle; Joe Eagle Ribs; Mike Eagle Speaker; and
then Steve Oka.

### WILLIE MILLS'S PIPE

One of our former Medicine Pipe Bundles is 778
listed in the collection of the Provincial Museum 439
as the "Willie Mills Pipe." Mills was the grandson 177
of the Negro interpreter, Dave Mills (Young
Scabby Bull). Like Steve Oka, Mills sold his Pipe [144]
while mourning the loss of his wife. He sold it in
1966 to the white man of the Alberta Provincial [768]
Museum.

Mokakin and Atsitsina, both of whom had sacred Pipes at that time, told me that they used to dread this white man's visits. Mokakin said, "That guy, he never takes no for an answer. He come back and he come back, no matter what I tell him, he always come in with his big smile. Even nobody trusts him with it. He smile, and

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

# Iniskims: The Sacred Buffalo-Stones

In the Old Days, there was a sacred article sure to 778
be found in every household, which everyone [184]
learned the songs and simple ceremony for in early childhood. This sacred object was called the *Iniskim*, the sacred buffalo-stone.

Iniskims are stones whose odd shapes help to 778
inspire thoughts about the Powers of the Universe. 782
A man preparing to go on a hunt or a woman in need of spiritual support would take the Iniskim and, holding it between the palms, pray to Earth and other Spirits of nature the sacred rock represents. Some of us still pray with Iniskims.

Any stone kept in a sacred way can be an 778
Iniskim. Odd-shaped stones and fossils are the [823]
most common. The odd-shaped stones usually resemble persons or buffalo; the fossilized shells inspire thoughts about the Holy Power of the Universe. The latter took on special significance when our People learned that the vast prairies were once under water.

The Iniskims in Beaver Bundles, Medicine Pipe Bundles, and sacred Tipi Bundles were collected by our People in the very long ago. Some of these old Iniskims were passed along with their Bundles or separately, and are still among us
today. The Iniskims kept on the family altar or [301]
worn on a necklace are not so old. Most have been found recently by members of the family.

[p. 169-A]

Another well-known doctor during the thirties was Dog Child. Esther Goldfrank described him in her notes as "a Medicine Man and lady fancier," after he had put his arm around her and laid his hand on her breast when she asked to have her picture taken with him. Dog Child doctored until his death in 1948. 756

Until recently, there was a little old lady 759
named Mrs. Mountain Horse who was called on 278
for herbal brews and medicines somewhat like a pharmacist, rather than for physical doctoring. Better known as Homeward Offering among our People, she specialized in medicinal brews and decoctions. Under her iron-frame bed were [352]
many bags and sacks filled with all sorts of plants and roots, and her little one-room house was never without the pungent odor of drying herbs and boiling medicines. People came to her every [415]
day with their glass jars and containers, preferring her natural remedies to those the drug stores in town disguised with colorful capsules. A blanket [435]
or some dry goods and a couple of dollar bills were usually left on her bed by grateful visitors. Her sweet, shy smile accompanied each potion of [782] ●
medicine, and her continuous prayers helped to give it spiritual strength.

Because the Powers to doctor are personal, I /23
am not able to tell you much more about doctors. It would be disrespectful for me to ask about their Ways and it would be a breach of their trust if I wrote what they have told me. Let me only say that we have sought advice from Mokakin, and we have gone to the old lady for her medicines when we were ill. We were well satisfied with both. But the Old Ways are so nearly gone /78
that we would have to follow the Old Man's ad- 758
vice if we became seriously ill. Once he said this to us: "I am quite old now, barely able to keep myself well. I will continue to help those who have been coming to me for most of their lives. But when they are seriously ill, I tell them, as I now tell you: It is better to go to a hospital where they have much modern knowledge against which

[p.1748]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Old Ways. So, for what he considered such a return 156
from the museum, George began to pour out 177
his knowledge into four different tape recorders supplied to him at his house by the archives and museum library. The archives employed Dave Melting Tallow from the North Blackfoot Reserve to interpret George's information into English. George filled so many tapes that the interpreter, who has already been at work for several years, will require several more years to complete all the translating.

George's recordings of the Horns Society's secret ceremonies will not be repeated here. But I hope the stories that are will never be used as an exclusive source for learning about the many Blood People he tells about.

The stories George tells cover many different 127
subjects. The two we will hear now concern our Ways of doctoring.

### DOG CHILD'S DOCTORING POWERS

*I am First Rider. This is the Duck Moon* [*March*]; *it is the twenty-third day. I will tell a story of my father, Dog Child, and how he knows about doctoring.*

*There are two sharp-peaked mountains behind* 756
*Chief Mountain. On one of the sharp peaks* 787
*there was a bald eagle's nest. When my father was very young, he had a dream where he was told, "A man has invited you to go to him," meaning to go over to Chief Mountain. But my father didn't go. Many years later, when he was still a young man, about twenty years or younger, he dreamed again that a man was asking him to come to him at Chief Mountain. So my father went and slept there, and when he slept, the man told him, "I have sent for you so that you can watch me. This is the way I cure." The man showed him what to*
*do and taught him the song to cure with. This* [533]
*was the song of the bald eagle. The song began*
*with a spoken prayer: "HiYo, bird, help us. Now* [782]
*you are going to look for your meal. Help us that we may have something to eat this night and this*

*day." Then came the song, which consisted en-* 756
*tirely of these words: "May I eat all that flies. May* 787
*I eat a fish."* [782]

*My father would start to sing this song him-*
*self, beating his drum, and then another person,* [533]
*his assistant, would take over the drumming and begin singing also, as my father began the curing, inspired by the supernatural powers of the Bald Eagle.*

*My father also had supernatural powers from a bear who lived at the Belly Buttes. This bear was sketched on one of my father's drums.*

*Willie White Feather's father, Morning Writing, slept at the Belly Buttes and the bear told him, "Give me a woman and I will have pity on you." But we were never sure if he succeeded in bringing a woman from the camp circle to sleep up at the Belly Buttes.*

*My father cures with the claw of the bear.* [237]
*The bear also sang; he sang this song: "I am the*
*dream bear. The dream bear, it pitied me."* [755]

*I knew all my father's songs. I used to drum* [533]
*for him during his curings.*

*My father licked red-hot stones with the help* 755
*of the powers of that bear. He would stick his forefinger in boiling water, then put his finger on the red-hot rock, and then touch his finger to the sick person's body. My father did that to me once. I was having a headache. He licked the rock, heated red-hot; then he licked me on my temple. His tongue was so hot I felt the heat as it went through my head.*

*My father would paint his bare right foot with sacred Earth and put his painted foot in boiling water, next put it on the red-hot rock and then put his foot down on where the pain hurts the sick person. If the person was dying, even if he was barely breathing and couldn't move anymore, when my father touched his foot on the person, the person would jump up.*

*Sometimes my father used the bear claw to* [237]
*dig out Indian turnips [camas]. He chewed the*
*turnip and sprayed the person with it.* [824]

[p. 176 B]

The Old Man preferred a simple diet of 262
meat, boiled or roasted, and homemade bread. 252
For dessert he liked berries—raw or boiled into a
soup with water, flour for thickening, and a little
sweetening. He liked to drink mint and rose hips [272]
tea. He preceded every meal with a prayer and a [782]
cup of cold water, saying that the cold water
helped to get the stomach into action so that it [261]
would properly digest the food. He finished his [271]
meals with cold water also. His personal Medicine
did not allow him to be disturbed while eating. [264]
Thus, he kept a cup of water by his plate—if
anyone got up or came into the room during his
meal, he quickly took a drink to keep from choking
on his food. When we took him to eat in a
restaurant, he always tried to get a table at the
rear, or at least with his back to the door so that
he could not see people coming and going.

Most of the plants our Old People kept for 251
winter were dried before being stored in bags of 415
rawhide and tanned hide. Some people made [281]
food storage bags by sewing together two or more
skinned heads of deer, moose, or elk. The noses [237]
were cut off and covered with rawhide; the necks
formed the tops of the bags, closed with buckskin
thongs. Bags were made for keeping berries, turnips,
fats, and dried meats. Wild mint was often
included to flavor and help preserve the contents.
Instead of cookie jars, kids raided these storage
bags for treats whenever mother or grandmother
was gone from the tipi. Wintertime guests would
be treated to a handful of assorted dried foods
from the storage bags. They would spear them [252]
with a sharpened green stick and eat them raw or
roast them over the fire.

Edible plants were gathered during two seasons. 222
Spring was the time to collect the roots of
prairie turnips, bitterroots, and camas. Fall was
the time to gather serviceberries, bullberries, and
chokecherries. Bitterroots and camas were found
in the Rocky Mountain regions, while others appeared
all over the nearby country. Berries were 251
either eaten fresh or prepared for storage by

*man-sage in the nose and mouth of their kill to* 824
*purify. That makes the meat taste good. Any* [783]
*offering we make to Sun includes man-sage.*

*Oki, a woman uses woman-sage in the same* [782]
*way. A handsome woman will bathe with it and* [515]
*use it in her hair. For an easy birth, she will chew* [844]
*on it. She will use it for perfume and to keep*
*herself from sickness.* [302]

*Oki, my father always prayed while picking* [751]
*medicine plants. He kept all his curing medicines*
*tied up in little buckskin pouches. There was no* 278
*writing on them; he used different-colored beads* [415]
*to tell apart the few bags he didn't know by the*
*way they looked and smelled. Sometimes he* [211]
*would show them to me and say, "I will use this for coughing, and this for hemorrhaging, and this for swelling." He put sage in with them to keep them pure. My father taught me a lot of his medicines, but I have lost most of them. Nobody was interested, so I have lost [forgotten] many of them.*

The following list will tell you about some of 278
the plants used as natural medicines by our 824
People. The given uses were commonly known in [178]
the past, and are still relied on, at times, today. Many more uses were known only by certain persons in the Old Days.

ALUMROOT (*Heuchera americana*): A plant [137]
with blue flowers and many roots, it's called "dry root" by our Old People. It used to have a number of medicinal uses.

The roots could be boiled and drunk hot 757
for stomachaches, cramps, diarrhea, and sore throats. Cooled, the brew served as a wash for sore eyes. The leaves themselves could be chewed and applied to sores and swollen places.

Even horses benefited from its curing 232
powers. A horse with a cough would be thrown down and tied, and the root-brew poured into a tube stuck into its mouth. To treat their saddle sores, the plant leaves would be mixed with fat and boiled in water.

[P.186-A]

tionally as padding during menstruation; it 824
was said to keep the skin from chafing. [841]

Horses with back sores can often be seen
rolling in patches of sage to treat themselves.
Tops of this sage used to be brewed to treat [757]
heartburn and mountain fever.

**SILVERWEED** (*Potentilla anserina*): The roots 824
of this vinelike plant, known as "garters," 752
were chewed and applied to sores on children's
bodies, after swimming. When the
children dried off, the sores also dried, and
the scabs could be brushed off.

**SILVERY LUPINE** (*Lupinus argenteus*): This 824
plant, called "wolf turnip," has mildly hairy
leaves that were used in several ways. They 757
were brewed and drunk for coughs and for 824
gas pains, causing the stomach to expel the
gas. A person with painful hiccups can be
given a mouthful to swallow while stretching
the neck and plugging up the ears. The 232
leaves are boiled and sprayed on horses' sores 824
where flies gather.

**SNOWBERRY** (*Symphoricarpos occidentalis*): 824
A common shrub with white berries called 841
"white weasel eyes," this plant's yellow roots
were the base of a decoction made to stop
the heavy flow of a menstruating woman.

**SQUAWROOT** (*Perideridia gairdneri*): The 824
"double root" was used for medicine as well
as for food. It was chewed and swallowed for 757
sore throats. A strong brew, made for kidney
ailments, could also be poured into the nostrils
of people and horses to treat catarrh.
The chewed root also lent itself as a poultice
for swollen parts of the body.

**SWEET CICELY** (*Osmorhiza chilensis*): 824
Known as "smell root" and similar names, 757
this plant's brew treated coughs, colds, and
pneumonia. It was force-fed to mares in 232
winter to prepare them for foaling.

**SWEETGRASS** (*Hierochloe odorata*): We call 824
this plant *sepatsemo*, or "fragrant smell." [137]
This, our most common incense, was added [778]
[782]
[515]
[757]

to many medicine mixtures because of its sacredness. 824
Boiled in water, it made a hair [778]
wash; chewed, it would be applied to swellings. [782] ●
It looks much like other grasses, but can [778]
be distinguished by the reddish color near its [515]
base.

**VIOLET** (*Viola adunca*): Called "blue [757]
mouth," its leaves were chewed and used as a
poultice; it could also be made into a brew 824
for a child having difficulty breathing. 752

**WESTERN MEADOW RUE** (*Thalictrum occidentale*): 827
This plant was named "Gros Ventre 824
scent" because it was most commonly found in
the country of that tribe. Used as a perfume, 302
the leaves could also be powdered and placed 232
in horses' noses to make them long-winded.

**WESTERN WILD PARSLEY** (*Lomatium simplex*):
This is the "big turnip" that was used mostly 824
as food. As a medicine, the root was 752
chewed and placed as a poultice with a 757
heated cloth on bloodshot eyes. This poultice
also treated sores in the mouth and ears, as
well as earaches and swollen ears. A brew was
made from it for chest pains.

**WHITLOW GRASS** (*Draba verna*): Because the 824
stem of this plant rises from a circle of small
leaves, it is called "center grass." The roots 747
of this plant were made into a bitter drink to
bring on abortion.

**WILD BERGAMOT** (*Monarda fistulosa*): This 824
plant is called "singly young man." The blossoms 757
could be brewed to make an eyewash,
or else both leaves and blossoms were brewed
together for stomachaches.

**WILLOW** (*Salix*): The great variety of willows
are generally called "what they bring," referring
to their ceremonial use during the Medicine 824
Lodge sweat baths. The deep roots of [757]
these bushes were cut into pieces and dried, [232]
and from that a brew was made for hemorrhage,
difficult breathing, dandruff, and
bloodshot eyes in people and horses. Boiled 515
with kidney fat, the mixture was used as a 826

[p. 188-B]

wash by people with curly and kinky hair to 515
cure what they considered their undesirable 826
appearance.

**YARROW** (*Achillea millefolium*): This plant 824
was also called "having a pine stem."
Chewed white flowers were used to poultice 757
swellings, including mumps. Leaves were
brewed for liver ailments and hemorrhages,
and horses with sore eyes. Several cups of the 844
brew were said to help speed up labor during
childbirth. The leaves were sometimes used 782 ●
for a special incense during Beaver Bundle
transfer ceremonies.

## OTHER USES OF PLANTS

Besides food and medicine, our Old People found 824
many day-to-day uses for various parts of plants.

**TOBACCO** that our Old People smoked was a 276
mixture of commercial tobacco and the [137]
leaves of the bearberry plant (*Arctostaphylos uvaursi*). This plant was also called *kinnikinick*, "that which is mixed." Although it grows on the prairies, only the mountain variety is used for smoking; the prairie kind smells like grass when it is burned.

Bearberry leaves can be picked from their low-growing shrub throughout the year. The leaves are separated from the stems, and then dried, crushed, and mixed for smoking. They are more properly prepared by first washing, to remove the bitter taste, then greased with kidney fat and placed in an oven to dry. This is called "frying your kinnikinick." The fried leaves are placed in a [415]
cloth bag and crushed into smaller pieces, which are then stored in special bags made from the skins of unborn fawns and buffalo calves.

**BEADS** were made from the dried fruits of a 824
number of plants, including silverberries, rose
hips, and juniper berries. These beads were [531]

use. Buffalo and deer were hunted for meat, 182
hides, and other parts. Fur-bearing animals were 925
hunted and trapped with snares and deadfalls for 224
their skins, which were used for clothing and sa- 178
cred articles. They were seldom eaten. Animals [262]
and birds that spent most or all of their time in
water were almost never eaten. Spiritually, they [772]
were thought to belong to the *SoyeTuppi*, the
Underwater People. Fish were never eaten, except [262]
by a few. Before entering any body of water, most [782]
people gave an offering of tobacco or beads in
recognition of the Powers of Water.

Even back when our People lived in harmony
with nature, it could not be said that they never
wasted anything. A spiritual person offered to Sun [782]
whatever he could not use of his kill. Men on war
parties often shot buffalo for food, but could not
eat or take back home most of the animal. When [224]
our People drove buffalo over cliffs, the ancient
manner of hunting that was used until around
1850, they killed many more buffalo than neces-
sary. About that time, buffalo were killed more
for their hides than for food. Even our own [439]
People began trading buffalo hides and furs they
had trapped for goods at the trading post. Thus
began the end of our way of life.

Compiling the following list of Indian names 128
and identifying their meanings was difficult, as [197]
the Blackfoot language has changed a great deal
since the Old Days. Word definitions varied depending on precisely how a person was taught to use the word. In each case I have chosen the definition most often given, or the Old Man's definition.

DOG: *Imitai*; its meaning has been lost. Before 231
horses, dogs were used to pack loads and 925
move camps. The dog of the Old Days
looked like a large gray wolf and could drag [492]
up to seventy-five pounds on a travois. The average family had about twelve dogs; there were several hundred in a camp. At times they could be quite unmanageable; they

[p. 191-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

was rarely seen by our People, and then only in the mountains. 825

**MOUNTAIN SHEEP**: *Mistaks-omach-kskinnae*, meaning "mountain big horn." *Omach-kskinna* refers to domestic sheep, as well.

**MOUNTAIN GOAT**: *Ap-omach-kskinnae*, meaning "white big horn" or "white sheep."

**ANTELOPE**: *Saki-auwakahsi*, or "prairie deer." The name connotes shuffling or trotting out on the prairie. This animal, fast and difficult to hunt, was very common in the country of our Old People.

**GRIZZLY BEAR**: *Omach-ku-kyaio*, or "big bear." Bears in general are *kyaio*, referring to the head and neck. Their Powers, especially that of the grizzly bear, were feared by our People; only the bravest men would hunt or attempt to kill such an animal. In the past, bear was never eaten and bear skins were never used for anything except religious purposes. Hunters gave the skins as offerings to the Holy Powers, and proudly wore the claws around their necks. Medicine Pipe Owners will never say the animal's name, nor will they touch any part of it, except for the black bear skin in their Bundle. [782] [301] [237]

**BLACK BEAR**: *Sikoch-kyaio*, which means "black bear."

**BROWN BEAR**: *Apoch-kyaio*, which means "brown bear."

**TIMBER WOLF**: *Omachka-apeesee*, or "big wolf." The general name is *makwi*, which connotes one who gets and eats plenty. Another name for wolf is *apeesee*, suggesting that they are wild relations to dogs. *Makwi* refers specifically to wolves, while *apeesee* also refers to bush wolves, technically considered coyotes.

**COYOTE**: *Ksino-au*, which refers to the way they can sneak around without being seen. This name is mainly for the small prairie coyote.

**BOBCAT**: *Atayo*, which refers to the bobcat's

[p.193-A]

scream; it was also known as *suapit*, or "fringes on the legs." 825

LYNX: *Sok-atayo*, or "heavy bobcat."

MOUNTAIN LION: *Omachk-atayo*, or "big bobcat."

KIT FOX: *Sinopah*, which means something like "he has arrows"; it suggests the fox's ability to strike swiftly and unexpectedly.

RED FOX: *Otatoye*; means something like "distant Medicine robe," referring to the ancient custom of using a red fox skin in place of cloth when making an offering to Sun. [782]

WOLVERINE: *Issistsi*; means either "claws shaped like hooves" or "carrying its young."

FISHER: *Pinutuye*; refers to the way the hair on its tail stands straight out, as though it had been clipped.

OTTER: *Emonissi*; refers to the way it slides around and is difficult to approach when it is on land.

BEAVER: *Ksisstukki*; means something like
"cutting trees with his teeth." Beaver skins [237]
are tanned, complete with tails; the fat is
removed and the tails are stuffed with [281]
crushed perfume plants and sewn shut.
Beaver skins were commonly worn for winter [291]
clothing, especially leggings, with the hair
outside to repel snow and water. Large [492]
beaver skins made popular saddle blankets.
Some people made necklaces with the front [301]
teeth, and the claws from the hind feet were [237]
strung as wristlets. Beaver bile was placed on
wounds that would not heal. Beaver castor [752]
made a popular perfume, among our People [303]
as well as many others.

MUSKRAT: *Misochpski*, or "hard-puffed face."

MARTEN: *Asinnatuye*, which means something like "young cropped tail" or "young fisher."

WEASEL: *Otao* is the summer weasel, referring to its brown coat. The winter weasel, or ermine, is called *Apao*, referring to its white coat. The winter skin is symbolic of life and

# The Horns Society

Officially, the Horns Society ceremonies could not 575
begin until the Motokiks had finished theirs. On 796
the fourth morning after the women had put up
their lodge they took it down, signifying the end
of their celebration. A few husbands helped with
the dismantling. In a short time only the Center [782]
Pole remained standing, an offering to the Holy
Powers. The women gathered around it and
raised their headdress sticks toward the top. They
prayed and sang and no doubt asked for strength
and good luck so that they might all join together
again the next summer. Then they left their sticks
tied to the bottom of the Center Pole, along with
cloth offerings for the Spirits that had been with
them during their ceremonies.

With the Motokiks' lodge down, our atten- 575
tion turned to the Horns Society's. It had been 796
made with two tipi covers. Two frames had been 346
set up very close to one another so that the tipis
seemed to intersect, one opening into the other.
Actually, the poles that would have intersected
had been left out of the structure, making one
oblong frame over which were spread the two tipi
covers. One of the covers was white; the other was
partly painted with red symbols.

Not far from the lodge of the Horns was a large white tipi in which those members of the Magpie Society who were to become Horns were holding their meetings.

That night, not long after Sunset, we heard 575
the Horns singing for the first time during the 533

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

575
796
782●

The Motokiks gather around their sacred Center Pole for one last prayer and blessing, before hanging up their Bundles for the year.

encampment. At the start, several hand drums beat in unison a steady rhythm to accompany the men and women singing the comrade songs of their society. We all listened quietly and respectfully. The singing continued late into the night, a spiritual form of entertainment that was to be repeated during the next few nights. 575 533 [534]

The members of the Horns Society slept in their double lodge during the nights of their cere- 575 [796]

[p. 203-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1891]

centre of the 18 altars, and the old members 575
made incense by sprinkling upon them a small 796
quantity of dried grass. Each old member next 432
made four passes with his hands from incense to
the bag on the staff and then untied it and after
passing it [four times to the altar] he laid it upon
the ground. The bags were at once opened and
the head dresses etc., which they contained were
taken out and exposed to view. Each candidate [302]
was now painted by the old member whose regalia
and position in the Society he was about to
acquire. Some were painted red, others yellow; in
all cases they were painted from head to foot.
Some had their faces painted jet black and a red
stripe from ear to ear across the eyes and another
red stripe across the mouth. In the meantime, the
wives of 4 of those who sat behind the short staffs
were putting together 4 large war bonnets which
they stuck upon the staffs. A number of dark
clouds from the north were at this time overshadowing
the camp and from them a few drops
of rain were falling, the appearance in fact was in
favour of a rainy afternoon. Running Wolf, two [762]
other men and Running Wolf's wife stood up in [789]
a row facing the entrance and behind them stood
an old man who in a loud voice prayed that the
rain storm should pass to one side or the other
and not interfere with the sacred proceedings. He
prayed 4 times with a pause between each.

White Calf now took down, or rather pulled
up, Running Wolf's staff and held it horizontally
over the altar. In a loud voice he made a prayer, [782]
and when near the end of it, he put a daub or two [531]
of red earth paint upon it. At the conclusion of
the prayer he covered the pole from one end to
the other with the red earth which was mixed
with grease and of a pink shade. When White
Calf had finished, all the other poles were taken
up by the instructor of old members and painted
in the same manner, but all the short staffs and
some of the long ones were yellow. From each of
the bags before mentioned, was taken a long strip
of fur with which to wrap the long staffs from end

[p.205-A]

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1891]

stooping as before, the squaw bringing up the 575
rear. 796

The same ceremony was gone through with 432
the 4 large war bonnets, but the latter moved in a
direction contrary to the course of the Sun while
the others followed it. The candidates were at [782]●
once dressed in their new clothing and Running Wolf, Bear Back Bone and another stood up in a row as before, while White Calf 4 times prayed aloud that the rain should not fall. The blanket Bear Back Bone had received was folded up and laid upon the ground. Its owner took a kneeling position, facing it. White Calf made a pass with both hands from the altar to Bear Back Bone's head, one to his shoulder, a 3rd to his waist and the 4th to his hips, giving this time a gentle push at which Bear Back Bone jumped nimbly over the blanket without altering his stooping position. He sat upon the blanket while Running Wolf was put through the same maneuver, then all ditto.

This finished the installment of the new 575
members and now they prepared for the dance. 796
Four drums we brought in and deposited at the
middle of the circle, and the head-dresses were all 432
placed upon their new owners. An old Chief 535
"Morning Paper" [Morning Writing] counted 4 [555]
coups, and the drummers struck up at once. All the staffs were pulled up and all the men, new members, old, and instructors, jumped to their feet and the dance began. The step was one peculiar to the Society, and a rather lively one for some of the older men to perform. They held their poles in front, lowering the tops to about an angle of 45 degrees. At intervals they would reverse all together and dance facing the low wall of the enclosure. They all made a continual peculiar sound, something between a coo and a low shout and in time to the drums. The dance lasted about 4 minutes, during which they reversed 4 or 5 times. Next they formed a procession, led by one wearing a large war bonnet which had an arrow sticking in head piece. They danced towards the entrance. As many times as the leader reversed, all

themselves to be publicly kissed. In fact there was 575
not a smile upon the face of any of the actors, 796
nothing to suggest anything other than a religious
duty, but I could not restrain a smile as I saw 432
Spotted Bull, who is a notorious wag, solemnly [832]
kissing the wife of Mas-tak-ath who is one of the
most handsome women in the tribe. White Ca[illegible] [782]
stood behind two men and a woman, facing the
East, and shouted aloud a prayer. They then
faced the South, he prayed again; changing to the
West again, he called out a prayer and finally
repeating with faces to the North they all sat
down.

A group of women and old people, not mem- 575
bers of the Society, were sitting near the circle of
dancers, for the purpose of having prayers 796
shouted over them. The dancers stood close to 432
these sitting people and facing them always so 535
that they had to move in a circle themselves in
facing the 4 different directions. This performance was repeated by two other parties of four persons each. Next a dance was indulged in. The main party danced in a circle around those sitting on the ground, being led by one with the arrow in his war bonnet. The other three with large headdresses danced outside of the rest and circled in the opposite direction, and against the Sun. The speed was increased to a fast hop and then the leader stopped suddenly and without turning hopped backwards 5 or 6 times for perhaps half of the circle, during which they reversed as often as they halted. After a brief pause the dance was repeated and, in all, it was done 4 times; then all
sat down. Running Wolf's crook was carried over [555]
to some old men who sat about 50 yards to the north of the party; one of these took Running Wolf's crook and counted 4 coups. The drummers beat an applause or response after each coup and the crook was carried back to its owner. The same was done for the second leader.

After a rather extended rest, they all got up and the closing dance was performed. "Little Shield," the wearer of the war bonnet with the arrow in it, not being an active man, handed his

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 210-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

575
432

Atsitsina and relatives displaying the saddle horse, shawl, [435]
and headdress being paid by Fred Eagle Plume for his
membership in the Horns. [424]

---

enacted during each summer's dance, the symbolic 575
battle ending when the leader fires his gun 432
into the air and charges through the crowd of 796
children, who are the "enemy."
As part of their performance, the Horns gave [541]
away rations of food to all the adults in the [431]
crowd. At the same time, the staffs of the two
leaders were blessed by two old men who each [782]
called out four brave deeds. The leader's Swan
Staff was brought to our Old Man; it had once [555]
been his, when he had been leader of the Horns. [887]
He called out four exploits of horse raiding, and
said a prayer. The other staff was taken to Ben
Calf Robe, the old man who had come down to
visit the encampment from his home on the
North Blackfoot Reserve. He had also been a
member of the Horns Society, which is now inactive
there.

[p.211-A]

*society leader.] The White-Arch-Staff owner rode* 796
*in front. [This is the staff wrapped with a white* 535
*swan skin and carried by the society's leader.]* 575
*The owner of the Arm Band rode across behind. [This is the secondary leader of the society.] The riders dismounted and we all danced. . .*

*The riders walked their horses real fast. The drummers walked behind. Behind the drummers are the Horn Society women [wives of the members] on foot. Behind them are more riders; they are just mounted spectators. . . .*

*When we got all the way around the camp circle we danced back in at the east side. The leader danced in front. We danced four by four. We got up to the double-lodge on the fourth song, and the singing stopped. We stood in order. We all had tipi pegs and an oblong stone ready. Everyone was hammering pegs into the ground [to make holes] and then we all stuck the arch staffs into the holes. . . . We all put our robes behind the staffs and everybody sat down in order. The women sat in the centre.*

*Now the grub. There was a cow that was* [262]
*slaughtered, and some berry soups, and there*
*were some white-man fruits to make puddings.* [264]
*The Horns distributed the food, and after every-*
*one ate we got up and danced. The People who*
*made vows to dance with Horns Society staffs*
*danced with a staff. The Horns danced four times* [431]
*and they stopped dancing, and then they gave*
*away the things that they received. [A person who* [432]
*vows to dance with a certain staff will give its* [424]
*owner some kind of payment for getting to share*
*the Power of that staff.] After we gave away the* [782]
*stuff, the staff owners pulled out their staffs and*
*pegs. When a staff is pulled out, a pinch of to-* [276]
*bacco is put in the hole and then the hole is*
*tamped shut. . . .*

*Next, we went outside where a crowd of spectators formed around in a circle to watch the dancing. The leader led us around in the dance. There were a lot of girls and boys standing, watching on the east side. This is the time when the*

[p.212-8]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Grass Dance]

raid and we used it for getting people up to dance. 535
A person will make a vow—it is very hard. A 535
person will say, to get better or whatever, that he 796
will eat a dog. We don't usually eat dogs. . . . [782] ●
On the day of the dance a pup will be boiled.
The dog is taken out with a special forked stick [262]
and an eagle feather is used for licking the dog. [412]
The one that made the vow, he will provide all
the food, just like at our Nighttime ceremonies.
The dance hall will be filled with people. Eight
people who will eat the dog will be sitting at the
front. They will pray and count coups. Then the [782]
ceremony will begin.

First, two handsome men will pick up the boiling kettle. . . . We will sing and the two men will dance around the circle four times. On the last time they will pick up the kettle and bring it to the front and set it down before the eight men. Everyone will watch very quietly. The dog will be really soft-boiled.

When the kettle is set down, the eight men [626]
will pray and make oaths that they are telling
the truth. The first one who eats will eat the dog's [825]
head. It is the most Powerful. In the Old Days
when we were really mad and we killed an enemy, [266]
we used to eat some part of him—that is what
the Old People used to say. That is why we are [101]
called Blood Indians—we only quit when we are
all bloody. . . .

If some of the younger men can't stand to eat [431]
any of the dog, they will ask an older man, "Will
you eat this for me? I will give you a horse." They
paid a good horse or other goods to have someone
eat the dog meat for them. We will sing four
times. Everyone will get up after each song and
shout [a war yell]. They will raise one hand. After
the second song they will raise both hands. Then
they will take the dog out of the kettle.

The last time I saw a Grass Dance, Mark Old Shoes was the dancer who picked the dog from the kettle. He stabbed the dog and danced four times around the pot before he picked it up. Some people will say they are Powerful and go and lick the dog. . . .

[p.221-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

We were given seven completes [dollars] and 657
we put the fives [five dollars] into funds, and that's 648
where the promises were made. . . . Shorty 173
[nickname of Colonel MacLeod] said, "You will put these fives into funds," and Tall White Man [Lieutenant-Governor David Laird] gave us rations. When Shorty Gave to Us he announced it hard [he repeated his statements in English after the People were told in Blackfoot by the interpreter]. Shorty said, "The Chief Woman [Queen Victoria] made truce with you with these payments. Now you are all the children of the Chief Woman." He told us she said, "Nobody will bother my children now—they are my children." She told us to put away our weapons, our bows and arrows, our daggers, and the sacred things we used for war. The Chief Woman told us, "Do not steal and do not go on the warpath anymore. I will give you all the birds and animals to eat."
That is why trapping is not forbidden on an Indian's land. [224]
A person will do what he can to get food. [Hunting and trapping are allowed year-round on the reserve.]

Shorty told us: "These are the promises we make to you. You are promised that the seven dollars will never cease to exist. You will be given rations." Oki, we were also promised education,
and medical care. That day, when they were giving [191]
the promises, there was no one of us that was educated and spoke white-man talk. The interpreter was not a full Indian, and he left out a lot of words. There were a lot of words that he didn't translate.

The Old People offer holy smokes to each [782]
other. They will say, "We will talk straight as the [276]
straight hole in the pipestem." The reason why the stem is long on the pipe that we smoke is that a promise will last long. Oki, they looked for a way how they are going to make an oath. The Old People couldn't make the white people swear on the pipe because they didn't believe in it. So, the Old People were shown to swear on the longest term of life. They were made to swear on the [177]

[p. 230-A]

Winter had set in when we reached our 727
Blood camp which was pitched on Stand-off 159
bottom.

Although we were at peace with the Cree, 721
they stole a number of our horses at that time. I 159
led a war-party of seven men to see what we could do in retaliation. The Cree were bad Indians, who deserved to be punished. They were not honest,
they stole horses. [It would have been difficult to [648]
form any sort of stable peace with the Crees in the Old Days, since the People of that tribe lived in many scattered bands over the plains. Each band was governed by its own chiefs, who could
not make peace for any of the other bands. The [555]
stealing of horses, of course, was an accepted means of testing bravery and personal skill among most all of the People who used horses in North America.]

We being mounted made fast time, and 726
going in a North easterly direction, saw in the 159
distance a big blue hill looming up, and near it a large Indian camp. Between us and the camp the country was very level so that it was not safe to travel any closer in daylight. During our waiting hours that day I went up on top of a hill with my glass to see what might be in sight. I saw a large war party enter the camp. Later in the day I saw a single tall man following up the trail of the war party. He appeared to be unarmed. I ran to my horse, mounted, and followed by some young companions, galloped after the lonely man. We reached him just as he was down, drinking from a little rivulet or spring. I searched him for arms, but found nothing. The man was poor, he had not even a knife. I was so disgusted that I left him to the boys, to do as they liked. One said to kill him. I did not like Cree Indians well enough to say no, so I said nothing. And, as there were no
arms to take, I did not say, "kill him." The end [782] ●
of the matter was this: I blackened his face, praying to the Sun as I did so, and gave him to the Sun, unhurt, as a present. When I told him that he was free and might go he looked very much

to them as a blessing from the holy white man, as 793
priests are called in Blackfoot. Not long before his 797
death, when a relative volunteered to go for a priest, he picked up a cup and said to those with him, "In this cup is my Catholic religion." He slowly turned the cup upside down and sat it down on the table, without saying another word.

Natosina's brother, Big Snake, died around 554
1915. He was well known among all the Blackfoot 555
People for being both fearless and reckless. Be-
cause his parties always returned successfully, he 156
had a large following whenever he announced plans to leave on a raid. Experienced older men, however, seldom went with him because he was so wild. They preferred the company of more serious and conscientious men.

One man who knew old Natosina was the 114
writer James Willard Schultz. He lived with the Piegans for many years, beginning in the 1870s. He learned the Blackfoot language, went on buffalo hunts and war raids, and was known as Apikunni, or "Far-off-Scabby-Robe." He left the Piegans in 1903, after the death of his wife, but came back to visit often and wrote many fine stories about the Old Days. In the 1920s he recorded a few adventures of his Blood friends, who included Natosina and old Weasel Tail. I read Apikunni's story to Atsitsina, who had not heard it for many years. He said that most of the details in it are correct and that it is a good version of the way his dad used to relate this adventure. I will give you the story in Apikunni's words—he writes it as though old Natosina were speaking.

### EAGLE PLUME

*One beginning-of-summer-time, when we Ka'ina* 726
*were encamped on Belly River, close up to the*
*Backbone* [*the Rocky Mountains, the "Backbone* [103]
*of the Earth"*], *I called upon nine men, good warriors all of them, to go with me on a raid*
*south; a raid upon the Crows. Before leaving, we* [792]
*built a sweat lodge of good size, and asked Three*

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 258-A]

[p. 256-B]

Bears, owner of the Beaver Medicine Roll, to join us in it, and pray for our success and safe return. 782 He was very glad to do that, and, after we left for the south, he mounted a horse, near going down 726 of Sun of every day, and rode all through the camp, shouting the name of each member of our party, and calling upon the People to pray for us. That in itself is a powerful aid to a war party. It sustains them, gives them courage. Each evening, the warriors think and say to one another: "Right now, our Sun priest is riding about in camp, praying for us, asking the People to pray for us. It is good, it is powerful. We must deserve their prayers."

Many youths wanted to go with us, to wait 702 upon us, and so learn the ways of the warrior. I 883 selected one of them, a good hunter, a good shot, a youth named Wolf Plume. He carried my Thunder Medicine Pipe, my shield and my ropes. [Atsitsina thinks that instead of a Thunder Medicine Pipe, specific to our Sacred Bundles, his father was carrying a small war-pipe.] When we [787] made camp, and I went off by myself to rest, to sleep, and try to obtain a vision of that which was ahead of us, he brought me food, water, coals for my pipe, made me comfortable.

We started out on foot, travelled only in the 726 night-time. We crossed Bear River [Marias River] straight down from Sacred Red Rock, be- [782] fore which we stopped to give it a few presents, [778] and ask it to pity us, to aid us in that which we had set out to do. We crossed Milk River [Teton River] just below the butte for which our far-back fathers named it the Breasts [because of their appearance] and, just below the mouth of Point-of-Rocks River [Sun River], crossed Big River [Missouri River]. Yes, right where now stands that town of many houses [Great Falls], there we stopped that early morning, to rest and sleep until night should come again. Our shelter was a small grove of cottonwoods and willows along the river-bank. We had no meat, and were very hungry that morning. On the plain, well out

my medicine was powerful. I said nothing. I was 726
not proud-feeling. Bear Bones asked us to move 224
back, to leave him alone to make his killing. We 789
went down to the shore of the river. Presently we [554]
heard a great pounding and rattling of hoofs,
smashing of brush and dead sticks, and some of
the herd came running out to the shore below,
and turned and ran up past us and then back
through the timber to the plain, all but one, a
cow of two winters, with an arrow deep in her
side, just back of her shoulder. Right in front of
us she fell, blood streaming from her nose and
mouth, and she died. And out from the timber
came Bear Bones, who said: "Ha! There she lies. I
knew that she could not go far with my arrow in
her lungs."

So was it that, by the favor of the Above 726
Ones, we ate fat, broiled meat that morning, and [264]
had meat for several days to come. And my com-
panions were happy, eager to go on. That which I [787]
had done, my bringing the herd of buffalo to us
from the plain, was, they said, a sign that our raid
was to be successful. After we finished eating, I [782] ●
went apart from my companions, and, before I [276]
slept, smoked and prayed to the Above Ones, and
sacrificed to Sun a piece of tobacco from my
Thunder Pipe Roll.

Going on south, night after night, we crossed
the Yellow Mountains [Judith Mountains]
through the low gap in them, and one morning,
just before Sun appeared, arrived at Dried Meat
River [Musselshell River]. We crossed it, and
stopped in a small grove of timber. We still had [251]
meat of the buffalo that Bear Bones had killed;
thin cuttings of it, now partly dried. Wolf Plume
broiled some of it for me, and, after eating, I had
him prepare a resting-place for me, in some thick
willows a little farther down the grove, and, after
naming two of my companions to go on watch
until the middle of the day, I lay down, my sacred
pipe roll at my side, and soon slept.

I had a vision. I saw a camp of many lodges. [787]
It was night, yet I saw the lodges plainly, and

side of Elk River was Crow country. We went up 726
onto a near hill that was well grown over with
juniper and other brush, and there awaited the
coming of day. It came, and to the south of us,
where Elk River comes from the mountains out
into the plain, we saw rising the smoke of many
lodge fires, of a big Crow camp, of course.

Leaving me alone on watch on the hill, my [342]
companions went down into the timber bordering
the river and built a war lodge of poles and brush, [372]
and, when it was completed and a small fire of
dry bark burning in it, I went down into it, Wolf
Plume taking my place on the hill. I called upon
Black Elk to assist me, and together we burned
some sweetgrass, purified ourselves in the smoke [793]
of it, and, with the prayers and songs belonging to [783]
it, went through the complete ceremony of my
Thunder Medicine; praying each of us, as the [782]
pipe went the round of our circle, for success [276]
against the enemy, and safe return to our People.
[This is the common procedure with a war pipe. [778]
A regular Medicine Pipe would not be smoked at
such a time.] That done, we rested there for the
remainder of the day, keeping good watch upon
the country from the hilltop, but failing to see
enemies anywhere about. There were plenty of
buffalo between us and Elk River; more herds
were on the other side of the river. The Crows,
we thought, must be making their killings of meat
very near their camp.

Came night, and we went on down to Elk [501]
River, built a raft of driftwood, placed upon it our
weapons, clothing and various belongings, sacrificed [782]
to the underwater people some small presents,
praying to them that we might safely cross
their element, and so took to the water, holding
onto our raft while swimming. We easily made
the other shore, some distance downstream,
dressed, and went on, following up the valley of
the river. Morning had not come when we heard,
far ahead of us, the dogs of the camp answering
the howling of the wolves about it. We did not
want to go on and raid the camp; we wanted first

manes and tails with a handful of brush, then led 726
them to the river to drink. Presently he brought them back into the open; [he] hobbled one and let it go, led the other back to his lodge, and saddled it. Many other men were saddling their swift animals. They were going out to run buffalo. I prayed to my medicine, to the Above Ones. [782] ●
"Pity me; help me. Let this be the last time that painted lodge man will ride that spotted fast one. Help me to take it and its spotted mate."

Sun was but a little way up in the blue when a hundred or more riders gathered at the lower side of the camp circle. They came down the valley, past us, talking, laughing, singing, happy all of them. And following them were their women, with travois, horses, and packhorses, for bringing in the meat and hides of the killing that was to be made.

I named two to remain on watch, and we [513]
others lay down and slept. Came the middle of the day, and we sat up, and the two lay down. I wanted no more sleep that day. I was uneasy. We [782]
had dangerous work to do, and my companions looked to me as well as to their own sacred helpers for protection in it. True, my visions had been favorable but I could not be sure that we should not, some of us, get into trouble. I prayed again and again to the Above Ones. I promised Sun that, provided we survived our raid that night, my woman would build for him a sacred lodge.

The day was hot, and we became very thirsty. [271]
In going up onto the valley slope to watch the camp, we thought we were to suffer from want of water. We had food, dried meat, but dared not eat of it, for that would make us still more thirsty. Idly we watched the big camp; men visiting one another, sitting out in the shade of the lodges, talking, smoking; women busy tanning robes, and leather; children playing everywhere about. We knew that there were a few women of our own kind down there, women whom the Crows had captured many winters back when a large war

[p.261-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*liver on the table, and a glass of water. Then she* 791
*sang some songs. She told us to turn the lights off.* 787
*She sat there quietly and we all waited. Pretty* [237]
*soon the dogs started barking outside and there was a noise like someone running up to the house and breathing hard. It was a ghost!*

*The old lady told the ghost, "Oki, there is some water for you. Drink it." There was a sound like glass tinkling against something solid. Then she said, "Oki, there is some food for you." There were more funny noises. Then she offered the ghost a smoke and we could see the tobacco being smoked. Then she told the ghost what the problem was, and asked him to go and look for the boy's knife. The old lady told us to turn the lights back on. Nobody was there and all the food and water were gone.*

*A while later the dogs started barking again. The old lady said to hurry up and turn the lights off. Then we heard a loud thumping noise. After that she offered the ghost another smoke and then he left. We turned the lights back on and found the knife lying on the floor. I know that old lady was very Powerful because everybody saw this happen. She didn't know where the knife was and she never left us to go and get it.*

Natosina was kept so busy with his sacred 773
duties that he never cared much for the modern [177]
ways that were coming to our People. Most of his visitors followed the Old Ways. His Powers were so strong and had so many obligations associated with them that others were afraid to come near
him. Whenever he had a bad dream he would call [787]
his children and grandchildren to him, as well as
any other nearby relatives, and pray for them [782] ●
while painting their faces with sacred red earth.

One of his dream obligations required that 793
he never be interrupted while smoking. He com- 276
municated with Spirits then, and an interruption 784
might break his contact and leave his Spirit out-
side his body. [787]

One time SikskiAki's father and uncle, when

[p. 264-R]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

In 1929 Weasel Tail was camped by Water-
ton Lake with a number of our Old People. They 114
told their stories to the writer Apikunni, who
published some of them in his book, *Sun God's
Children.* Weasel Tail told a long story about one 721
war raid on which his wife accompanied him. The [562]
party went first to the Crows and successfully
stole a number of horses. On their way home they
were surprised and attacked by a large party of
Crees who took the recently captured horses and
rode off with them, leaving Weasel Tail and his
party again on foot.

According to the story, Weasel Tail and his
group then headed north in search of a camp of
friendly Gros Ventres, but they mistakenly
walked into a camp of unfriendly Assiniboines.
The first person they met was a Blood named
Sliding Down, who offered to speak for them in
the lodge of the Assiniboine chief. The People of
the enemy camp surrounded the chief's lodge and
threatened Weasel Tail's party. The chief was not
much friendlier than the rest, and it soon became
evident that they were in for trouble. They were
finally provoked into an argument that resulted in
the whole group standing up and aiming their
rifles at the chief. Weasel Tail said that his wife [562]
carried her six-shooter and aimed it along with the
rest. He said that he gave a terrible roar to show
them his Power.

Sliding Down, who had married into the [582]
Assiniboines and spoke their language, told them
that Weasel Tail was a ferocious warrior who had [191]
killed many but had never been injured himself.
The Assiniboines fled and Weasel Tail and his
party promptly withdrew. They were not followed
and made a safe escape.

Weasel Tail said that the party then split up.
He and his wife and one other man went south to
try again for Crow horses. On the way they en- [727]
countered a lone Crow man who had lost his wife
and was wandering around, mourning. Weasel [782]
Tail caught the man by surprise, but pitied him
and gave him his life, with a prayer to Sun to help
him if he should ever be in a similar situation.

[p. 269-A]

Weasel Tail concluded this fantastic adven- 721
ture by locating a Crow camp and, while his wife
waited in the nearby timber, he and the other
man managed to steal fourteen good horses and
they all returned home safely.

Weasel Tail also told Apikunni that he had [554]
been on very many raids, and that he had counted
one or more coups on ten of them. He said that
not all of his raids were successful, but that he
always came back home safely. His favorite time
to go on a raid was during the winter, when there
was a chance of snowfall to cover his retreating
tracks. He counted his final coup around the end
of the war years, along the Belly River not far
from Stand Off. He met a Kutenai man on a
butte by the river. The man had three horses with
him. Some say he had just stolen them, others say
he was coming to trade them to the Bloods. At [782]
any rate, Weasel Tail prayed before the fight and
said that this would be his last killing. He was the [103]
winner of the fight, and the place is today still
known as Kutenai Butte.

In later years, Weasel Tail was a frequent
participant at Sun Dance Encampments, pow- 887
wows, and other gatherings of Old People. He
was often called on to relate his exploits so that
the ceremonies could proceed.

## CALF SHIRT AND HIS RATTLESNAKES

Calf Shirt was one of the last of our Old People 756
who could prove to skeptics, including white
people, the Power of his own Medicine. His sa- [231]
cred helper was a rattlesnake, and he always car-
ried a live one with him until his death, not long
after 1900.

Most of the Blood Reserve is not troubled 136
with rattlesnakes, but at the north end, near the
city of Lethbridge, they are very common. At the
narrow head of a long and steep box canyon there

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 270-B]

*scalp. I prayed to the Above Ones, to my sacred helper, to help me in some way to survive.* 793 726

Ha! Before the men from the camp arrived, one of the six set fire to the willow patch. It was in the time of falling leaves; the grass in the willows was brown and dry; many of the willows were dead and dry. The fire burned fiercely. I prayed still harder for help and got it. A very strong wind suddenly sprang up, blowing across the valley toward the river, and causing the fire to make a very thick, black smoke. I went with the smoke, as noiselessly as possible, but choking, eyes smarting so that I was almost blinded. But I kept on, and, without being seen by any of the enemy, stumbled down a steep bank and into the river, which was not deep. Still concealed in the black smoke, I crossed to the other side, and went down the valley, keeping in the timber and brush as much as possible, until at last I was safe. I kept going, crossed Elk River before daylight, and remained in a grove until night, when I went on again. I saw nothing of my companions as I traveled night after night until I arrived at Fort Benton. The Piegans were encamped there, and one, a close friend, gave me a horse, and I rode back to Bow River and my People. [782] [431]

## A PRAIRIE ENCOUNTER ON THE WARPATH

Many Mules, Heavy Shield, Running Sun, Running Calf, and Gambler left together on a warpath to raid the Crees. They headed east and encountered a small war party of three men. The Bloods were not sure if the others were Crees or North Blackfeet, since they were all dressed in the common striped blanket coats. Many Mules told the others to dismount and aim their rifles, while he would ride over to find out who they were. 726

He approached the trio with his hand in the air and spoke to them in Blackfoot. They said nothing. He spoke the Cree words for a greeting, and was given a reply. Dropping his hand, he thus [201]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*walked alongside the riders. East of Magrath we made camp in a grove of willows and Calf Robe rustled up a two-year-old heifer for us to eat. We spent the day making dried meat over a small fire in the bush.* 726

*Calf Robe and I were sent up on a hill as scouts during that day, and we soon spotted a lone rider coming our way. He looked to us like a scout, so we went down to distract him from finding our camp. We told him that we were hunting antelope and had just seen a couple in a direction away from our camp. Since nobody in his right mind would walk so far out on the prairie—on foot!—to hunt antelope, the scout knew what we were up to. He said, "I hope you have a good warpath. Myself, I will go and see about those antelope." We hurried back down to our party and all packed up and headed east, in case the scout came back with Mounted Policemen. The next morning we did not stop until daylight.*

*Our second camp was made in the brushy part of a small coulee. Crazy Crow was the youngest* [813] *member of our group. He was little more than a boy, so he was asked to go and rustle up some water. But he was afraid to go off by himself, so I volunteered to go. Crazy Crow had acted foolishly on the whole warpath, and we were all sorry that he had come with us. I found some water in* [415] *a little slough and carried it back in a water bag* [237] *that we had made by peeling the tripe from inside the stomach of the two-year-old heifer, leaving the outside part as the water bag. None of us overdid our drinking of that slough water from the stomach bag!*

*The next night we traveled all night through rain and dampness. We went by the place where Bad Head was killed and we got as far as Writing-on-Stone by the next morning. We sent Prairie Chicken Old Man to scout around for police. They watched that place because they knew that* [778] *any war parties in the area would go by that* [782] *sacred stone to pray and leave offerings. Since no* [777] *police were in the area we made our camp by the*

[p.290-A]

*ferent cans of grub and really had a banquet. All* 726
*we had been eating was dried meat. After we ate,*
*we decided that it would be a good time to sing* [262]
*some songs and pray for success on the rest of the*
*trip. This was a customary thing to do when nearing*
*enemy camps on a war raid.*

*Each of us prayed and sang our special good-luck*
*song. Young Pine started out by singing: "If*
*we are married or single, a woman always waits* 726
*for us when we go on a war party, and she makes* 533
*us think about her while we are gone. She gives* [782]
*us a good-luck charm to carry and a song to sing."* [777]

*My own song had these words in it: "Last*
*Gun, if I never see you again, I will do nothing*
*but cry all day long."*

*Because we were far from our home, we all*
*decided to add to our good luck by taking on new* 727
*names that belonged to some relative of ours. I* 553
*took my uncle's second name, Everyone Talks*
*About. Young Pine took the name Fine Young* [551]
*Man. Calf Robe took his brother's name, One*
*Spot. Crazy Crow took the name Looks-like-a-Coyote.*
*Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name*
*Many Mules.*

*We stayed in our victory camp all that night*
*and decided to travel in the daytime. We saw a* [224]
*lone antelope some way ahead of us. I took a*
*long shot at the animal and knocked it down. It*
*tried to run but was wounded in one leg. Calf* [411]
*Robe chased it and killed it with a knife. We took*
*the antelope up on a hill to eat and dry some of*
*the meat. We had lots of tobacco from our recent* [276]
*raid, but we had no pipe to smoke it in. Young*
*Pine was the only one who brought a pipe along,*
*but he had left it at an earlier camp. We cut up* [321]
*one of the leg bones from the antelope and made* [323]
*a good stem out of it; then we made a bowl by*
*shaping some clay and baking it in our fire.* [237]

*The first horse we stole on this trip was a*
*sorrel that belonged to some traders at a place*
*called Wide-Leafed Bush, in the Missouri River*
*Valley. Years before, these same traders killed one*
*of my stepfather's earlier wives. She would have* [602]

[p.291-B]

*ankles. When they cut him, he said that he felt* 776
*like his heart was being cut out of his body. His* 785
*body was all bloody by the time they got him* [824]
*fixed up. They even cut his back and tied a shield*
*to it.*

*From the holy woman's tipi he was made to* [535]
*dance to the Medicine Lodge. The wind blew on* [152]
*his wounds and caused him so much pain that*
*he cried all the way there. When he got inside he* [782]
*hugged the Center Pole and prayed, then he*
*leaned back on the ropes that somebody tied*
*from the top of the Pole to his chest. He leaned* [533]
*back real hard and jumped up and down and*
*sideways while the drummers sang a song. He*
*said that he jumped real hard because the pain*
*was so bad that he wanted to tear the ropes off*
*fast, but they didn't tear out. Black Eagle took*
*a stick and hit the rope hard and the skin broke*
*on that side. But my dad stopped him from hitting*
*the other side because of the pain. Big Wolf*
*grabbed him by his hair and pulled him back so*
*hard that the other side broke. Black Eagle was* [555]
*counting some coups so that he could cut the*
*loose skin off my dad's body. He cut the skin off* [752]
*and he put gunpowder on the wounds. After that*
*my dad was sent away to sleep and look for a vision.*
*That was when they had the riot inside the*
*Medicine Lodge.*

*My father said that he walked westward from*
*the camp until he came to the Belly River where*
*he slept on top of a cutbank. He could hardly*
*sleep that night from all the pain of his wounds.*
*The next day he was walking around by the river*
*when his relatives found him. They warned him*
*not to walk back into the middle of the trouble at*
*the Medicine Lodge. By the time they all got* 776
*back home together the trouble was over and the* 657
*People were packing up their camps to go home.* 177
*The men were angry and had their guns all ready*
*in case the Mounties came back to fight again.*
*Some of the Mounties had gone into the Medicine*
*Lodge to arrest old Calf Robe while the*
*men were just in there telling war stories. Those*

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*a church. Every morning and every night he made* 869
*incense. He asked for life in his prayers. He prayed* [782]
*for all of us. . . . At the beginning of summer he*
*would be really happy when he first heard thunder.* [778]
*That is when he opened his Bundle. He*
*would butcher a cow and use it to feed those who* [796]
*came to the ceremony. We had a good life because* [574]
*our home was very holy.*

Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides is the present head chief of the Blood People. The Bloods have had five chiefs from his family over the past hundred years. His father, old Shot-on-Both-Sides, was the son of Crop-Eared Wolf, who was the adopted son of old Red Crow, who was the nephew of Pinukwiim. All of them were head chiefs. 622

Except for one two-year term, Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides has been head chief since the death of his father in 1958.

*The Old People still respect me the same* 622
*way they respected my father. I don't know about* 554
*the young people. For instance, when we went*
*down to Ottawa, they put me first in everything.*
*Before every meeting began I was asked to pray.* [782]
*We had meetings at different places and I prayed*
*at each of them. I prayed so that we would get*
*what we went for.*

[p.332-B]

*treat me good. Some from Gleichen [North* 793
*Blackfoot] asked me to lead the Medicine Lodge* 558
*ceremony that they were going to give down here* 156
*last summer. I told them that I would, because* 829
*my relatives on both sides took part in Medicine*
*Lodge ceremonies in the Old Days. One time I* [578]
*was in a restaurant in town and Wolf Old Man*
*[our Old Man] came in and saw me. He came*
*over and asked if it was true that I was going to*
*lead the Okan. I told him it was. Then, right in* [784]
*front of everybody, he told me that I had no right*
*to lead that ceremony and that I didn't know*
*enough about it and might hurt others who were*
*taking part in it. But that isn't true. I know most*
*of the songs from it and I know what to do to*
*lead it. He's just mad because his brother [Crow-Spreads-His-Wings] used to lead them and he*
*studied for a long time before he could do it.*
*I can open a Beaver Bundle, too, even though I*
*never had one. My father had one and my wife's*
*father [Tough Bread] had one and I learned the*
*songs from them.*

*The reason my songs are different from everybody else's is that I had a different Teacher. Most* [533]
*of the ones who lead the Medicine Pipe ceremonies learned their songs from Heavy Head, but*
*I learned them from Tough Bread. I'm the only*
*one still living who learned them from him, so*
*I'm the only one who sings them that way.*

*The reason why I sell my things is because I* [425]
*believe in the Old Ways. In the Old Days, when*
*the Old People were asked for something holy* [778]
*they always gave it, they never held back, and*
*I am the same way. The white men sometimes* [439]
*want the holy things much more than an Indian*
*will want it, so I let them have it to make them*
*happy. The Crow Beaver Bundle that I sold was*
*not being used any longer by the People. My*
*sons sold the Medicine Pipe and the Horns Society Bundle. They didn't ask me about it before*
*they did it, so I am not to blame for that. I always* [782]
*pray for my family and for anyone that needs my*
*prayers. I am not stingy with them. The Creator*

*hears my prayers whether I say them at a Night-* 793
*time ceremony or at the Catholic Church or dur-* 558
*ing a Full Gospel meeting. I am not shy to pray* 156
*any place. That is how I live.* 829

[782]

## MARK OLD SHOES

Mark Old Shoes, or Rusty Boy, is probably the 793
youngest and healthiest of our Old People. He is
learning to lead some of the ceremonies, mainly
our Nighttime ceremonies and Medicine Pipe
Bundle openings. He is also head Weather [535]
Dancer on the Blood Reserve, in case there is ever
another Medicine Lodge ceremony.

Mark's father was the famous warrior Morn- [551]
ing Writing, who was registered on the agency
rolls by his earlier name, Old Shoes. Morning [871]
Writing raised his children in the Old Way and
did not allow them to go to school. When Mark [177]
was twelve years old, his father died and he was
sent off to school, where they forced him to cut [302]
his braids. Since then he has always worn short
hair.

Mark has been a member of the Horns So- 575
ciety three times, once as a bachelor and twice
with his wife. The first time he joined as partner [425]
to the Owner of one of the leaders' staffs. At later
times he owned the Staff-with-a-Rattle and the
Headdress-with-an-Arrow-in-Front. As he looked 829
through the photographs of past scenes he had 178
some comments: "I find it strange how much
everything has changed. For instance, in those
days the Old People all allowed their pictures to
be taken at the Sun Dance. Now, if anyone is [784]
seen with a camera, the Horns will sure get after
him." [575]

Like many of our Old People, Mark has 829
much faith in the new Horns to help keep our
Old Ways alive. He has said, "I think that as long 575
as the new Horns really believe in what they are [182]
doing, our Old Ways will keep going. Young
people didn't care much about the Old Ways, [178]
lately, when it was just us Old People. But now a
lot of young people are thinking about trying to
join us.

[P. 335-B]

484 177 *were gone for three months. It's pretty tough when you are so far away from home and you get homesick. I used to just get into my wagon and drive around and try to pretend that I was back at home, here. But that was kind of hard. We never saw any kangaroos when I went for a ride in my wagon here, but we sure did there. We raced chuckwagons and horses while we were down there; we showed their cowboys how we do it here.*

[782] ● *A lot of Old People prayed for me before I left. They were pretty worried about us going so far and across so much water. We went from Vancouver by boat, it took us twenty-six days.*

156 [575] [787] Joe's wife joined the Horns Society once, with her first husband, and recently she joined again with Joe. He is the oldest member of the society. His wife said, "Don't ask him if he's ever had a vision. He was too scared to go out by himself to do that; he just chased the girls, instead."

## MRS. ANNIE WADSWORTH

574 Eighty-two-year-old Annie Wadsworth was a cousin of Charcoal. She can still remember when he came to her mother one night, when he was wanted for murder, and asked for food and sewing materials, which her mother gave him at great risk.

584 The most outstanding fact of Mrs. Wadsworth's life, however, is that her parents gave her away as a bride in the Old Way when she was only seven years old. Her father was Moon Calf; her mother, Forward Stealing Woman. They gave her to eighteen-year-old Willie Wadsworth, then better known as Wearing-a-Tailfeather-Headpiece. She says that she does not regret being married so early because her husband treated her very well throughout their life together. They had twelve children.

# Back to Wintertime

## OUR NIGHTTIME CEREMONIES

It is late winter now, not long before Thunder 796
returns and the season of outdoor life and holy
ceremonies begins again. But even during winter
we have come together to pray and sing our holy
songs in Nighttime ceremonies two or three times
each month.

*Ach-kanotsisi*—"All-Smoking-Together"—is 796
how our People announce a Nighttime ceremony.
People devoted to our Old Ways are invited to [533]
someone's house to sing the songs of the sacred
articles transferred to them during their lifetime. [778]
The sponsor of the ceremony provides a leader, as [425]
well as plenty of tobacco and food. In exchange,
he and his family will receive strength by hearing [782]
each participant sing sacred songs and say prayers [574]
for their benefit.

The Nighttime ceremony is commonly 796
referred to as a Big Smoke, or Sacred Smoke. During 533
the night-long ceremony, each participant
counts coups—he calls out the Medicines he has [778]
owned and sings the Medicines' songs. Usually
each person sings sixteen songs recalling experiences
with Medicine Pipe Bundles, Beaver Bundles,
Horns Society, Medicine Lodges, sacred
tipis, sacred necklaces and headdresses, and other
society memberships and Bundle transferrals. The
singing of all these songs is a summary of the holy
life of our Old Ways.

According to the Old Man, who was a leader 796
773

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

of these ceremonies, the All-Smoking-Together 796
began very long ago. His Teachers, men like 793
Natosina and Big Wolf, told him that the first participants in these ceremonies were holy leaders of the formal summer ceremonies. They used to gather regularly during the wintertime to rehearse all the songs of their Bundles and to discuss the plans for the next Medicine Lodge ceremony. The Nighttime ceremonies developed from these gatherings and from dreams of some of those participants.

Joe Gambler told a story about a Nighttime 796
ceremony to the Provincial Museum:

> *Big Smoke: People will make a vow to it.* [782] ●
> *They think it is holy. A person that is going to die will say, "I will put up a Big Smoke so that I may survive," and he will not be sick very long and he will get better.*
>
> *A person who had many Sacred Bundles will* [778]
> *participate. A person who never had many Bundles will not participate, except the two orderlies, who give out the pipes for smoking, burn the incense, make the fire and serve the food, and the orderly who cuts the tobacco and gives out the*
> *smokes. These three don't sing, the rest will all* [533]
> *sing.*
>
> *There are lots of People who will officiate,* [793]
> *such as Wrapped Up [Albert Chief Calf], Brown [Brown Chief Calf], Wolf Old Man [our Old*

[p.345-B]

Man], and Skunk [Bob Black Plume]. Those four 796
people are the shamans of the Big Smoke. When [793]
people make vows they will say to the one who
will officiate, "Pray for my child so that he or she [782]
may get better. I will treat you very good."

To make the incense altar, a part of the [778]
ground will be scraped clean and Earth will be
added on top, and at one end a pillow-shaped [237]
thing will be placed and a piece of manure will
be laid on it. The little pipe is laid on this piece [276]
of manure, and there is another large piece of
manure on which some pipes are laid. The pipes
are given to the singers who will pray with them
and then they will sing.

The ceremonialist [leader] will select who will sing and how many songs they will sing.

Big Smokes are held at my house. Big Smokes can be held in any place where people can sit conveniently, as long as there is a stove in the house, as we use the hot charcoals for burning the incense.

The one that made the vow and prepared the [782]
Berry Soup will sit with the ceremonialist. The
one that made the vow will take his shirt off and [302]
he will be painted on the face and body with the
paint. He will take the pipe that is to be handed
out first and he will offer it to the ceremonialist.
The one that made the vow will give a smoke to
the ceremonialist and the ceremonialist will pray
for him in return for the pipe.

The one that prepared the Berry Soup will not sing. He will just sit at the back. He will be called the Holy Sitter.

After the ceremonialist finishes his facial 796
paintings he will take the rattles and rattle them 533
four times and then give one to each of the four
singers. The first man will then start. He will [782]
pray, he will not sing. When he gets through [534]
praying, he will sing. He will say, "I made an
offering at such a place," and he will give four
accounts.

The four men will sing about their most important sacred Bundle. They will sing of a

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, 1890's]

was made on a large coal of fire, not on the altar 796
*but between it and the fire. A feast of tongue*
soup was handed around and Moon prayed alone. [262]
*He was followed by all the others, except some* [782]
*late comers who were handed their food and then*
prayed, as usual holding up a little piece [of
tongue] and at the end of the prayer shoving it
into the ground [as an offering]. Old Moon began 796
*the songs at 2:15, all the men and women* 533
*joining in the gestures, comprising holding all the* [788]
*fingers up, tips touching, and the sign to take*
something and put it on the breast. While singing [276]
*was in progress, a filled pipe was handed to the*
oldest man, who, holding stem to the sun, prayed [782]
*in a loud voice, the others singing throughout.*
Squaws were in the meantime putting red paint [302]
on faces of children who were to be painted after- [852]
wards by Moon. Singing ceased and another pipe
was handed to Moon, who turned the stem quite
around. Then, pointing the stem up over the fire,
he prayed and afterwards pointed it to the earth.
. . . One Spot sat at right of Moon and Three 796
Bulls at the left. One Spot now took off his shirt, 302
moccasins, leggings, and presented them all to 788
Moon, also a piece of tobacco. He retained only
his blanket, which he now wrapped around himself.
Moon renewed the songs, One Spot let the
blanket fall and sat upon it naked [with his
breechcloth on, I'm sure]. Moon took a piece of
fat meat and with many waves and signs from
altar to One Spot and all over the latter's body, he
handed to him, who rubbed it all over the head,
arms and legs and body then handed it to Moon,
who, after passing it all over his own body, passed
it to the left and it went around. Moon now took [522]
red paint and, with some signs, rubbed it on his
body, arms, legs and all, the others remarking with
laughter how fat he was. One Spot turned his back
and Moon rubbed paint all over it. One Spot's hair
was tied up over his head and Moon painted his
face all red. One Spot's son, a child of six or seven [852]
years, was brought forward and stripped to the
waist . . . painted by Moon. . . .

[p. 347-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

. . . No yellow was put around the top spot. 796
[The yellow represented daylight; Morning Star 788
was left black because he is not visible in the
daytime.]

Moon put an eagle feather in his own head 796
at back and gave directions to the assistant who 788
went out and, going around to back of lodge by 782 ●
east, took down the pole bearing the offering.
While he was out, Moon put a coal of fire in the
top spot and guided One Spot's hand to put the
stuff he had been mixing, and which he gave him,
upon the coal of fire [as incense], singing and
waving the hands to the coal fire [to take the
incense smoke]. They sang to the man outside to
come in, and brought in the offering and gave it
to Moon, who took it, praying, and laid it on the
sage brush. Moon now, with black paint mixed [302]
with grease in the palm of his hands, put a black
spot on the bridge of One Spot's nose, on each
cheek and on his chin and then made a broad
streak, or ring, around each wrist and ankle. Then [852]
the offering was waved by Moon on each side of
One Spot's head, back, and body; and a child was
brought up, face painted same way and wrists and
ankles, offering waved . . . also Potts' wife and
child, and Calf Robe. . . . Moon now guided
One Spot's hand with black paint to mark little
short stripes at the top and bottom of the blanket
of the offering. Moon always touched the bowl of
the pipe to ground before smoking it. Moon and
One Spot held up the offering there and singing,
an old man called off two coups and then another
old man called two. Towards the middle of the
songs they lowered top of offering to the altar
waving the points of feathers to the figures in
sand, and, at intervals, the squaws would let up a
yell. Finally, they with the feathers at top of offering,
sweep out the figures entirely, and Moon
then placed the sage in little bunches leading to
the door . . . assistant stood up and, carrying the
offering, Moon guiding his first step, walked out,
stepping upon the bunches of sage, of which
there were four. [The offering symbolically con-

[p.348-A]

*tained all the prayers, at this time, and was taken* 796
*out and tied to a tree or left amid rocks. The* 789
*bunches of sage were used to keep the bad Spirits,* 782●
*which was the purpose of this ceremony, from*
*remaining behind to trouble the occupants of the*
*lodge any further.*] *Tea and berries were now* [272]
*handed around. Ended at 5 p.m.* [262]

That ceremony was similar to our Nighttime 776
ceremonies of today, except that it ended after the details of the introduction were completed; there was no singing of transferred songs.

Here is an interesting excerpt from Wilson's [127]
notes on a ceremony that took place on July 28, 1891. It illustrates the earnestness and the faith of the participants.

> *A woman . . . entered the lodge . . . stating* 796
> *that a relative of the devotee's, a brother who* 302
> *was ill in an adjoining lodge, wished to partake of the sacred facial decoration. As the man was in an advanced stage of consumption the priest made no answer at first but grumbled in an undertone to the effect that people must think him possessed of superhuman power. After a moment's thought, he gave a reluctant consent and the sick man entered and was painted as the rest. . . .*
> *The priest afterwards explained to me that that* [751]
> *sick a man should not have requested the painting* [784]
> *of himself, because the immediate object of*
> *the sacred face-painting was to ensure good health* [771]
> *and long life to the participant; and that the painting of the face of a person who was visibly dying was in his eyes almost an act of sacrilege, hence his reluctance to make a mockery of a ceremony the efficacy of which he, the priest, firmly believed in.*

Wilson himself once used offerings in our 789
Old Way to overcome a problem. This story comes from Atsitsina.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 349-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
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346
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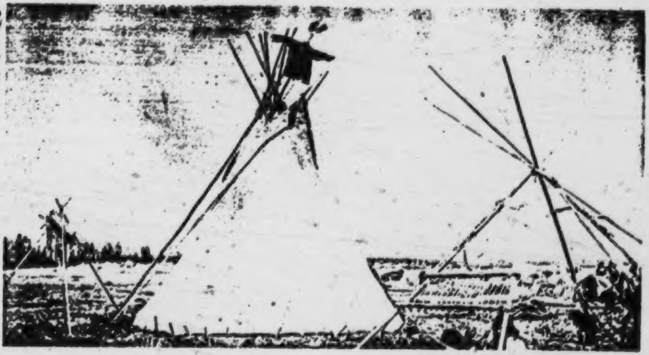

[575] The offering in place over the tipi while the ceremony is held inside. A Horns Society Bundle hangs from the tripod at the rear. (R.N. Wilson)

[p. 349-A]

*son took it—he never got off his horse—and he* 789
*faced toward Sun and he started to pray. He prayed just like an old holy man: "HiYo Sun—HiYo Moon! Help me, save my pigs. The one that is killing them has no pity, so I give you this offering. Please make them stop killing my pigs. . . ." My brother said he prayed really hard, and for a long time. When he finished he told my brother, "I give this to the Sun. Climb that tree and put it up there. They're not going to kill my pigs anymore!" When my brother finished he went home and told his wife and they were both really amazed at how Long-Faced Crow believed in the Indian Way.*

*The next day Wilson went out and counted his pigs; then he went over to my brother and he said, "The Sun heard me. I gave him something good and he helped me." After that, my brother said that nothing killed his pigs anymore.*

## NIGHTTIME CEREMONY ON THE PRAIRIE

"Oki, Napi, we will make a holy soup for you. 755
We have come to ask that you pray for our grand- 782 ●
mother, AnadaAki, while she is ill."

"Ah," answered the Old Man. "Yes, I will pray for her, and when she gets well, you will make the soup for me."

Thus we announced our vow to the Old [164]
Man, early one winter, after Grandma AnadaAki had suffered a heart attack. We asked him to use his influence with the spiritual powers by praying and by agreeing to lead a Nighttime ceremony, to give strength to Grandma in her effort to recover.

Some time passed after we made the vow. It 796
was late in the winter season. Grandma had been well for some time, but we waited for favorable
conditions before holding the ceremony. By then, [793]
because of his old age, the Old Man attended few of the Nighttime ceremonies and he hardly ever led them. Although he assured us that he was able and willing to lead this ceremony for us, we

21: Hungry Wolf  F-4,5  (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

Then, while we sat waiting for the others to 886
arrive, Atsitsina asked the Old Man, "Omach-Kinna [Old Man], why don't you tell our grandson the secret for reaching old age? Maybe he will tell me, and then I will become as old as you are."

The Old Man kept looking at the altar for a 791
time, then he began to speak: 787
852

*My parents took me to an old holy woman who had a lot of Power. She was the one who foresaw that I would reach old age. Her name was Otter Woman. She told my parents, "This boy will reach old age. I have foreseen it. But he will have to face a test right now to prove that he is the right one. Do you wish to risk his life to have him meet this test?" My parents had a lot of faith in that old woman's Power, so they told her, "Yes, go ahead."*

*I was only about five months old when all*
*this took place. The old woman began by piercing* [237]
*my ears with porcupine quills. Next, she buried*
*me under the earth; I was not told how deep, but*
*she must have left my face free so that I could*
*keep breathing. Then she built a fire of dry cot-* [372]
*tonwood sticks over my body. She told my parents* [824]
*that the Earth Powers would protect me from*
*harm if I was the one in her dreams. No harm*
*came to me. Then she bundled me up in blankets*
*and tied me into the branches of a tree. She and*
*my parents stood below and mourned for me as*
*though I were dead. She told them that from* [776]
*then on, the Spirits of death would be satisfied*
*and would not come to bother me with misfor-*
*tune. When they brought me down from the tree*
*she told my parents, "This boy has proved that he*
*is the one who will have the Powers I saw in my*
*dream. He will belong to Sun from now on. Sun*
*will care for him and he will have the Power to*
*help his People."*

*Then the old woman prayed: "Sun, I give* 791
*you this boy so that you will guide him like I* 852
304
782
787

[p. 352-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

*saw in my dream. Here is a part of him to prove* 791
*that we are sincere and that he will always remember* 852
*you." That old woman took out her* 304
*knife and cut off the end of my little finger from* 782
*my left hand, you can see where it is missing, and* 787
*she left the end of my finger out there on the
prairie as an offering. That is when I was first told
that I would have old age.*

After the Old Man's story, we sat quietly for 765
a while. Then Atsitsina remarked that he had not 783
yet been purified for the recent death in his family.
He could not attend a holy ceremony until he
symbolically cast the Spirit of death away from
himself. He asked me to step outside with him [824]
and to bring along a few leaves of sage from the
bunches by the altar. He had already taught me
what to do to purify someone in our Old Way. I [782]
rolled the sage leaves into a small ball between my palms and prayed, asking for help that Atsitsina may forget what has happened and go on with the Good Spirits again. Four times I prayed and asked the various Powers to give him strength and encouragement, and then I handed him the ball of sage. He prayed and brushed his body four times with it, then told the sage to take the evil from his body as he cast it away toward the east, the direction of the new day.

A truck arrived bringing SikskiAki's parents 796
and our two boys. Wolf Child quietly walked into [493]
the room and sat by me. The Old Man squinted
to see who it was, then greeted Wolf Child: [576]
"Ahhh, Makwi Poka, shake hands!" The Old Man was very fond of Wolf Child. The boy prayed enthusiastically and made hand signs while trying to sing along with our holy songs.

NinnaOnesta and his wife arrived with a box full of bowls, utensils, pipe and blankets, and two cushions—in case our seating proved uncomfortable. The Old Man gave NinnaOnesta a seat on the far left, where he usually sits to call out his raiding exploits.

[p. 353-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

By the time it was dark, all had arrived for 796
the ceremony, having been dropped off by young
relatives. In the Old Days, ten to twenty partici- [177]
pants could be expected for a Nighttime ceremony, but today only half as many showed up.

When all were seated, the relatives in the 796
kitchen started passing out the food. Each bowl 431
was filled with chunks of boiled meat, eggs, [262]
oranges, apples, rolls, and fresh-baked cookies.
Most of the food was to be taken home in paper [415]
bags for the Old People's grandchildren.

Each of us took a small piece of meat be- 796
tween our first two fingers. The Old Man handed 782
the incense tongs to the orderly, SikskiAki's young nephew, who took a coal from the wood stove and deposited it in the middle of the earth altar. The Old Man sprinkled sweetgrass on the coal, guided by my hand. As the sweet-smelling smoke rose he held his piece of meat into the air and began a prayer:

*HiYo holy Spirits, help us as we are gathered with you again. Hear our prayers tonight. Hear the songs that we will sing for you. Give us your Power and help our children and our grandchildren. . . .*

To conclude his prayer he placed the meat as an offering at the edge of the altar and said, "Oki, Earth Spirits, take this food and bless my life so that I will always have enough to eat." All of us joined him in praying out loud and we passed him our pieces of meat which he deposited as offerings to our Earth Mother.

Then we ate a little of the food before we took a break and went outside.

After we returned, we got settled to begin 796
the first part of the ceremony. Incense was made 788
first. Then the Old Man took some of the sage [824]
from in front of the altar and peeled the leaves
from the stems. He coated his hands with kidney [237]
fat and mixed it with sacred red earth. Then he [782]
rolled the leaves into a ball, all the while praying

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

to remind us of the Powers of Earth and all that 796
grows upon it. When the ball was ready, he 788
turned toward me and dropped it into my cupped [782]
hands. I rolled the ball between my palms and
then brushed it, slowly, twice down each side of [783]
my body, while praying to ask that the cleansing
Spirits of the sage purify my body and replace any
evil in it with the natural goodness of the Earth.
When I finished, I passed the sage sacrament to
the person at my left, and so it went around the
room. More incense was made, and then the [782]
young helper was instructed to go out and bring
in the offering. He covered himself with his blanket [292]
for this sacred duty, and went out to bring in
the holy object from its quiet, sacred resting
place.

The object represents the Spirits who are 796
with us, in our life here on Earth. Fastened to it 782
are symbols that recall to everyone the Powers of
the Universe. For instance, the frame of the offering 778
is made of two willow sticks tied together in [924]
the shape of a cross; the willows represent trees [823]
and bushes, as well as the material from which we
build our sweat lodges; and the cross the sticks are
tied in stands for the junction of the four sacred
directions, which is the place where we stand,
each of us, no matter where on this Earth we are.
Fastened on top of the cross, the willow stick tied [772]
to form a circle speaks for the roundness of our
Sun, our Moon, and our Universe, the sacred
circle in whose honor we arrange our lodges and
our camps. Fastened to the circle are seven black- [237]
and-white eagle feathers. Seven is our sacred [801]
number, as there are seven moons in each season,
and seven stars help us tell time at night and
remind us of all the other stars in the nighttime
sky; the feathers are black-and-white to remind us
of day and night, good and bad, life and death.
Bunches of sage are tied to the ends of the arms [824]
on the cross because sage is pure and holy in the
prairie-life of our Old Ways, and represents the
sacredness of all the plants on Earth. Black and
red pieces of cloth are tied to the arms of the
offering with buckskin thongs; the thongs remind

us of the animals that supply us with meat and 796
hides, just as the feathers remind us of the birds 782
that fly, and the cloth represents the life of the 778
People on Earth, red being for holiness and black
for victory. It is the People's gift to the Spirits of
nature.

Outside, the helper said, "Hoi"; he took 796
down the offering and stood toward the east, 782
holding it in his hand. The Old Man began a 533
song whose words tell that the sacred offering will
be brought in, in a holy way. After the song, everyone was quiet. Then we heard the signal from outside again. The Old Man began the same song again, everyone joining in this time. Four times we sang, each time the helper standing at one of the four directions to let all the Universal Powers have a symbolic look at the offering before it was brought inside. In Sun-wise direction he went around the house, and before the fourth song ended came inside and handed the offering to the Old Man.

The Old Man prayed with it, giving it a 796
spiritual welcome into the midst of our gathering, 302
then put it down. He rubbed kidney fat between 788
the palms of his hands, and took some sacred red
earth. The young man sitting holy took off his [778]
shirt and kneeled before the Old Man. The Old
Man sang the song for the red paint, while cover- [533]
ing the boy's face, shoulders, chest, arms, and
wrists with it, smearing the last over the boy's hair
in ceremonial blessing.

He wiped the red paint from his hands and
took the black paint pouch and a fresh piece of
kidney fat. Singing the song for the sacred black [533]
paint, he dipped two fingers into the pouch and
mixed the powdered charcoal with the grease in [778]
his palms, as though he were washing his hands with a bar of soap. With his blackened thumb he put a mark on the boy's temples, and his nose, then traced a black circle all the way around the boy's face, over the red paint. He also put black circles around the boy's wrists. The Old Man then told him to turn around in a Sun-wise direction to bless him with the offering, rubbing it

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 355-B]

21: Hungry Wolf     F-4,5     (ca. 1972) 1977     NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
782
291
302
142
778

Wilson's photo of his recorded "sacrificial ceremony," taken in the 1890s. The sponsor of the ceremony is holding up the second offering. The leader sits next to him. The altar in the foreground is different from the altars we make for this type of ceremony today. In the center is an earth-painted symbol of Sun, a crescent Moon, Sun Dogs on each side, and Morning Star above Sun. Bunches of sage lie on the ground. The incense tongs and paint bags lie next to the leader.

[p. 355-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

twice over each side of the boy's body. The boy 796
then put on his shirt and continued to sit holy. 302

Next, some of us came forward who wished 788
to have the Old Man's blessings by being painted. First went Grandma, the helper, and Mike Yellow Bull. Then Wolf Child and I went around the altar as the last ones to be painted.

After that, Mark Old Shoes told about four 796
sacred offerings he made in the past, as the Old 788
Man sang the fourth song of the ceremony. Dur- 782
ing the song the Old Man held the offering toward the east, calling out for Sun to see it, then tracing Sun's path to the west. He did that four times. Then he handed the offering to the boy next to him, who prayed with it and handed it to the pipe attendant, Mike Yellow Bull. He untied the offering and removed the cross-arm to which the cloth was attached. The cloth was spread out beneath the brass-studded tobacco cutting board. The rest of the offering was tied to the wall, above the Old Man's head.

One of the raw tongues was placed on a cloth in front of the Old Man. He took the right hand of the one sitting holy, dipped one finger into the black paint, and prayed while marking a line down the center of the tongue, doing this four
times. Next, the boy was given a knife and file to [412]
hold, while the Old Man guided him to symbolically sharpen one with the other. That constituted the asking and receiving of ceremonial permission for cutting the tongues and tobacco. When this was done, we took another break.

After this second break, we made incense 796
again, then filled the pipes from the large mound 788
of smoking mixture on the cutting board. The 276
largest pipe was filled first and handed to Atsitsina, who held it four times toward the incense, twice with the bowl-end and twice with the mouthpiece. One by one, the incensed pipes were then leaned against the large piece of dung, which had been secured to the right of the altar by three nails driven around it. Everyone was careful not to move the pipes resting this way because they were considered to be sitting holy.

Using the small pipe, the Old Man was the first to smoke. He asked me to take his blanket and cover his body from the top of his head down. The tobacco was lit with the glowing end

[P.355-8]

of a willow stick. He then blew offerings of smoke 796
to the Spirits who dwell in the Above, in the 788
Below, and on Earth. Everyone was very quiet,
for the Old Man was symbolically smoking with 276
the Powers of the Universe. He blew smoke in
various directions until all the tobacco in the bowl
had been smoked.

The main part of the ceremony was now 796
ready to be started. Incense was made, and the 788
Old Man held four rattles over the sweet smoke.
He shook the rattles, to prepare the Spirits for 533
singing, then passed them to the man who was [534]
farthest to the right. The others sang a song while
he prayed and told about one offering. In the
same way, each of the four men sang four rounds
of the song and called out four offerings.

The four men prayed for the other partici- [782] ●
pants, calling each one by name, and their fam-
ilies. As each one heard his name, he placed his [201]
hands on his chest, signifying that he was taking
the prayers to his heart.

When each man finished praying, he sang his 796
first four songs, representing the most Powerful 793
Medicines transferred to him during his lifetime. 778
Atsitsina and I were the only participants who 533
had not belonged to the Horns; our first songs
were for our Medicine Pipe Bundles. Medicine
Pipe Owners were allowed to sing four songs for
the Bundle they were keeping. Beaver Bundle
Owners could sing as many songs as they wished
for their Bundle. All others were allowed to sing
only one song for each sacred thing that had been
transferred to them, even if that object had a
great many songs.

As a current Medicine Pipe Owner, a special 796
ceremony was held at my turn to sing for the first 793
round. A blanket was spread to the left of the 783
altar. The Old Man sat to my left on the blanket. 533
A coal was deposited at the rear of the altar and I
held a pinch of sweet pine needles over the hot
coal, the Old Man's hand on top of mine. He
began with a prayer, then sang four Medicine
Pipe songs, slowly lowering my hand with the in-

142
114
796
276

Having a smoke after singing Medicine Pipe Songs: Atsitsina and me.

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Those who have sold our major Bundles, and
are still alive to tell about it, seldom come to our 425
Nighttime ceremonies. When they do, they usu- 439
ally sing the songs for what they sold, though 778
others feel that this is sacrilegeous, that no one 796
can benefit from the Spirit of a holy thing that
was given away for money.

The pipes were smoked continuously during 796
the rounds of singing. At the start of each round, 276
the first pipe was handed to the one sitting holy,
who presented it to the Old Man. The Old Man [782] ●
held the mouthpiece to the Above and prayed for
the boy and for those for whom the ceremony was
held.

During the next break we ate some raw kid- 796
ney and a bit of kidney fat, a delicacy among our 262
Old People. There was talking and joking while 264
we ate.

The next two rounds of singing were just like 796
the first two, but the songs representing sacred 533
articles not so Powerful as those sung about at 778

first. The songs were for Iniskims and Iniskim 796
necklaces, painted tipis, Sun Dance necklaces, for 533
the duties of Weather Dancers, for parts of 778
Beaver Bundles, and for lesser societies such as
the Crazy Dogs and Pigeons.

The Old Man started the third round with a 796
song about the Power of birds. During the song, 533
he waved his right hand in the air to resemble the
sailing of a bird. Most of our songs used to have 201
symbolic hand and body motions to accompany
them, but few of our People still know these or
bother to use them when they are singing. But
the ceremony was not yet over.

After the last song of the fourth round, 796
someone brought in a bowl with tongue taken 788
from the sacred blood soup. The eight pieces were 782
used to ask for blessings. The one who was sitting
holy took one piece from the bowl; taking and [262]
holding up that hand, the Old Man called out,
"Oki, Natosi, Sun, this is for you. SikskiAki and
Natosina promised to feed you this when they
asked you to help AnadaAki, and now they are
fulfilling their promise."

He lowered the boy's hand and let the piece drop at the edge of the altar. They took up another piece, which was offered to Moon in the same way. They did the same with a piece offered to Morning Star and a piece offered to Earth Spirits.

The remaining four pieces were held up, one at a time, in the same way, as the Old Man called out, "Oki, Sun, this young man is going to eat with you so that this meal will be holy. Give him your strength and guidance." He then pushed the piece into the boy's mouth, and it was eaten.

After the Old Man did this with the four 796
pieces of tongue, the boiling kettle filled with the 788
sacred soup was brought into the room. It had
been boiling all night long, from the time the 252
tongues had been cut up. The sacred soup is a [262]
mixture of tongue, serviceberries, and blood. The
pieces of tongue are first boiled in water. Then
the blood is mixed with flour to form a smooth

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

paste, which is stirred into the boiling water along 796
with the berries. A dark, creamy soup results. 788
Each person's wooden bowl that night was filled.

Incense was made for the last time, and each [252]
person held up a piece of tongue and prayed for [782]
strength and long life for ourselves and our families. Then we ate.

Three more "soups" were brought out— [262]
stewed apricots, rice and raisins, and stewed tomatoes. Four soups, one for each round of singing.

The Nighttime ceremony was over. Through the window came the first sign of the new day, a thin, light line separating the dark, starlit sky from the horizon. The songs were over, the pipes smoked out, the prayers all spoken; the People left for home, all as One and all happy.

□

On my way home, I paused on top of a hill 123
to watch Sun rise, breathing the universal air that 782
all of us must breathe, that makes us all a part of the Universe. To the never-ending Spirits of this Universe I gave my prayer of Good Thoughts:

*Okohe Natuyetuppi! HiYo! HiYo Natosi—HiYo KokomiKisoum—HiYo Ksachkomituppi! Now then, holy people! Hear me! Hear me Sun! Hear me Night Light! Hear me Stars! Hear me Earth Spirits!*

*HiYo all of you Holy Powers in the Universe. I am thankful to be able to see those holy mountains where I will soon be in body and Spirit. Help me to grow closer to you in this Way that I have been learning to live with all of you Powers who make up this Universe. Let me learn to be humble and to feel small so that I may see the greatness of your Powers, so that I may treat them with respect, and look to them for strength while living on Earth.*

*HiYo Natosi! Let me continue to see you as you make your daily path across the sky. Continue to let me see your light so that my path*

[p.358-A]

*will continue to be bright, so that I may see it well and not lose my Way along it. Let me continue to feel your warmth in my body so that I may have good health. Let me continue to feel your warmth in my heart so that my heart may be good to others, so that I may give that warmth to all whom I meet along my life's path.*

*HiYo Night Light! HiYo Stars! Let me have many more holy nights beneath you in the coming years of my life. Let me feel safe in your light. Let me look up at your vast home and feel the smallness of myself, so that my troubles and hardships may seem even smaller.*

*Okohe—HiYo all of you good Old People from the past, all of you who lived in a holy Way and have brought me to your Spirits. Continue to let me find your Spirits wherever I go. Let them continue to guide me along this path and inspire me to learn these good Old Ways. Let me continue to devote myself to your Spirits, continue to show me how to live, how to pray, how to sing your songs and dance your dances. Let me learn your sacred ceremonies. Let me learn all those holy Old Ways that will help me and my family to live a holy New Way on this Earth. Let me continue to share your Powers of Good Medicine with all those who wish to hear my words. Let those words continue to be inspired by your Spirits, you holy Old People. Come to my brothers and sisters and inspire them to live a holy life in harmony with nature. Inspire them to follow some of these holy Old Ways. Use your holy Powers to bring together those People who wish to live a holy life with your Spirits. Let those People join together as a spiritual family. Let me bring my family to join them, no matter where each of us may be in body. Keep us together in Spirit. Let us be as holy families. Let us be as holy tribes. Let us be a holy nation, all together. Kimatokit—Kimatokit! Hear me and help! Hear me and help!*

*Okohe—HiYo all of you Good Spirits in nature. Help us to live a holy life in harmony*

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

*with all of you. HiYo Earth Spirits! HiYo Earth Mother! Let us find that part of you where we can live this dream and follow these holy Ways. Let us live in our lodges on you in peace and happiness. Let us grow our food and our sacred tobacco in a holy Way. HiYo birds and animals! Let us learn to live as one with you. Let us learn your songs and your Ways so that we may use them in our own Way. Let us treat you with respect, and let us learn to give to you whenever we must take from you. HiYo trees and flowers. Let us learn to know each one of you and give us your help as we learn to live in harmony with you. HiYo mountains! Let us climb your heights and let us find our sacred visions there, visions that will keep our Spirits as high as you are.*

123
782

*Okohe—HiYo holy Pipes, HiYo Good Medicines! Let us learn to know your Spirits and Powers so that we may use them to give strength to the holy life we wish to live with you. Help us to share those Spirits and Powers with all those who wish to share them with us. Let our good Old People continue to teach us what they know about you, and about all of you Good Spirits, and let us continue to treat you in a holy Way so that our Old People will continue to be with us in happiness. Let the holy Spirits of your sacred past live again in sacred ceremonies, sacred songs, sacred dances, sacred lodges, and in the sacred minds of many young people who are looking for*

[p.359-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

123
782

*a sacred Way of life. Forgive us if we make mistakes as we try to learn this holy new life with you Holy Ones from the past. Let us know that we are doing the right thing by giving us success and happiness, by letting us raise our children with success and happiness, by letting us treat our Old People with goodness so that they can share our success and happiness. Let us learn to use your holy Old Ways with respect and goodness, not for personal glory or power, but for the good of all our brothers and sisters who walk this Earth in search of that sacred path that will lead them to a holy life in peace and harmony. Let this be one of the Ways to peace and harmony on this Earth, and let those of us who follow it learn to make it a good and holy Way. Let each of us know how many steps we should take as we go along this Way, and let us know when we should pause in order to feel the fullness of what we are learning. Let us learn not to criticize each other for the method which we use to travel along this Way, as long as it is holy, nor for how far each of us travels, as long as we stay holy and cause no harm to one another. Let us reach old age with happiness.*

*That is what I say in my prayer. Hear me! Let me meet with all of you again, and in happiness.*

*I am Natosina*

[p.359-B]

[p.360 is blank]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

could pray directly to the Spirits of Nature. We went around the museum building, stopping at each of the Four Sacred Directions to pray. Some distance behind us followed two of the museum officials, while plain-clothes guards remained farther away. After the fourth stop Many Grey Horses and his wife took their Bundle directly to our car. We explained our purpose to the amazed museum officials, who made no effort to stop us. Shortly we were headed south, joyfully bringing the ancient Bundle back home. 778 796 425

Four times we stopped on the way home with the Long-Time Pipe to make offerings of sacred berries and tobacco. Many Grey Horses prayed fervently that the sacred Bundle should never again leave our People. He asked it to stay and help the People through these trying times, and to remind them of the ancient Powers that gave strength to our ancestors of the long-ago. 778 425 [782]

There was much joy among the People when the news was heard—everyone was thankful for the Bundle's return. Old Bob Black Plume came out of semi-retirement to lead the ceremony for its opening, as he has done each time since. People from far and wide came to see the sacred Pipe and to receive its blessings. Several hours were required just to paint those who had come for that reason. Surely here was physical proof of the spiritual Powers that dwell in the Land of the Bloods—from the days of dogs, through the days of horses, and into the age of modern cars and airplanes, the Medicine Pipe has held the People together. [182]

[p.364-B]

22: Wissler & Duvall E,I-5 (1902-1907) 1908
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

539

Bull, "you see there are a great many eagles inside and outside. Take your choice." The man chose those on the outside. "Now," said Eagle-Bull, "I will give you this power also." So he transferred it to him. He said, "You must kill a coyote and use it for bait; when so used, you must turn the head to the sun and the feet to the north. (Before this time, antelopes were used.) Before you go into the trap, you must sing my song, and, standing on the south side, call out, inviting the wolf to eat and smoke; also the ravens, the crows, the magpie, the eagle, and other birds, to come and get something to eat.[1]" Now when Spider did all this he caught many eagles.[2]

Now, some time after this, Spider got power from a magpie.[3] He fed the magpie's children, and they told him to go to that place to trap. So the next year he said to his wife, "We shall go back to the place and trap eagles and feed the magpie-children." So they started. The All-Comrades tried to stop him, but he told them that he was only going after some arrows and would soon come back. As soon as he was out of sight, he went over to the place, caught many eagles, and returned to camp. Two days after he had done this, he was caught by a man who wished to sell a medicine-pipe.[4] The object of his selling was to find out where the man caught his eagles. Spider had many good horses; so he said, "There are my horses and some good travois-dogs, you can have them for the pipe." "Oh!" said the seller, "I do not want such things for the medicine-pipe. I do not want anything like that. I will just give it to you. But there are two things I want to know. I want to know where eagles are caught, and how to get them. I just want to know something about them. Don't give me all the power for eagle-catching; keep some of it for yourself. You may need it. I should like to know the place for three years." "Well," said Spider," you can use it four years." "All right," said the man.

So when autumn came Spider showed the medicine-pipe man the place, how to catch eagles, and fixed him up. They stole out of camp so that no one would follow them. "Now," said he, "you must feed the magpie-children. They are the ones that helped me. If they are gone, you must put food for them anyway. In the winter you must put food in the brush to feed their children."

Now the ridge where this happened is called "Praying for Medicine" (si'kăpis'tăni).

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[1] The names given to the birds in this invitation call are descriptive of their feathers, and not the usual names of the birds. A similar mode of speaking is often employed in prayers to the spirits of former medicine-men and other distinguished men.

[2] Eagle-Bull just saw the medicine head-dress. It was not given to him because he did not kill his wife, as directed. He did offer some of the woman's skin after the dog was refused. I forgot to tell you that at the time. — NARRATOR'S NOTE.

[3] This was given as an additional incident, and does not refer to the incident from which Medicine-Hat is said to have received its name.

[4] This refers to a ceremonial procedure by which a man is forced to receive by transfer important medicine-bundles.

182

### PROGRAM BY DAYS.

796 *First Day.* The program opens with moving camp to a site previously
[785] selected. On the morning of this day, the medicine woman begins to fast,
which may be taken as the real beginning of the ceremony. If the ceremony
[782] of "cutting the tongues" has not been previously performed or completed,
[533] it is now in order. In any event, the father and any male assistants he may
[343] choose to invite, spend a part of the day in "praying and singing over the
tongues." A society brings in willows and a hundred-willow sweathouse is
built.

*Second Day.* In the morning, the camp moves again to a site still
[824] nearer that proposed for the sun dance. A few green boughs of cottonwood
[343] are kept around the base of the medicine woman's tipi as a sign of its sanctity.
[782] A sweathouse is made, as on the previous day. "Praying and singing over
[533] the tongues" continues during the day and evening.

*Third Day.* The same as the second day.

*Fourth Day.* The camp moves again; this time to the site of the sun
[343] dance. In the afternoon, the fourth and last hundred-willow sweathouse
[533] is built and used. The singing continues during the evening in the medicine
woman's tipi.

*Fifth Day.* This is an active day.[1] The various bands cut and drag in
the poles and green cottonwood boughs to be used in constructing the
dancing lodge. The center, or sun pole, is selected and brought in with the
ceremonies pertaining thereto. During the day, the holes for the posts are
dug and the sides of the dancing lodge put in place and prepared for the
raising at sunset. A wind-break is erected at the west side, facing the forked
[756] end of the sun pole. Later in the day, some medicinemen take up their
[782] stations here to receive offerings to the sun and place them on the pole. In
the forenoon, the ceremony connected with the opening of the natoas
bundle begins in the medicine woman's tipi. This is completed by the middle
of the afternoon when there is a procession from the tipi to the wind-break
[431] facing the sun pole. The thongs for the poles are cut. While these are
[735] taking place, some food is distributed among the poor people. Those
[782] women, who, during the past season, promised "to come forward to the
tongues" now fulfil their vows by public declarations addressed to the
setting sun. The pole raisers then approach from the four quarters, erecting

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[1] As in many other cases, there is a difference of opinion as to what was, or is, the correct schedule. Some maintain that the timber and sun pole are brought in on the fourth day and the fifth day given over to the erection of the dancing lodge only. This is, however, a matter of no great moment.

first the sun pole and then the rafters, with as much speed as possible. The 782
medicine woman then returns to her tipi and the father with his male
companions goes into a sweathouse.

*Sixth Day.* In the morning, a booth is erected in the dancing lodge for the medicinemen, or weather dancers. Later in the day, they approach, with processions made up of their respective bands, and take their places in the booth. At various times during the day, they dance to the sun. People also come up to be painted and prayed for. As a rule, the medicine-pipes are brought out for these men to bless and smoke. During the after- [535]
noon, the "digging dance" occurs, when the fireplace is made and the fire [364]
kindled.

*Seventh Day.* People still come to be painted or prayed for by the
medicinemen. Later in the day, the dancing of the societies begins. [535]

*Eighth Day.* The dancing may continue on this day; otherwise, camp [535]
is broken and the bands go their several ways. The dancing may continue
several days, there being no definite time for closing the ceremony. Indeed, to the Blackfoot mind, the really vital part of the ceremony closes on the evening of the fifth day. The dancing of the societies is free to take its course as the various organizations see fit. In former times, however, it was customary to break camp any time between the seventh and tenth days.

According to our information, the four camps of the medicine woman 796
was the rule in olden times and a hundred-willow sweathouse was made at 178
each camp. In recent times, but two moves seem to have been made; the first day marking the move from the regular home camp to the temporary one where the second day is also spent. But one of the hundred-willow sweathouses is now made — the one on the third day. Also, where formerly [343]
they used the ordinary type of sweathouse, at the close of the fourth day, the men now return to the hundred-willow sweathouse. The time then was "when the service berries are ripe", perhaps August, instead of Fourth-of-July week, as in recent years.[1] Even the fast is much abbreviated, usually [785]
but of two days' duration.

## THE VOW.

The most important functionary in the Blackfoot sun dance is a woman, 796
known among the whites as the medicine woman, and upon a clear compre- 773
hension of her functions and antecedents depends our understanding of the ceremony itself. Accordingly, we shall proceed with as complete an exposi-

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[1] See Grinnell, George Bird, *Blackfoot Lodge Tales* (New York, 1903). 264, for program. [113]

796 tion of her office as the information at hand allows. In the first place, a
793 sun dance cannot occur unless some woman qualifies for the office. On the
other hand, it was almost inconceivable that there should be a summer in
which such a qualification would not be made. This attitude of our informants
796 implies that public opinion had sufficient force to call out volunteers
793 against their own wills. There was a feeling that an annual sun dance was,
626 from a religious and ethical point of view, necessary to the general welfare,
for which some individual ought to sacrifice personal comfort and property
to the extent required by custom. As we shall see later, this was no small
price to pay for a doubtful honor. This feeling was sure to express itself
in the subtle ways peculiar to Indian society, if need be, to the direct suggestion
of a candidate who in turn felt impelled to come forward as if prompted
entirely from within.

796 As a rule, however, the woman qualifies by a vow. Oftimes, when a
782 member of the family is dangerously ill, one of the women goes out of the
tipi and raising her eyes to the sun calls upon it that health may be restored
793 to the ailing one. In such an appeal she offers to make gifts to the sun,
usually specifying that she will sacrifice a piece of cloth, a dress, a robe, an
ax, etc., which are after a time, provided the sick one improves, hung in
trees or deposited upon a hill. Such appeals are still made with great
frequency. It is believed that unless the woman has been industrious,
truthful, and above all, true to her marriage vows, her appeal will not be
answered. Sometimes, when the woman addresses the sun she promises
to be the medicine woman at the next sun dance. She herself may be ill
and promise such a sacrifice in case she receives help. Again, she may, out
of gratitude for the satisfactory way in which her prayers have been answered,
announce her intention to take this step. In such a case, a formal
announcement is made to the sun. In company with a man, usually a
[756] medicineman experienced in the ceremonies, she steps out into the camp,
where they face the sun whom the man addresses, explaining that as this
woman asked for help in time of need and that inasmuch as it was granted,
she in turn promises to be the medicine woman at the first opportunity.
Some such formal announcement is made in every case where the prayers
have been answered. By this formality, the vow receives public registry.

As indicated above, the prayers are not always granted. In such cases,
the promises are not only not binding, but to proceed with the sun dance,
or to take a secondary part in it, would be to the detriment of all concerned.
[784] The fault is said to lie in the woman's life and that only the wrath of the sun
would be invoked by her participation in the ceremonies.

It may be asked if a man can make such a vow. He may and does often
call upon the sun, promising gifts of property or even scalps and may promise

to furnish the material support for a wife, mother, sister, or in fact any woman 796
who will come forward to perform the ceremony. Thus, a Blood chief 782
once told us that he had been very ill all winter; that he had tried all kinds 793
of doctors without relief, until he was stripped of all his property. At last,
he recovered and then made a vow that with the help of his wife he would
give the sun dance. This he did, but, as he expressed it, "with great diffi- [735]
culty because he was then poor and did not receive adequate help from his
relatives."

Again, it must be noted that women who do not feel equal to the responsi- 796
bility of the medicine woman's office, make a vow to announce publicly their 782
virginity or faithfulness to their marriage vows, as the case may be, though 793
for an unmarried woman to make such a pledge is the exception. This is 837
spoken of as "the going forward to the tongues," the full meaning of which
will appear later. The manner and occasion of making this vow are in most
respects similar to the preceding. At a certain stage of the sun dance
proceedings, all the women who made such a promise to the sun, come
forward and make their statements subject to the challenge of any man
present. This bears some resemblance to the virginity tests of the Dakota, [171]
but applies more particularly to married women and marital virtue than
otherwise.

Naturally, the number of women making promises of this kind was much greater than for the more important ceremony. Thus, we have a custom of calling upon the sun in time of need which is an almost universal practice, a more restricted form of such appeal peculiar to women in so far that sexual morality is a necessary qualification, the more specific vow of "going forward to the tongues", and the exceptional vow to perform the medicine woman's functions at the sun dance, a fair illustration of the way in which most complex folk ceremonies are supported by a pyramid of less and less differentiated practices.

In passing, it should be noted that when the vow is made to perform 796
the medicine woman's functions, it is literally an obligation to purchase 782
a natoas bundle, or if already the owner of a bundle, to perform its ritual.[1] 793
A woman may own more than one of these bundles at a time; indeed, we 432
have heard of a woman purchasing new ones at several, successive sun
dances. This purchase is a fundamental feature in all bundle ceremonies
to which the sun dance bundle offers no exception.

On the other hand, the vow means more than the mere purchase of a
bundle. We are told that the requirement as to virtue holds strictly for the [837]
vow and the tongue ceremony. A woman can buy a natoas in the ordinary

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[1] This series, volume 7, 215.

796 sense and have it transferred with the ritual even though she has not been
782 true to her husband. We are reminded that Scabby-round-robe's wife[1]
793 was not true to her former husband and that when her husband received a
432 beaver bundle there went with it a natoas and accessories; but that while
837 she could use them by virtue of her relation to a beaver bundle, she was not
competent to make a vow and initiate a sun dance.[2] This is consistent with the tradition that the natoas was once bought from a beaver bundle by a woman who gave the sun dance for that year and used instead of a wreath of juniper as in former ceremonies. It also throws some light on the relation of the natoas to the beaver and the sun dance rituals.

### CEREMONY OF THE TONGUES.

796 While it is obvious from the preceding, that the medicine woman takes
782 her vow at no fixed period in the year, the order of procedure is such that as
793 a rule, she must have taken her vow not later than the spring of the year in
which the sun dance occurs. There is no absolute prohibition to qualifying at a later time, as is often the case at present when the consent of the Indian Agent must be obtained before the ceremony is permitted, but the normal order seems to be as just stated. Any way, in the spring, the medicine woman calls upon her relatives for buffalo tongues (in recent years, those of cattle). These are then saved as requested. In passing, it may be noted
[602] that in all ceremonies, the persons upon whom the burden of responsibility
falls have not only an inherent right to call upon their blood relatives, but these in turn are under obligations to respond. The number of tongues required is uncertain, some informants claiming that there should be an even hundred, others, that four to five full parfleches was the standard.
[252] Naturally, in recent years, the number has been much less. These tongues
[251] are to be sliced, parboiled, and dried like meat. The slices, however,
must be perfect, without holes, and come from the interior of the tongue.

The slicing of these tongues appears to have been the first ceremony of the cycle. It is conducted by a man, usually the father, who formally announced the woman's vow and who conducts all the ceremonies in which

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[1] This series, vol. 2, 83.

[2] For example, we were told that some few years ago the widow of Spotted-eagle took the part of the medicine woman and borrowed a natoas from the mother of Curly-bear. Recently (1911), the latter died. Then the former claimed the natoas on the grounds that she had paid full value for it at the time and that she had now the most right to it. Curly-bear consented. Then, after an interval, this woman transferred it to the wife of —— who made no vow to give the sun dance, for it was generally known that the reputation of the new owner permanently disqualified her for the function of medicine woman.

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the medicine woman takes part. There is no stipulation that the same man 796
must direct all parts of the ceremony, but, by custom, this office is performed 782
annually by the same man so long as he is physically capable. To this 793
ceremony are called the medicine woman, the women who have promised to "go forward to take the tongues", and sometimes those having previously performed these functions.

The manner of formally registering the vow and of collecting the tongues is stated as follows:—

Now the woman who made the vow calls on a man and woman who
have been through the medicine lodge ceremony to announce it. The man [302]
and woman come to her tipi and paint her clothes and face and those of [782]
the relative for whom the vow was made with red paint. Prayers are
offered for them and a few songs sung. After this, the four stand in front [533]
of the tipi and the man announces the vow. He says, "Sun, she is going to make a sun lodge for you. I think you and those who are above can hear what is said." Then they move in turn to the south, west, and north side of the tipi, repeating the same words at each stop and finally enter the tipi.

In the spring of the year, when the people run buffalo, the woman has 796
her tipi a little towards the front or center. It may be that she is only [793]
with one of the bands, while the rest are camped elsewhere. Her tipi
stands alone a little to the west of the others. The people are then notified that the tongues are to be given to the woman. Her husband mounts his horse and sets out, taking a pipe and tobacco, but no weapons with him. When he finds a man butchering, he sits down on a robe, fills his pipe, prays
for those present, and smokes with them. The butcher cuts out the tongue, [824]
wipes it off with sagegrass, and places it near the man, who has spread some [237]
buffalo dung with sagegrass on top of it in a row before him. The tongues
are placed on the sage and dung. The man then takes the tongues and rides to where the next man is butchering and goes through the same procedure. After he has gathered up all the tongues he takes them home. Each time buffalo are killed the man rides out to gather in tongues until he has accumulated a hundred.

The tongues having been collected, an important ceremony follows with 796
their boiling and slicing. An experienced man and woman are invited to 782
direct; these are spoken of as the father and the mother. Also, all the 252
women having made a vow "to go forward to the tongues" are invited. In addition, a number of women and men familiar with the ceremonies are called. The woman making the vow (the daughter) and her husband (the son) sit at the back of the fire; next to the former, sits the mother and then the other women; next to the latter, sits the father and then the men in order.

796 782 252 The men sit on the north side and the women on the south. At the proper moment, the mother brings in the tongues, passing around to the south side, and lays them in rows on a half rawhide back of the fire. All the women having made vows are now called upon to slice the tongues. Their husbands must be present.

796 252 [783] The tongues are slit open and the women are invited to slice and boil them. When all the guests are present, one of the tongues is taken and painted black on one edge and red on the other, and given to the woman who made the vow. The rest of the tongues are handed to the women for skinning and slicing; if there were more tongues than women, each was given more than one to slice. After all the women have the tongues, the woman with the painted tongue makes a confession, saying, "Sun, I have been true to my husband ever since I have been with him and all my life. Help me, for what I say is true. I will skin this tongue without cutting a hole in it or cutting my fingers."

[783] The next woman also makes a confession, and so on. After all have confessed, they commence to skin the tongues. As the first woman takes up the knife, the song runs: "A sharp thing I have taken; it is powerful." The knife is painted, one half red, the other black. Should any of the women cut a hole in the tongue skin or cut their fingers, it is a sign that they must have lied and they are ordered from the tipi. At the outset, each woman carefully examines her tongue to see if the skin is perfect. Should a hole be found, the tongue is passed to the director who marks it with black paint. After the tongues are all skinned and sliced, they are passed back to the woman who distributed them and placed in a wooden bowl. The skins of the tongues are tied in bunches with sinew so that they can tell to which woman the skins belong.

[531] 796 The skins are to be boiled by two women. Two sticks are given to one woman and one to the other. All this time singing is going on. The woman who has the two sticks paints them black, while the woman who has the other, paints it red. The three sticks are tied together at one end and are used as a tripod for hanging the kettle in which the skins of the tongues are to be boiled. The legs of the tripod, the wooden kettle hook, and all other sticks are painted half in red and half in black. Also, the kettle is marked with four vertical bands of black and four of red. The four blunt sticks for stirring the pot are painted in pairs, red and black. A red and black painted stick is slipped through the bail, passed around to the north of the tipi, and handed to the two women. During all these movements there is praying and singing. The women each take hold of one end of the stick and go for water.

[782] They make four pauses on this journey, each time praying to the sun and

asserting their marital rectitude and recounting such occasions as they have been improperly approached by a man. All this time, the father and his assistants sing in the tipi. One of the women takes a cup, makes four movements with it and dips the water. At this moment the song runs:— 796 [782] [533]

"The water that I see.
Water is sacred."

On the return, the women make four pauses as before. When the pail is finally within the tipi, incense is burned between the fireplace and the door and the pail held in the smudge. The father takes up the board upon which some of the tongues lie and while holding it up in one hand, shakes the cup about in the water, meanwhile making a noise like the buffalo, finally striking the pail a blow with the cup. Here the song runs:— [533]

"Buffalo will drink."

This may be taken as marking one stage of the ceremony. The boiling of the tongue is now in order. When all is ready, the father starts the songs in the next series. The two women hook the kettle on the tripods and while the kettle is heated, there are other songs and incense burned and the song runs:— 796 252 [533]

"Where I (buffalo speaking) sit is sacred."

While the water boils, the director takes up a tongue, holds it above the kettle, lowers it slowly, making a noise as if something were drinking. After this, the women place the tongues in the kettle and proceed with the boiling. Here or elsewhere, songs accompany the ceremonial acts. The pot must not boil over.

When the tongues have cooked, the two women rise and stand by the fire as the songs begin. At the proper moment, they remove the kettle and place it on the spot where the smudge was made. First, they take out the painted tongues and then the others. The father takes up a small piece, singing:— 796 252 533

"Old Man (sun), he wants pemmican.
He wants to eat.

Old Woman (moon), she wants back fat.
She wants to eat.

Morningstar, he wants broth.
He wants to eat."

796 Then the painted tongue is passed to the daughter. Now, each of the
women tears off a bit of the tongue skin and all hold up the pieces and
[782] pray. After the prayers, the pieces are placed in the earth and the tongues
are hung up to dry. First, the rope is taken up and a song sung. The
woman who made the vow, rises and ties one end of the rope to the tipi
pole on the north side and the other end to the tipi pole on the south side,
a little to the west of the fireplace. All the tongues, both painted and unpainted, are hung on this rope.

[824] During all these ceremonies there is no regular smudge. The smudges
are made with sweetgrass on the grass near the rear of the tipi. The
tongues are left to hang for two days before they are taken down to be
[262] cooked. When the tongues have been hung, all return to their homes, the
[778] women taking the tongue skins with them for their relatives to eat, as
they are considered to be blessed and supposed to bring good luck.

[777] After two days, all meet again in the same tipi. The two women who
796 went for the water place the tripods over the fire and while songs are sung,
252 the pot is passed to them with the red painted sticks. The two women,
each holding one end of the stick, go for water, praying on the way. When
they return to the tipi a smudge, over which they hold the bucket of water,
is made between the door and the fireplace. Then the bucket is placed
beside the smudge. While the others sing, the woman who made the vow
rises and first takes the painted tongue and then the others from where they
were hung. They are then placed on a buffalo hide and the woman returns
to her place. Four women sit down near the tongues; each one takes a
[533] tongue, one of which is the painted one. Kneeling and swaying their bodies
in time with the songs, they sing the buffalo songs. The painted tongue
is placed in the kettle first and a song is sung. "When buffalo go to drink;
it is powerful. Where buffalo sit is powerful (natojiwa)." Then the rest
of the tongues are placed in the pot which is hooked on the tripod over the
fire. Songs are sung and four sticks, about the length of the forearm, for
stirring the tongues, are placed where the tongues were first placed. One
of the cooks takes a pair of the sticks and stirs the tongues with them.
When removing the tongues from the kettle they are held between two of
these sticks.

796 Another song, called the song of rest is sung, and all rest for a time and
533 smoke. When the tongues are cooled, another song is sung, the two cooks
rise, and taking the pot, place it over the smudge place near the door.
To the singing of songs, the painted tongue first, and then the others, are
[262] taken out and placed on half a rawhide. The soup is poured into wooden
[415] bowls and distributed among those present. No tin cups must be used
in drinking this soup. While all sing, the woman who made the vow rises

and first takes the painted tongue and then all the others and hangs them 796 [533] up as before. This ends the ceremony.

Two days later, the same participants are called together to the same tipi and the woman rises and takes first the painted tongue and then the others from where they were hung. A parfleche is brought and a buffalo song [533) sung: "Buffalo I take. Where I sit is powerful." The painted tongue and then the others are placed on the parfleche. Wild peppermint is put [263) in with the tongues, the parfleches are tied up and placed at the rear of the tipi. Sometimes tongues are dried in front of the tipi on a stage made by [251] setting up two travois with a lodge pole tied between them.

The man and woman who lead the ceremony must not have any metal [823] about them. Brass rings, earrings, and all such trinkets must be taken off. [301] Nor must there be any knives in the vicinity. Even the knives with which [784] the tongues are cut are taken out. No one must spit in front of him, but always close to the wall under the beds. If they do, it will rain. No water [821) is brought into the medicine lodge and when water is brought, it is covered. The only time when it is permitted to eat or drink is before sunrise and after sunset. They must be given food by the instructors. The prayers in this [782] ceremony are prayers for good luck for everyone in the camp.

This closes the preliminaries to the ceremonies leading to the sun dance 796 and may be designated as the cutting of the tongues. As in most other cases, 178 there seems to have been considerable variation in this procedure, both as to time and order. Certainly, for a number of years, it has been much abbreviated. As implied in the program, this ceremony may be performed on the first day. The gathering of tongues was dependent upon circumstances and after the days of the great buffalo drives was a matter of gradual accumulation. Thus, it was explained, that by necessity, the "cutting" was often repeated, though naturally with less ceremony.

The parfleches containing tongues are kept in the medicine woman's 796 tipi where they are "prayed and sung over" during the first and second days 178 of the program. The underlying thought seems to be that they are consecrated to the sun.

In the procession of the fourth day, the parfleches are carried behind the medicine woman by her attendants. In former years, these were the women who had promised "to go forward to the tongues." They are present at the ceremony in the medicine woman's tipi and may be said to be in attendance during the entire fasting period. At the time indicated in the 796 program, the parfleches are opened and the women in turn step out with 782 some of the dried tongue, face the west, and each holding up a piece, address the sun then nearing the horizon. They declare their innocence of adultery, as at the time of making the vow and cutting the tongues. They also

796 [782] pray for themselves and their relatives after which they distribute dried tongue among them. Finally, there is a general distribution of tongues among the people.

796 837 783 However, there is another aspect of their appearance at this point. The Blackfoot assume that many women have at one or more periods of their lives been invited by a man to commit the offence and that often the occasion is one of great temptation or calls for great presence of mind and will power. Now, when addressing the sun, if so approached, the woman narrates the circumstances, naming the men committing the offence, and recounts the manner of her refusal. In naming the offender, they usually say, "I suppose he hears what I say." These women are also subject to challenge of their having committed adultery. It will be seen from this that the part they take in the ceremony is an ordeal for which most women have little liking and one which they will not undertake lightly. The Blackfoot, themselves, regard it as one of the most solemn occasions in the ceremony. So far as we could learn, no one now living was ever present when one of these women was challenged, but the naming of men who were guilty of improper advances was not unusual.

796 793 A retrospect of the concept of the tongues indicates that the entire ceremony, or their association with the medicine woman and those who are sexually pure, gives them a potency that may be acquired by eating. They seem most closely associated with sexual purity since they are less primary in the function of the medicine woman than in case of those who "go forward," the former being required to possess many virtues, the latter [785] but one. While the medicine woman fasts and keeps to her tipi, the others do not.

## THE MEDICINE WOMAN.

We shall now give our attention to the medicine woman. As previously stated, she is in most respects the central figure in the whole ceremony, around whom centers its more serious and solemn aspects. On the fifth day, an elaborate ritual is demonstrated in her tipi, culminating in the [778] procession to the dancing lodge. To this ritual belongs a medicine bundle with accessories, known as the natoas, though the name is primarily that [432] of the headdress which the bundle contains. This bundle is transferred in the ritualistic way to the medicine woman by the ceremony and thus becomes hers to care for and guard until used again at another sun dance ceremony. The ritual and the bundle have been discussed in detail in Volume 7 of this [292] [301] series. In addition to the contents of the bundle, there must be a special robe of elkskin, a dress of the same material, and wristlets of strong elk teeth.

796 533 where I sit." To throw the dung off into the fire is a sign that enemies will be conquered.

539 237 Four songs are now sung for the muskrat skin used to wipe the faces of the man and woman: "Man says, my medicine, I am looking for. I have found it." The skin is taken up. Two songs are sung for the parfleche with tongues in it. It is taken up very slowly and the singing continues during all the movements made with it. It is held over the smudge and placed to one side, the cords untied, and the tongues taken out and distributed to all who are now in the tipi. The two medicine-men and women also eat. The song when first taking up the parfleche is: "Buffalo [782] [262] I am powerfully starting. It is powerful where I sit." When undoing the cords the words are: "Buffalo I take some." When the first tongue is taken out, a little piece is held up by everyone, prayers are said, the small pieces are placed on the ground, and they begin to eat them.

Seven songs for the eagle tail feather with which the sun is supposed to have brushed off the scar from Scar-face's face and is supposed to be the feather brought down from the sun by Scar-face follow: "Old man says, hand me a feather." The feather is passed to the man. Another song follows: "Old man says he wants a hundred feathers. Old woman wants different kinds of feathers." Seven more songs are sung, the words of some of them are: "This man says that above have seen me. It is powerful. The ground I see is powerful. Old man, says, white buffalo robe I want. Old woman, says, Elk I want. Old man says, don't fool me. Old woman says, don't fool me." The meaning of this is to be sure and give them what they ask for, that is, offerings made at the sun dance to the sun, moon, etc.

796 533 539 Seven songs are sung before they take up the rattles and the rawhide and five songs for the raven. At this time, the man takes hold of one of the rattles by the ball part touching it to the ground, while he holds the end of the handle straight up. The raven songs are: "Raven says, buffalo I am looking for; buffalo I take. The wind is our medicine. The brush is our home. Buffalo I take." The man pecks the rattle handle with one finger on both sides and crows. Then they begin to beat the rattles on the rawhide and shake them in a circle once.

Now seven songs are sung for the smudge which is made of a species of fungus that grows on a kind of willow. The songs: "Old man says, all right, may my lodge be put up. Old woman says, all right may my lodge be put up or built." These words mean that the sun and moon are speaking and want the sun dance lodge built without any accidents.

The next songs are for the natoas bundle which is not opened. The songs: "Old man comes in, he says, I am looking for my bonnet. I have found it. It hears me. It is medicine." The old woman sings and uses the same words in her songs. There are six of these bonnet songs. The songs for the badger skin follow: "The man above hears me; he is powerful. The ground is my home; it is powerful." There are four songs for the badger. The badger skin and other things are not handled, the songs about them are simply sung. The songs for the natoas are: "Old man says I am looking for my bonnet. I have found it: it is powerful." The woman then sings a song with the same words, which is followed by a song about the stone arrow points on the natoas. There is a song for everything which makes up the bonnet which is as follows: the leather band, the blue paint on the band, the stuffed weasel skin tied crosswise on the bonnet, the weasel tails hanging from the bonnet, two feathers in front, and two behind, two plumes on each side of the bonnet, a flint arrow point, a buffalo calf tail, a snipe, and a small doll the head of which is

796 Being a good and true woman, like all others who give the sun dance,
793 she spurned him. Next day she told her husband the whole story. He
837 was very angry. He was not satisfied with the confession she made, but
783 suspected that she must have given the young man some encouragement.
So when all the medicinemen and women had come into the tipi to rehearse the songs as usual, he made a statement of these suspicions and as he had two wives, he proposed to have them change places.

[756] The medicinemen pleaded for the first wife because they believed her innocent, but the husband was obdurate. So the second wife was called in to take the place. Then the first wife said, "It was I who saved this man's life when he was ill. I made the vow to give the sun dance and he got well. I have suffered much in fasting, all for him. Now he disgraces me before all the people. But I will put my virtue to a test. If I am true, I have already acquired power."

[782] She filled a pipe, went outside and standing now on the east side of the
tipi, then on the south, the west, and the north, she addressed the sun.
[821] The day was clear, but soon after the woman entered the tipi, thunder was
[789] heard. A storm came down with hail and blew over many tipis. But in
spite of these proofs, her husband was obdurate and the second wife went on with the ceremony.

796 Not long after the sun dance this same man became ill again. Finally, as
755 a last resort, he called upon the first wife to save him again. This woman
593 told him to call upon the other woman as he seemed to have so much faith in
her. So he died and was properly punished for so unjustly treating his faithful wife.

## The Procession to the Dancing Lodge.

796 In our account of the natoas ritual we told how the father, son, etc.,
778 emerge from their tipi. The file is headed by the father, followed by the
793 son, next the mother, then the medicine woman followed by women bearing
788 the tongues. The father and the son are muffled in blankets (robes);
the latter walks with bowed head, leaning heavily on a staff and bearing over his head a wild rhubarb stalk.[1] The medicine woman wears the natoas on her head, an elkskin (often buckskin) dress and an elkskin robe, with the digging-stick on her back. For a staff, she uses one of the smudge sticks. The women in her rear bear parfleches containing the tongues, together with blankets and other ordinary objects. Two or three old men act as

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[534]
[824] [1] Scar-face is said to have made a whistle (flageolet) of such a stalk. The pith of the growing plant is sometimes eaten for food.
[262]

conductors, or flankers, keeping the way clear of spectators, etc. The 796
procession moves slowly and by stages. The four principal personages 778
in it keep their eyes upon the ground. The course is southward past the 793
entrance (east side) to the dancing lodge, around the south side, the rear [788]
of the shelter and entering from the north side. Here the medicine woman [346]
remains until the dancing lodge is raised at sunset, when she returns to her [262]
tipi and breaks her fast with berry soup. The father and the son go to a
sweathouse after which their responsibilities also end. During the continuance [343)
of the ceremonies in the sun lodge, the medicine woman cares
for the natoas bundle, now her property, until transferred to another,
but is otherwise free to do as she likes. She usually remains quietly at
home receiving guests and resting.

The part of the medicine woman is truly a sacrifice. She and her 796
husband must pay liberally everyone called upon for ceremonial service 793
directly connected with the tongues and the natoas ritual. They must
also pay a considerable amount of property for the natoas itself. To give [432)
the ceremony means the sacrifice of all personal property. On the other
hand, there is compensation, aside from fulfilling the vow. Her relatives [555)
are very proud of her since she is so virtuous. She is highly respected by
her husband and family. In a measure those who "take the tongues"
are also respected. The medicine woman may act as the mother in a future
sun dance for which she will receive presents and she may eventually
realize something by transferring the natoas to another. Should anything
go wrong during the ceremony, the weather be unfavorable, etc., people [783]
will look with suspicion upon her and say she must have lied in her confession
to the sun. Should she become ill or have deaths in the family, the same
charge will be made.

*The Offerings of Cloth.* After the procession headed by the father and 796
he is in position at the west side of the dancing lodge, offerings of cloth 782 ●
and clothing are brought up by the people. A man making such an offering
hands the father a filled pipe and the cloth. The father holds the
pipe and offers prayers for the giver and lights and passes the pipe to other
old men sitting around. The cloth he lays in a pile. Then he paints the
giver: first the face is smeared over with red, then black spots are daubed [302]
on the cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, four in all. A black circle is marked
around each wrist. Women bringing offerings and pipes go to the mother
who prays for them and paints their faces red with a black spot on the nose
and a black circle around the face. There is also a black circle around
each wrist.

796 Her husband could tell by her eyes that she had been crying and he said, "I
346 told you not to dig up that turnip, but nevertheless you have done so. Since you
are lonesome and wish to return to your people, I will take you back." Then Morn-
773 ingstar went out and killed some buffalo. After he had skinned all of them he cut
539 the hides into long strands, fastened them together, and tied the woman and her
child to one end and let her down from the sky to where her people were.

Before she reached the earth, a little sore-eyed boy was lying on his back, looking up at the sky and saw a very small object coming down. The boy told the men who were playing the wheel gambling game what he saw, but they laughed at him and threw dirt in his eyes and said, "You must see the gum on your eyelids or lashes." As the falling object came closer others noticed it and when it came among the group they knew that it was the woman who was missing from the camp. They untied the rawhide strand and noticed that some of the buffalo tails were on the ends of the long rope which lay piled up high before them.

This woman came down with her digging-stick. As she was not a wicked woman and only lived with Morningstar as her husband, she gave her digging-stick to the medicine lodge woman and the natoas was named for the turnip she dug up. When the sun dance was held, this woman told them always to cut up a rawhide into strands and tie the posts with them. Also that the center post and the birch on it must be tied with them. The tail of the hide is to hang down from the center post. These rawhide strands are a representation of the rawhide rope with which this woman was let down to the earth. Later, the moose hoofs are tied to this digging-stick. The plumes on the natoas are to represent the leaf of the large turnip this woman dug up while in the sky.

### RAISING THE SUN POLE.

796 While the hide is being cut, all the woman who made vows to take some
●782 of the tongues come forward to the parfleche placed near the medicinemen
[783] and women. Each woman takes one of the tongues and stands with the
person for whom her vow was made and makes a confession to the sun in a loud voice, so all may hear. Then she prays to the sun for the beneficiary. After all the women have taken their tongues, some of the men tie the cloth offerings to the ends of the poles and a bunch of birch is tied between the forks of the center pole.

796 The preceding ceremony comes to a close as the sun gets very low.
346 About time for the sun to set, a procession of pole raisers starts from each
of the four quarters of the camp circle. Tipi poles are tied near the small ends in pairs, each pair carried by two men. The four parties advance in unison by four stages and at each pause sing a special song. In the last move, they rush upon the sun pole and raise it in place. In the meantime, the father and son go and stand on the center pole while their wives stand to the west. The men make wing movements with their arms toward the east. According to some informants, the medicine woman may make hooking motions at the pole, to symbolize the mythical Elk-woman.

Four men are called upon to assist the father and son. As the latter 796
stand upon the pole, they encircle and screen them with their blankets 346
and join the father in singing. The songs call for good luck in erecting the [533]
dancing lodge. The son does not sing. Four songs are sung. At the end
of each the father blows a whistle while someone shakes the pole. The
last time they jump off the pole. The son drops his blanket (some say the [782]
father also, some add moccasins) painted black as a sun offering. Another
blanket is handed him at once.

As soon as the men leave the pole the advancing raisers rush in, raise the center pole, put on the rafters, tie them with the rawhide strands and place brush all around to form the wind-break. This is accompanied by much shouting, but without shooting.

While the sun pole is being raised the daughter and mother stand watching it. They pray and make movements with the corners of their robes as though steering the rising pole. As it sways from side to side, they gesture as if righting it.

As soon as the pole is set, the natoas, robe, and moccasins are taken off the daughter by the mother. She may call on someone to do this and pay a gun or a horse for the service. The mother and other attendants then lead the daughter to her tipi where she resumes her ordinary routine.

The father and son go to a sweathouse where all the paint is washed [302]
off. This is not the hundred-willow sweathouse and is the fifth sweat- [343]
house, if it were counted. The two men go in and some sagegrass being
handed to the father, he takes off the feathers tied to the son's hair, the
hair necklace, and whistle. After the first opening of the sweathouse
he takes the sagegrass and wipes off the black paint on the son and hands
out through the west side of the sweathouse the necklace, whistle, and
feathers which are to be taken home. At the same time, the two women
are in the ceremonial lodge, the mother caring for the daughter.

When the men have completed the sweathouse ceremony they go to the
medicine woman's tipi. The father and his wife wrap up the natoas and [798]
place it in the badger skin. After this is done, they no longer have to [261]
eat sparingly. This ends the ceremony of the medicine woman.

Early the next day she and her husband must obtain the cotton- 796
wood brush with which the booth for the weather dancers is made. Another 793
man digs out the place in the booth, making it the same as the smudge 346
place in the medicine woman's tipi, with the sod on three sides and creep-
ing juniper on top of it. The fireplace is dug out to the west of the center
post and is made as in the medicine woman's tipi. When going for and
returning the brush, the woman rides one horse and leads the one dragging

somewhat like that of their leader. One was fully dressed with a blanket 796
around his waist; the other was nude to the belt. The latter was painted 791
chiefly in red with a circle in blue on the back and one on the breast. The 535
former had a pair of horizontal lines on each cheek, those on the right, [302)
black, on the left, red.

It is said that formerly these dancers were nude, except for the breechcloth and moccasins. The entire body was painted. There seemed to have [302]
been no fixed painting, but the sun, moon, and stars were usually repre- [532)
sented. Around the head, they wore a wreath of juniper and bands of [824)
sagegrass around the neck, wrists, and ankles.

The weather dancers are not permitted to eat or drink during the day. [784)
Formerly, they remained in the booth continuously until the evening of the fourth day of their dancing; in recent years, they spend the night at home and return to the booth in the morning.

The functions of these dancers are not clearly understood. They seem 796
to be held responsible for the weather: i. e., upon them falls the duty of 789
preventing rain from interfering with the dancing. Whether they do this 821
because they happen to have independent shamanistic powers or whether 791
it is a mere function of their temporary office in the ceremony, cannot be determined. Other medicinemen often attempt to control the weather during the days preceding the formal entry into the booth as well as during the later days. In 1903 (Piegan) there was a contest between a number of rival medicinemen some of whom conjured for rain, others for fair weather; strange to say, clouds would threaten and then pass away during these days, which coincidence was interpreted as proof of evenly matched powers. Several times one of the partisans of fair weather came out near the site of the dancing lodge and danced to the sun, holding up a small pipe and occasionally shouting. He wore no regalia and danced in a different manner from that observed among the weather dancers at the booth. However, the man who led the weather dancers for many years until his death in 1908, was famous for his control over the weather. Once, it is told, he became enraged at the power making the weather bad, shouting out "Now, you go ahead, if you want to. I have great power and can stop you when I will."

In former times, the dreams of the weather dancers while sleeping in 796
the booth were considered of special supernatural significance, since, it 791
is said, they were *en rapport* with the sun. This *rapport* may account [787)
for what seems to be one of their chief functions — blessing the people.
During the days they are in the booth, individuals come to them "to be 791
prayed for." They come up and stand before the booth. The dancer 782 ●
takes black paint and paints their faces. Then he prays to the sun for their 796
[302

791 welfare. During this part of the ceremony the recipient faces the sun.
782 Again, the medicine-pipes and other ritualistic objects are brought up for
796 the dancer to present to the sun. The pipes he holds up with the stems
[276] towards the sun, whom he addresses at some length, offering him a smoke,
making requests, etc., after which he smokes the pipe. All the persons present are then permitted to put their lips to the pipe from which they are supposed to derive great benefits. The dancer also receives offerings made to the sun. A young man may fill a pipe and approach with his offerings. The dancer takes the pipe, smokes, prays, paints the man's face, and makes the offering. A woman or child may do this; or a whole
[178] family. Formerly, a great deal of old clothing was offered at this time,
[425] a custom still practised by the Blood. Also children's moccasins and clothing were offered in this way. As they grew out of them they were given to the sun to promote well-being. In last analysis, it seems that while these dancers are spoken of as weather priests, they are rather sun priests, since through them appeals to the sun are made. It should be noted that they are regarded as independent of and in no way associated with the medicine woman ceremonies or the erection of the dancing lodge, but upon entrance to the booth, the leading weather dancer is said to become the chief and director of all succeeding ceremonies. The length of the ceremony depends entirely upon him and formerly continued as long as he kept his place.

796 Like other rites this one was bought and sold, but it was usual to continue
432 in ownership many years. Anyone could make a vow to dance with the
782 weather dancer and join him in his ceremonies, but such vows were usually
made by former owners of the rite. When one makes a vow to purchase the rite, its owner must sell, however reluctant he may be. The transfer must be in the sun dance. It is said that two men once alternately sold to each other for many years so that both could appear in every sun dance.

## DANCING.

796 The first ceremony of this character is named the cutting-out dance
535 (to cut out a hole in a robe). It seems to have been performed by a society and occurs early on the fifth day. About four or six old men dance in line with a rawhide which they hold in front of them, singing and beating time on the rawhide with rattles similar to those of the beaver men. The society now divides into two parties, one placing itself north of the center pole, and the other party standing in line south of the center pole. The two parties dance back and forward in front of the pole shooting at it. The

## SOCIETY DANCES.

575 In former times, the succeeding days were apportioned to the men's 554 societies (the ikunukats) in the order of their rank, beginning at the lowest.[1] 196 There seems to have been no fixed allotment of time to each, only the order [555] of succession being adhered to. The ceremonies were determined chiefly by the respective society rituals, though the recounting of deeds in war [782] was given great prominence. As a rule, each society closed its ceremonies by offering parts of its regalia, etc., to the sun, a custom still observed by the Blood (See vol. 11, this series, fig. 19, p. 411). After the highest society had completed its function, the leading men of the tribe held a kind of a war dance in which coups were recounted. In this dance, again, rattles were beaten upon a rawhide. The organizations or persons having charge of the day's ceremonies must furnish the feast and all necessaries. [793] The medicine woman and her husband usually repair to the dancing lodge each day. The man usually takes his pipe and tobacco and furnishes the smoking for the guests who sit around. His wife wears the buckskin dress and elk robe, but not the natoas. They sit on the north or right side of the booth and merely are spectators. This closes the ceremonies and camp is broken.

## THE TORTURE CEREMONY.

785 796 The torture feature, especially prominent in the ceremonies of the 304 Mandan, Hidatsa, and Dakota, was formerly given a place among the danc-[171] ing lodge ceremonies of the Blackfoot. The information we have seems [648] to indicate that this ceremony had not become thoroughly adjusted to its place in this series at the time of its prohibition by the United States [177] and Canadian governments. The claim is made by some of the Piegan that it was borrowed from the Arapaho and was not looked upon with much favor. As one man expressed it, "None of those taking the cutting lived [177] to reach old age." It was said that a few Blackfoot warriors once visited the Arapaho at the time of their sun dance where they were put through [424] the cutting ceremony. According to the Blackfoot mode of thought, this means that the medicine rites (and rights) were transferred to them. When they returned, they induced others to take the cutting, to whom, of course, the rites were transferred. Whether this historical statement is accurate or mythical, we have no means of knowing, but we are inclined to give

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[1] This series, Vol. 11, 365–474.

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796 it some weight as evidence. It seems, however, that warriors took the
304 cutting because of a vow, similar to that of the medicine woman. Some-
(782) times a man dreamed that the sun required it of him. The giving of property
(781) and the conditions of the transfer were the same as for "cutting the thong,"
though we have no information that "catching" was permitted. Such may,
[432) however, have been tolerated.

The men taking the cutting were nude to the belt. Sage was tied
(824) around the wrists and ankles. The hair hung down, held in place by a
wreath of cedar (some informants say sage). They were painted white.
[302) Rows of spots in blue extended down the sides of the face, over the shoulders
and down the arms. Wavy lines of the same color were also drawn down
[532) the arms. A circle representing the sun, was made on the breast, also
upon the chin and probably on the back opposite the one over the heart.
On the forehead was another circle representing the moon. Other infor-
mants say a crescent moon in black was used instead of these circles.

785 According to one informant, vows were made to purchase this ceremony
796 when ill or in great danger. If the promise brought results, the vow was
304 fulfilled at the next dance. The supplicant calls upon one having pur-
432 chased the rite. They enter the booth of the weather dancers, a blanket
(782] is held up to shut out the gaze of the others. The transferrer then paints
the purchaser. He cuts a hole through the skin of the right shoulder,
over the scapula, and a hole over each breast. A small sharpened stick
is thrust through each. A shield is hung on the back. Long cords were
fastened to those on the breast, the ends of which were tied fast, high up
to the center pole. The purchaser goes up to the pole, embraces it, and
cries for a time. Then he backs off, and dancing, throws his weight on
the ropes. The transferrer jerks the shield from his shoulders and if neces-
[781] sary, assists him in tearing loose. At once, the purchaser goes out into the
hills and sleeps in different places to receive power.

[761] It is said that all who take this ceremony die in a few years, because
it is equivalent to giving one's self to the sun. Hence, the sun takes them
for his own.

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796 The cutting was similar to that described by Catlin and other writers as
304 observed elsewhere. Some informants say the dancers held whistles in their
mouths and gazed at the sun as they danced. When all the thongs were
[782) torn out, some of the lacerated flesh was cut off as an offering to the sun.

McLean reports the following observations upon this ceremony at a
Blood sun dance:—

> ....The chief attraction to the pale-face is what has been ignorantly termed "making braves." I desired very much to see this ceremony once, that I might know the

796 304 785

> Instead of being a time of feasting and pleasure, the Sun-Dance is a military and religious festival, in connection with which there are occasions for joy, and the feast enhances the pleasure.[1]

782 304 785 It may be well to note that the offering of bits of flesh to the sun was a general practice not necessarily associated with the sun dance. Many comparatively young men now living (1904) bear numerous scars testifying to such offerings. When in perilous situations a finger would sometimes be struck off with a call upon the sun for help. Among the Blood, such sacrifice of a finger by women as well as men was common at the sun dance.[2] These facts concerning the more general practice of mutilating the body to win the approval of the sun suggest that if the cutting ceremony is intrusive, it either found on hand a series of analogous customs or brought with it a concept that afterwards gave birth to them. It may be observed [178] that the form of costume and dance is strikingly like that employed by the present weather dancers.

782 Since there seems to be no good published data on the sacrificing of skin and fingers we append the narrative of Split-ears:—

304 785 726 539

> Sometimes, when warriors are on an expedition and come in sight of the enemy they will sit in a circle while the leader, or the oldest member of the party, offers prayers that they may succeed in their undertaking. Then they proceed to offer bits of their own skin to the sun. The one who prayed sits down by one of the party, takes up a needle or bodkin and a knife, thrusts the former under a small section of skin and raising it, cuts off a small slice with a knife. This leaves a circular wound a quarter of an inch or less in diameter. It is understood that the operator pulls the skin up with the needle and slices off a small section underneath that instrument. He then takes up some black paint and dips the bit of skin into it. Then he holds it up to the sun and prays for the success of his victim. The bit of skin is then placed upon a piece of cloth and another is removed from the victim in the same manner and so the operator goes to each of the party in turn, each time removing a piece of skin, dipping it in black paint, and holding it up in a prayer to the sun. While each person is expected to give two pieces, they are not limited to the maximum number, some men giving four and some still more. The bits of skin thus collected are tied up in one corner of the cloth which is mounted upon a stick wrapped with wild sage, the whole being fastened in a tree or set up on the top of a high hill as the

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[113] [1] McLean, John, "The Blackfoot Sun Dance" (*Proceedings of the Canadian Institute*, third series, vol. 6, Toronto, 1889), 235–237.

[2] McLean, as an eye-witness to such a sacrifice, gives the following:—

"As I stood outside the lodge, a young Indian friend of mine, went to an old medicine-woman and presented his sacrifice to Natos. During the year he had gone on a horse-stealing expedition and as is customary on such occasions had prayed to Natos for protection and success, offering himself to his god if his prayers were answered. He had been successful and he now presented himself as a sacrifice. The old woman took his hand held it toward the Sun and prayed, then laying a finger on a block of wood she severed it with one blow from a knife and deer's horn scraper. She held the portion of the finger cut off toward the Sun and dedicated that to him as the young man's sacrifice." (p. 235.)

782 sun's offering. This sacrifice is always spoken of as feeding the sun with flesh from
304 one's own body. The cloth is fastened to the stick in the form of a flag or banner
so that it waves in the wind with the flesh offerings tied in one corner. This sacrifice
785 is considered one of the greatest a man can make.

726 Now, as I have said, some men only give two small pieces of skin, while others
give a great many more, but as they do this each time they go on an expedition,
539 it so happens that a man who made many war expeditions has many small scars
on his arms and legs. Thus, we can still tell those of our old men who went upon the
warpath many times in their youth. We can tell by the scars made from feeding
782 the sun their own flesh. But, again, it so happens that men while at home may have
304 dreams in which they are commanded to feed the sun. Now it is believed that
785 unless a man heeds such a command, he is certain to be visited by misfortune or

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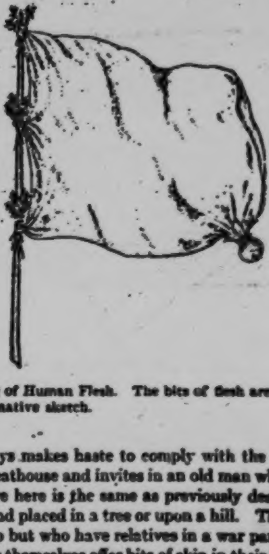

Fig. 1. The Offering of Human Flesh. The bits of flesh are tied in the corner of the banner. Drawn from a native sketch.

782
304 even death, so he always makes haste to comply with the command. After such
785 a dream he makes a sweathouse and invites in an old man who prays and makes the
539 offering. The procedure here is the same as previously described and the offering
is made into a banner and placed in a tree or upon a hill. Then again, the men who
[787] are at home in the camp but who have relatives in a war party may so wish for the
safety of these that they themselves offer bits of skin in their behalf. Thus, you see,
[726] there are many times when people will offer bits of skin, so that it was not uncommon
for a man to have one hundred or more scars upon his body. These are generally
arranged in rows up and down the arms, down the legs, down the breasts and the
back. I have even heard of cases where a man is said to have offered one hundred
pieces of skin at one time. This, however, was unusual.

[726] Sometimes, instead of offering skin, the warrior would offer a finger. Thus,
if beset by very great danger on the warpath a man may make a vow to the sun

stating that if brought home safely he will sacrifice a finger. This sacrifice can be 782
made at any time; either when on the warpath or when at home in camp or at the 304
sun dance. In such cases, the finger is offered to the sun in the precise manner as 785
the pieces of skin described above. 539

There are, however, occasions upon which fingers are cut off that are not offerings [726]
to the sun. Thus, people who are in mourning sometimes sacrifice a finger. In [765]
those cases it is usual to call upon some old woman who is skilled in the amputation.
She cuts off the finger, usually reciting a kind of ritual, but it is not offered to the sun.
It is simply thrown away. Then again babies' fingers are sometimes cut off to give [777]
the child good luck. Thus, if a woman lost many children she would call upon an
old woman to make the sacrifice for her newly born. In this case, the tip end of a
finger is cut off and wrapped up in a piece of meat which the mother is required to
swallow. This is supposed to insure the child's living to maturity. It had no
connection with the sun.

I have told you how men are called upon to cut off pieces of skin and how certain 539
old women were selected to amputate fingers. You should also know that in olden 763
times there were some women and men who might be called upon to cut open dead
persons for various reasons. Sometimes they did this on their own account in order
to get information as to the cause of death.

These accounts show for one thing that the cutting ceremony in the sun 782
dance is but one of a type of blood and flesh offerings made to the sun, in 304
fulfillment of a vow. The sacrifice of a finger is more frequent and less 785
specialized, though frequently done at the sun dance. Then comes the
very frequent offering of bits of skin, a sacrifice common in war raids at all
times. The offering of bits of skin in the precise manner described here is [171]
found elsewhere in the Plains. The writer has observed men so scarred
among several divisions of the Dakota. The method of removing the skin
was here the same as followed by the Blackfoot. The thrusting in of the
awl has a curious similarity to the cutting and skewering in the sun dance;
one may even be pardoned for wondering if it did not so arise.

## Sun Dance Songs.

Two songs have a special place in the ceremony. They are sung by 796
the men as they ride into camp with the willows for the hundred-willow 533
sweathouse. They are sung again when the procession of pole raisers
moves up to raise the sun pole. Formerly, they were sung by any considerable body of the tribe approaching the camp of strange Indians.
Likewise, when they approached a post to open trade.[1]

Red-plume, a Piegan, has a smudge stick on which are notches said

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[1] For musical notation see McClintock, Walter. *The Old North Trail, or Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfoot Indians* (London, 1910), 311. [113]

24:/ Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

721 The brief ceremony ending, we were all happy again, alert, nerved up to meet whatever danger might be in store for us.

As we were about to try to get more sleep, came Heavy Runner hurrying in to us from the rim of the plain and exclaiming: "Riders to the south of us! Many riders running a herd of buffalo on the plain to the east of the river. So not far below there must be the Cutthroats' camp!"

Exciting news. We all wanted to see the enemy hunters, so, sheltered by the timber and then the tall sagebrush, we moved into a patch of cherry trees on the edge of the plain, and from there had a good view of them. All of forty men, some three miles off, down from their horses butchering their kill. And then came many women riding in to help them with their work. Proof enough that the Cutthroats' camp could not be far below us.

Said Many-Tail-Feathers: "Tonight, the Above Ones helping us, we kill that worst of them, White Dog, and get off with some of their horses. So now, all of you, lie down, sleep, so that you may be strong for what you have to do. I will, myself, keep watch upon the Cutthroats, and later on, call upon one of you to take my place."

We found it impossible, there so near our enemies, really to sleep. We dozed at times, often sat up to look at them, and at last, in midafternoon, saw them string back down the valley, their horses loaded with meat and hides.

Then Many-Tail-Feathers said: "Remember this, all of you. Our one and hard undertaking is to kill our worst enemy, White Dog."

After that, none spoke for a long time. Serious were our thoughts.
We were this coming night to enter the enemy camp, and with what
results? Well we knew the danger of it. I knew that each of my
[782] companions was praying as I was. I touched my sacred helper in the
[786] little bag at my breast and whispered: "Hear me, Sacred Helper.
Help me. Give me to survive this night."

Said Many-Tail-Feathers then: "Take care. Let us go."

The sun was still an hour or so from setting. Many-Tail-Feathers leading, we started on, keeping just within the edge of a long grove bordering the river. It ended well above a sharp bend of the valley, so we were obliged to keep on in the open until we could reach the

cheered by their singing-praying women, they prepared to ride 721
after the thieves. 726

Singing a war song, our friends forded the river and were gone into the moonlit night. We worried for them, slept but little, and were up early, looking for their coming. As hour after hour passed without sight of them we fell silent, dared not voice our fears for
them. Late in the afternoon, Little Plume's sits-beside-him wife, [782]
eldest of three sisters he had married, made a Sun vow: loudly, before us all, she vowed to the Above One that, if He would bring her man safely back to us, she would in the coming Berries-Ripe Moon (July) build a sacred lodge in honor of Him. She had barely finished when we saw our warriors coming, driving our horses
swiftly into the ford of the river. And then, singing a victory song, [727]
they neared us, Ancient Man waving a bloody human hand tied to the end of a stick, the others displaying enemy scalps and enemy guns. Their women ran to meet and hug them, loudly and repeatedly shouting their names, saying that they were brave, that they had made the enemy to cry.

Ancient Man then tossed the severed Cree hand down upon the 727
ground, and spitefully the women and children got sticks and be- [195]
labored it, anathematizing it as best they could in their language, which actually was woefully lacking in curse-words; "you female-dog face" was about the strongest of them.

We saw that Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill's head was 721
bandaged and bloody, that Jack Miller's left leg was in like con- 726
dition and that he was riding one of our horses; and soon we got the [727]
story of their night's adventure.

They had sighted the war party, seven of them, soon after topping Rocky Spring Ridge, some thirty miles north of us; the enemy, discovering that they were pursued, had taken shelter in a deep coulee and opened fire when our party had appeared upon its rim, a bullet cutting open Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill's scalp and knocking him senseless from his horse. Jack Miller had been shot in his leg and his horse killed. At that the others of our party had got down from their horses and, rapidly shooting at the Crees

787 And said Little Bird Woman: "Oh, brother, after your fast, join
785 Seizers; they are the best clothed, best singers and dancers of all of
575 the warrior bands."

"No, you will join the Raven Carriers, they such always-successful warriors. My father, my brother were members of it," the mother said.

785 There followed some argument between mother and son over
787 which of the medicine men (Sun priests) should be asked to pray
[778] for his safety and success in his lone and strenuous fast. The result
was that Fox Eyes brought in his horses, roped and led one of them before the lodge of Black Otter, owner of the sacred Thunder Pipe bundle, gave him the horse and said: "*Haiyu!* Oh, powerful, Sun-favored Thunder Pipe man. I am to undergo my lone fast. Help me. Pray for me!"

346 "Yes. Build a sweat lodge at once and I will join you in it," the old man answered.

Badger Woman, her daughter, and some of their women friends were already building the sweat lodge. In shape it was a semisphere, about ten feet in diameter; its frame, of willows; its covering, an old lodge-skin. In its center a small pit was dug; and lastly, in the near-by fire, some stones were set to heat.

783 Came presently Black Otter with his sacred pipe, a wooden bowl,
793 and a buffalo tail; and he and Fox Eyes went into the little lodge,
[778] undressed, thrust out their clothing, and naked sat. The women
passed in the red-hot rocks, and with a stick Fox Eyes rolled them
into the pit; lastly, the old man's bowl, filled with water, was passed
533 to him. He dipped the buffalo tail in it, sprinkled the rocks, and, as
●782 dense steam began to fill the lodge, he sang the first one of his Thun-
der Pipe songs and then fervently prayed Sun to protect Fox Eyes,
to give him success in the lone fast which he was about to endure.
[821] Followed more sprinklings of rocks; more songs; more prayers to
Sun, Night Light (the moon), the Seven Persons (constellation of
778 Ursa Major), and Thunderbird. Lastly, with the sacred pipe in hand,
776 Fox Eyes prayed the Above Ones for success in his undertaking, for
782 long life and happiness for his family, and for all of the people of his tribe.

tribe. We were a crowd of men and women sitting close around 783
the little sweat lodge, listening to it all; the prayers and songs, solemn,
fervently impressive, heart stirring, they brought tears to all eyes.
Finally the old man and Fox Eyes reached out for their blankets, and, [515]
wrapped in them, came out and with heads bowed walked slowly
to the river to bathe and dress.

On the following morning, accompanied by his mother, sister, 787
and a half-dozen men relatives for protection, Fox Eyes rode off for 785
his fasting place, and I joined a party of hunters. We were back long [793]
before sundown with the choice parts of some buffalo cows we had [533]
killed, just in time to see old Black Otter riding the round of the [782]
camp, stopping occasionally to sing a sacred song, pray, and call
upon the people to pray for the safety and success of Fox Eyes in
his lone and strenuous fast.

Three mornings later Badger Woman, Little Bird Woman, and I rode out to visit the faster. At the mouth of Crooked Creek we turned up the valley of the Missouri and then up to the foot of a cliff, where we left our horses, climbed for a time, and turned off upon a narrow shelf of the cliff; presently we came to Fox Eyes in a cavelike depression formed by the overhanging rock. Wrapped in his blanket, he was lying upon a buffalo robe, and at his side were his gun and a red-painted, empty, water bowl. "*Ha!* Here you are: mother, sister, and my good friend *Apikuni*, too," he said.

"Of course," I answered. "I shall come often to see you if I may."
We sat down beside him, and his mother emptied a bladder skin of [415]
water that she had brought into the wooden bowl; carefully he raised [237]
it, took a few slight sips of the water, said that he would like to drink
it all.

"You haven't yet had a vision?" his mother asked.

"Last night, the beginning of one," he answered. "I was walking in 825
a valley, in a grassy length of it. A big longtail (cougar) came out 787
from the timber, and I said to it: 'Oh, you powerful, always-successful killer of your food. I am poor. Pity me. Help me; give me of your power; help me to live a long and successful life.' He looked at me, turning his head this way and that way. At last he answered: 'You

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

787 want me to be your sacred helper. Well, I think that I can . . . .' And
[825] then, seeming to see or hear something that frightened him, he went
leaping back into the timber, and I awoke and could not sleep again."

785 "Oh, too bad. Too bad," his mother wailed. "And you so desirous
787 to obtain a helpful vision. And so hungry, thirsty. Oh, I worry about
you, here likely to be discovered by some enemy war party that may
● [782] come along. Well, this day I shall sacrifice to Sun for you. Yes, I
[292] shall give him my best, elk-teeth-trimmed gown, pray him to give
[237] you quickly a helpful vision and let you safely return to us."

"Yes. Do that. And this I say to you: Do not return here until five
[782] nights have passed. Your coming disturbs me. I must be alone, have
constant quiet in order to obtain a helpful vision. So now go, and
[776] I pray Sun to keep you safe, you three."

"Oh, my son, my son," his mother wailed. "You to lie here five nights without our help? Why, you would die from want of water."

"No. One can live longer than that without food or water. And it may be that I shall obtain my vision this coming night, or tomorrow night. And now go. It is that I must be alone and pray."

782 Soon after we returned to camp, Badger Woman made a tight roll
of her beautiful, valuable, elk-trimmed ceremonial gown, went out
[776] and tied it to a limb of a tree. With fervent prayer she gave it to Sun;
she sought the great sky god to protect Fox Eyes in his lone fast and to give him a powerful vision. And there the gown would remain, gradually disintegrated by wind and weather. None, not even an enemy war party, would dare to steal a gift to Sun.

787 Five mornings later I went again with the women to the faster
785 in the niche in the cliff, and was surprised at the change in his appearance in that short time. Emaciated and pale, he lay upon his robe, and feebly he raised a hand to greet us. But he happily smiled and said, almost whispered: "I have been given that which I sought. Take me home.

822 "Last night, as I slept after long and earnestly praying," he began,
828 "I, my shadow (soul, spirit), left my body and traveled far, crossing
787 a great plain. After a long time I came to the edge of a valley and saw
a river in it, and I was glad, for I was very thirsty. Down I ran to it,
and to the murmuring of the swift stream. Never had I heard so pleas-

the eagle might pluck out the seizer's eyes with its sharp bill or tear 223
his flesh with its poisonous claws.

It was late when we finished our work on the butte and returned
to camp. In the evening we sat for a time in Black Otter's lodge, and [793]
he sang some sacred songs and prayed Sun to give Fox Eyes success [533]
in eagle-catching. On the following morning Badger Woman gave [782] ●
us an early feed of broiled meat and tea, and then Fox Eyes burned 824
some sweetgrass close before his couch, bending over the smoke 783
and grasping handfulls of it with which he rubbed himself. Sweetgrass was a sacred plant; its delicious perfume was greatly prized by Sun; the smoke of it removed all human odor.

Having purified himself, Fox Eyes, as was required of him, said 223
to his mother and sister: "I am going this morning to attempt to catch an eagle, and you women must do all that you can to aid me. Until I return you must remain in the lodge, continuously praying
for my success. Also, lest in seizing an eagle he should pierce me [784]
with his claws, you must not put any thorny wood on the fire, nor eat thorny berries, and for the same reason you must not use a needle, or awl, or scratch yourself."

With that we saddled the horses that we had picketed the evening before, on our way taking up a human skull which we had found at
the edge of a grove and which Fox Eyes was to place in the pit. There [826]
was nothing that the Blackfeet dreaded so much as a human skull, but for this very reason it was considered necessary for an eagle catcher to have one in his pit. It was a test of his courage to sit with it during his long times of waiting and watching for an eagle to appear, and there was no possibility of going to sleep and losing his chance to seize one, with such a fearsome object at his side.

When Fox Eyes had settled down in the pit and was comfortable, I carefully replaced the sticks and grass that he had pulled aside in order to enter. Then, saying that I hoped he would have quick success, I mounted my horse and, leading his horse, rode to the top of a butte a half-mile away and sat down in the shade of a pine tree to await the result of our work. The sun was then well up in the blue, and I searched in all directions, but not an eagle was in sight. Not even

It was indeed a magnificent bird, a male war eagle,[2] its tail feathers 223
long, smooth, glossy, white with black tips. As we rode homeward
with the bird, I was as pleased with the success of the day as he.

"A good beginning," Black Otter said to him. "Catch three more [825]
of them, and then I will prepare you for the war trail."

Within ten days' time Fox Eyes had the tail feathers of four eagles,
all of them caught at the pit. Wonderfully good luck, all said, for [714]
he now had enough of the tail feathers for the fringe of the shield
and for a war bonnet, too. We then went out hunting, and with my 224
rifle he killed a buffalo bull, an old, old one, whose once crescent-shaped,
smooth, black, sharp horns were now mere rough, pale stubs.

"He has been brave; he has fought many battles and survived
them," said my friend, as we were removing the hide from its neck
and shoulders. "It is a sign that a shield made of his hide will be my [714]
powerful protector, keep me safe in fights with our enemies." [825]

There was evidenced his real faith. To the Blackfeet there was a [787]
sign, an omen, for good or for bad in everything, no matter how
trivial. We took the piece of thick hide to Badger Woman, and she
carefully removed its fur, leaving the glossy, brownish-black surface
intact. Then one afternoon it was handed to old Black Otter, 796
and the interesting ceremony of transforming it into a shield took 281
place. 714

Black Otter was dressed in his war clothes, soft buckskin shirt, [793]
leggings, and moccasins, beautifully embroidered with varicolored [292]
porcupine-quill designs, and on his head was a horns-and-ermine-skins
war bonnet. His hands and face were painted a dull red, the [822]
sacred color. By the side of his lodge the piece of bull hide was [302]
stretched and pegged to the ground, and, kneeling on it, he began
to pray, at the same time starting to cut from the hide a circular piece
about four feet in diameter.

"Oh, Sun! Oh, Night Light! Morning Star! Oh, all you Above 796
Ones," he chanted, "Listen and pity us this day. This shield that I am 782
making, give it of your sacred power so that it will keep its owner 714
safe in his encounters with the enemy. Oh, Above Ones! To all of

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[2] It was the golden eagle, *aquila chrysaëtos canadensis.* 036]

796 182 us, men, women, children, give long good life, good health; help us
714 to overcome our enemies who are ever seeking to destroy us."

714 Some women were heating a number of stones in a little fire, and
281 near it a small pit had been dug in the ground. The women rolled
part of the stones into it, covered them with a thin layer of loose
[793] earth. Then Black Otter, with the help of three war-clothed friends,
laid the circular piece of hide over the pit and, inserting pegs into
slits that had been cut at regular intervals along its edge, fastened
it to the ground.

[555] As each man drove in a peg, he counted coup, told of some fight
with the enemy in which he had been the victor. Tightly the hide had
been fastened down; it began to shrink from the heat under it until
it pulled the pegs over. As fast as they loosened, the three men helpers
[793] drove them in again; Black Otter carefully supervised the work,
often feeling of the hide to make sure that it did not get hot enough
to burn, and calling for more hot rocks as they were needed.

In about an hour the hide had shrunk to about half its original
[793] diameter, and was at least an inch thick. During that time Black
[782] Otter had frequently prayed, and with his helpers had sung a number
[533] of sacred songs. Finally Fox Eyes took the hide home and in due
714 time made a beautiful, tail-feathers-trimmed shield of it. Lastly he
made a war bonnet of the remaining tail feathers, and was then ready
[721] for war. A few days later he did set out with a small party to raid
the horse herds of the Assiniboines, and I returned to the trading
727 post. A month or more later Fox Eyes came to visit me, came singing
554 a war song, riding a fine horse and leading another. Tossing its
[533] rope to me, he said: "*Apikuni*, I give to you this Cutthroat (Assiniboine)
horse. Three of them I took. One Cutthroat I killed and this
—see it—many-shots gun I took from him. *Apikuni*, Sun is good to
[787] me. My sacred helper, that water animal of my vision, is powerful.
[825] *Apikuni*, I am a happy man. I am soon to have a lodge of my own."

"Good! Have three wives, four wives. While you are about it, be a real chief," I said.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER TWELVE

# The Theft of the Sacred Otter Bow-Case

## (Told by Bird Chief—James Bird)[1]

THE SUMMER OF 1846 was about gone when our little war party 721
returned from the far south—the Always-Summer-Land—with the 778
big band of horses that we had taken from the Mexicans. My brother-in-law, Mad Wolf, brought the sacred white-otter bow-case of his dead brother, Bear Head. I shall never forget that day of our return, [825]
our triumphant entry into the great camp of the Pikunis, for, seeing that Mad Wolf had recovered the sacred bow-case, the people went wild with joy, believing as they did that Sun valued a white otter more than any other sacred animal, even a white buffalo, and would therefore particularly favor the owner of the sacred bow-case and the whole tribe as well.

Briefly, the history of the sacred bow-case was that Bear Head and a Cree medicine man named Skunk Cap had one day discovered a white otter, rarest of all albino animals, and had simultaneously shot at it, Bear Head being the one to kill it. But Skunk Cap had angrily claimed that it was his shot that had killed the animal and in various and mean ways had tried to get possession of it. Bear Head, [281]
making of its white-furred, softly tanned pelt a beautiful bow-case, [782]
had publicly vowed that he would in due time sacrifice it to Sun, hang it to the center post of a sacred lodge that, in the Berries-Ripe Moon of every summer, the tribe built in honor of the great sky god.

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[1] Onetime engagé of the Hudson's Bay Company, died on the Blackfoot Indian [115]
Reservation, Montana, in 1902, in his eighty-ninth year.
Condensed from *Boy's Life* (July, August, and September, 1935).

721 Not long after making the vow, Bear Head, his brother Mad
778 Wolf, and Skunk Cap joined a war party going to the far south to
raid the horse herds of the Mexicans. In a fight that the party had
down there with the Many Bracelets people (the Navajos), Bear
[764] Head was mortally wounded. Before he died, his grieving brother
[782] promised him that he would bury him with all of his possessions and,
in the following summer, come back for the sacred bow-case and himself sacrifice it to Sun for the good of the tribe. So poor Bear Head died, and with some difficulty the party got his body and belongings up into a house of the ancient and vanished Cliff Dwellers and came home with the horses that they had taken from the Mexicans. Soon thereafter Skunk Cap left the Pikunis to go we knew not where.

Came spring again, the spring of 1846, and from some friendly Gros Ventres visiting in our camp we learned that Skunk Cap had wintered with their tribe and had recently gone on to the Cutthroats (Assiniboines) to organize a war party of them to raid the Mexicans—the Gros Ventres being against going that far on raids.

Cried Mad Wolf upon hearing this: "Ha! Raid the Mexicans, that cowardly Skunk Cap. No! He is southward going to steal my brave, dead brother's sacred otter bow-case. We must be off at once, get there first, or he will do it." And that got our medicine man and wise warrior, *Pinukwiim*, to organize a war party to hurry south to prevent the theft. This was a war party that I was glad to join for I wanted to see the far-south country and its strange tribes.

Some fights we had down there, some men we lost, and at last
made camp one evening at the mouth of the canyon in which poor
[769] Bear Head's body lay. Not for anything, not for one hundred head
of horses would any of our companions have gone up to that place of the dead, so, just before dawn, Mad Wolf and I set out to get the sacred bow-case, should it still be there.

It was very dark in the narrow, high-walled canyon. We stole up it until opposite the great cave and its many ancient houses, and waited until dawn to see our way up into it. Then, climbing the narrow and dangerous trail, we heard the echoing thuds of falling rocks and sensed that there was someone in the cave. So there was. Skunk

Cap. Skunk Cap alone, tossing back the rocks with which Mad Wolf 721
had filled the doorway of the house in which his brother's body lay. 778

With quick and silent run, Mad Wolf seized the thief's gun, leaning against the wall of the house, and sickening was his fright, his pleading when he turned and saw us. And then he turned and ran, and Mad Wolf quickly fired and killed him, killed him even as he whined to us that he was the last of the Cutthroat party.

Said Mad Wolf as we entered the dusky house and saw the shrouded form upon the floor, the sacred bow-case upon the tripod above it: "Brother, I am here at last. Brother, I have come for you . . . ." What more he said I did not hear for I somehow sickened and turned and hurried out. Then soon he came with the sacred bow-case, and we filled the narrow doorway with the rocks and rejoined the party. A moon later we were back in our far-north lodges and enjoying a well-earned rest.

Came spring, the spring of 1847, and we set out from Musselshell [439]
River where we had wintered for Fort Lewis, there to trade our buffalo robes and furs for goods of the white men. So going, we camped, late of an afternoon, on Judith River, and Mad Wolf invited me to a feast in the lodge of his father, Lame Bull, with whom he lived. A number of guests came in, and when the pipe was going the round of us, talk was of the remarkably successful winter we had had—mild weather, practically no sickness, plenty of buffalo and fur animals close to camp.

Said Lame Bull, pointing to the sacred bow-case tied to a lodge pole at the head of Mad Wolf's couch: "My friends, it is because of that sacred thing, my son's recovery of it, that Sun has been so good
to us. Why, he will always love and care for us, his Pikuni children, [782]
for not far off now is the Berries-Ripe Moon when we build the great lodge for him, and my son will hang to its center post the sacred bow-case, it at last to be the great sky god's very own." To that all gave hearty assent, and the pipe smoked out, we arose and went our homeward ways.

Early next morning shouts of men and shrieks of women awakened me, and, hurrying out and joining a crowd before Lame Bull's lodge, I learned that, in the night, Mad Wolf's sacred otter bow-case had

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

unable to bury Morning Eagle, dead because of this one's fault, so let the buzzards have their way with the remains, they said. 721 778

Knowing now that our rival party was surely ahead of us, Mad Wolf kept us going at swifter pace, and with less rest than ever. At dawn the following morning we struck Milk River and turned down its wide and partly timbered valley. The next morning just before daybreak, utterly worn out, we took shelter in a heavy growth of chokecherry brush at the top of the south slope of the valley, and Mad Wolf named me to stand watch with him—we to sleep later on.

We afterward often said that Sun himself made us turn up to that berry brush for our resting place; had we gone on, we would, undoubtedly, all of us have been killed. A few minutes after we had comfortably seated ourselves in the lower side of the brush to begin our watch, a hundred or more riders appeared rounding a sharp bend of the valley a half-mile below. Men riders, hunters, coming to run a large herd of buffalo that, upon the plain across from us, was slowly grazing in to drink at the river. And following the hunters came their women to help them butcher their kills and pack home the meat and hides. Yes, we surely would have met them had we kept on down the valley.

When directly opposite us, they halted in a small grove of cottonwoods. The buffalo, arriving at the rim of the plain, ceased grazing and came leaping down the slope eager to get to water. As they began passing the grove, the hunters charged out among them, shooting, singing, yelling; and all went swiftly up the long bottom, all save the stricken cows and young bulls and heifers, falling, dotting the ground in their wake. Our awakened companions joining us, we all stared resentfully at the scene for, as Mad Wolf said, this was Pikuni country and these Pikuni buffalo that the Cutthroats were killing. And how many they were—all of two hundred in the short run that they made. Their women joining them, all went to work on the kills, and several hours later they went back down the valley, their horses loaded with all that they could carry of red meat and brown hides.

Well, we had learned that the camp of the Cutthroats was close below. Said Mad Wolf: "Now at last, this coming night, we make our dangerous attempt to recover my sacred bow-case. Pray, all [726] [782]

721 of you, as you never prayed before. Pray Sun to prevent Fox Head
778 and his followers from interfering in our attempt. Oh, strongly pray
726 Him Above to give us complete success."

782 "*Ah*, pray we will," all answered and did pray long and fervently and lay down and slept.

721 When night came we were rounding the sharp bend of the valley below when, a mile or so farther on, the angry barking of dogs, in
778 answer to the howling of wolves, warned us that we were nearing the Cutthroats' camp. And presently, looking out from the edge of a grove, we saw it there before us in a long, grassy bottom, midway between the timber-fringed river and the slope up to the plain, its big circle of lodges in the moonlight dimly glowing with the fires within them. We could hear the people talking, singing, drumming happily over their successful buffalo run, see them visiting from lodge to lodge. We sat down, to make no further move until they slept, and said Mad Wolf: "In a buffalo-painted lodge, somewhere in that circle of them, is my sacred otter bow-case. We must, oh, we must get off with it this night."

"How are we to do it?" I asked.

[723] "Listen, closely listen to this, my plan to get it," he answered. "We locate the buffalo-painted lodge. Then we go into the camp, take, each of us, one of the fast buffalo horses there tied, and meet a little way out from the painted lodge. Then, while you all hold my horse ready for me, I will go into the lodge, kill that stealer of my sacred bow-case, run to you with it, and we will be off. There. What think you of it?"

"Too much for you, alone, to undertake," Little Plume replied. "That thief, that Bull-Turns-Around, may be awake and fight you as you enter, so I will go with you, do my best to kill him while you are doing what you have to do."

Said Mad Wolf, and feelingly: "That will be very helpful. I do not like to ask it of any of you. Brave Little Plume. Generous Little Plume...."

There followed a long silence—each of us busy with his own thoughts; I dreading what was before us. I did not want to go into the camp to sneak out a horse for well I knew the danger of it.

ran from the lodge, a woman coming from one near by saw us and loudly shouted for help. 721 778

We sped up the valley as fast as we could go, the shouts of men taking after us loud in our ears. But we had a good lead on them; gaining the timber, we hurried to our agreed-upon meeting place and there found our companions awaiting our coming. And seeing what we had with us, Mad Wolf's sacred bow-case and Bull-Turns-Around's scalp, they went all but crazy over our success.

We were sure that the Cutthroats would not venture into the timber after us. so we drank and, crossing the river, continued on up into the timber on that side of it until morning when we hid in another patch of berry brush up at the edge of the plain. We talked over our exciting experience of the night and by turns slept and kept watch for the enemy. But none appeared that day or later. We thought then that Fox Head had set his party to make pretense of attacking the Cutthroats so to give him good opportunity to make off with the sacred bow-case.

Upon arriving in the Pikuni camp ten days later, we learned that such had been his plan, with the result that the Cutthroats had killed three of his men while they were retreating across the river. So there was mourning for him and the three, and for Short Bow and Morning Eagle—six dead in the quest of the sacred bow-case.

We gave the scalp of Bull-Turns-Around to their relatives. They blackened their faces, hands, and feet, and with it danced here and there in the camp the sad scalp dance, slow bending of knees in time with the slow, wailing, scalp-dance song. But the mourning was drowned by the rejoicing of the people over the recovery of the sacred otter bow-case.

[782] Sun's sacred lodge was soon to be built. Mad Wolf would give the sacred bow-case to Him, hang it to the center post. Without doubt, the Pikunis would prosper as never before. "Oh, Sun. To our brave Mad Wolf, give him long life and happiness," was their fervent prayer.

cessful, to survive the wiles, the bullets, and the arrows of his enemies, 721
he should always go alone against them. [776]

There follows his tale of his last and greatest adventure, as he often [787]
told it in the long-ago:

It was Running Wolf who came hurrying into my lodge that morning and said that a war party had made off with some of our horses during the night. They had taken his swift black-and-white-spotted horses that he had tied before the doorway of his lodge. I went out with him, with the others who were camped above us, and we found that forty-one of our horses had been stolen. We found, too, the defiance of us by the stealers: their coupstick set upright in the ground behind Running Wolf's lodge, the piece of deer leather tied to it, painted with a black bird. *Ha!* The war party were Crows!

Returning to my lodge, I told my women to put into my war 726
sack several pairs of moccasins, some pemmican, my little sacks of 515
sacred paint, and to build a sweat lodge. Late in the day Red Eagle, [714]
powerful sacred man, owner of the Sun-favored Thunder Pipe, went [778]
into the sweat lodge with me, and, thrusting out our blankets, we [276]
sat naked within it. The women rolled in the rocks that they had [237]
heated red; we poked them into the little center pit we had dug, and,
dipping a buffalo tail in a bowl of water, Red Eagle sprinkled them
with it. As steam filled the lodge, and we perspired, he prayed Sun, 782
Moon, and Morning Star to keep me safe from all dangers along the 515
way that I was to go and to give me success in my raid upon the 276
Crows. I prayed too, and we smoked as we sang Sun's songs and the
songs of the Thunder Pipe. It was dusk when we reached outside for [533]
our blankets, and, wrapped in them, ran to the creek and plunged
into its cold water; then we went home to dress.

Sad-faced and silent, my women set hot food before me. "Don't 777
you dare cry, for that would bring me bad luck," I told them. "Be 726
cheerful; laugh; sing; count the days of my absence as you pray for me, and that will bring good luck to all of us." Came in Red Eagle and others for a short visit and smoke with me—one advising that I ride his fast horse, so that I could quickly go to the far Crow country. I replied that riding to war was too dangerous. A horse, though well

houses, and where once our buffalo had grazed, now grazed his white 136
horns (cattle). Is it any wonder that I felt sad? 178

Two mornings on from Yellow River, I arrived at the foot of 721
Black Mountain, that lone, bare, black lift of rock at the head of
It-Crushed-Them-Creek (Armell Creek) and climbed it for my rest
and sleep. It had ever been a lookout place of war parties. Upon its [726]
summit was a circle of rocks, piled breast-high by some long-ago [342]
war party for shelter from the winds. I got into it, sat, and, happening to look down, found an arrow point of shiny black stone, there
lost or given to the gods, perhaps, by some warrior of the very long-ago. I put it in my pouch. My finding of it, I thought, was a sign [777]
of good luck ahead for me. Once before I had rested in this rocks [702]
circle with a war party led by Heavy Runner—I his servant, learning the ways of the warrior. Then north to Big River, west to Yellow 136
River, east to Other-Side Bear River (the Musselshell), and beyond 178
them as far as we could see were countless herds of buffalo and
antelope. And now what did I see as I looked down on It-Crushed-Them Creek? White men's houses; white horns and sheep grazing
where once our own food animals had grazed. I must not think of all
the wrongs we had suffered from the whites, I thought. It is now for
me to do successfully this that I have set out to do. I prayed to the [782]
Above Ones, to my own secret helper, and slept. [776]

On the following morning, just before Sun appeared, I went into 721
hiding in the timber of Other-Side Bear River, right where, five
winters back, thirty lodges of us Pikunis had camped and hunted
buffalo. We had come there from the big camp of our people at
Raven Quiver's (Joseph Kipp's) trading post on Yellow River. Soon
having all of the meat and hides that our pack horses could carry,
we set out to return there and that evening camped on It-Crushed-Them Creek. On the following day, when we were nearing Yellow [821]
River, Cold Maker brought upon us a terrible storm, and before we [776]
could arrive there two of our women and a boy froze to death. I [165] 787
was thinking about it as I lay down to rest. I slept and had a vision: 776
Appeared my sacred-animal helper and said to me: "This was a bad- 777
luck camping place for your people; some of them died upon their 721

787 way back from here. It may cause bad luck to you." *Ha!* Right then
776 I awoke, but what I had been told was enough. I moved on up the
777 valley and lay down in some berry brush upon its west rim. And
721 none too soon. When climbing up there I had frightened a small
herd of white horns, and they had run off up the valley. And now
came three white men riding down it to learn what it was that had
caused them to run. Well I knew what they would have tried to do
had they come upon me in the open. They disappeared in the bend
of the valley below but after a time came back up, riding in the timber
bordering the river, still looking for the cause of their white horns'
alarm. And then I saw them no more.

721 On my third night after leaving Other-Side Bear River, I traveled
as fast as I could go, hoping to reach Elk River and hide in its timber
before daybreak, for the Crows might be camped right where I
would strike it. As the sky in the east began to whiten, I walked still
faster; ran at times. But day came, and the breaks of the river were
still well ahead of me; Sun would be up in the blue before I could
get down into its valley. I had been running but stopped to get my
271 wind, consider what to do. To lie on the plain all day, and without
787 water, would be painful; even then I was very thirsty. I said to myself,
721 I must go on to water. I must risk being discovered by some
[776] enemy, early traveling out on the plain. So I went on—walking fast,
then more and more slowly as I had stronger and stronger feeling
that I should not try to get to the river. It was my sacred helper, I
believed, warning me of danger. But I was so thirsty; would be still
more thirsty. I stopped; my dry throat urged me to keep on. But
my secret warning of danger was compelling. Though I all but choke
[276] from want of water, I will not go on, I at last decided, and sat down
● [782] in some sagebrush, filled and lighted my pipe; with prayer, wafted
smoke up toward the Above Ones and down toward Mother Earth.
721 *Ha!* I had not quite finished the smoke when two riders came out
upon the plain from the river breaks, and I saw that they were Indians.
They rode eastward, now at a trot, again at a walk, often turning
in to look at the heads of the coulees. This was Crow country;
doubtless they were Crows, looking for their horses that had strayed
off in the night. After a time one of them, well in the lead, signed to

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the other one: "Come on! Come on!" and together they rode swiftly 721
down off the plain out of my sight, having probably found their 787
horses. Then how sure I was that the Above Ones and my secret 776
helper, sacred animal of my vision, were powerfully aiding me; 721
would surely help me to do this that I had set out to do. Hunger, [271]
thirst were nothing. I prayed to my powerful helpers, I sang the [782] ●
Wolf Song, lay down, and slept at times during the day. [533]

I was sitting up when Sun was going down beyond the western 721
mountains, going on to his far-off island home in the Everywhere [821]
Water. I was so thirsty that my throat and lips were swollen. The [271]
plain, so far as I could see it, was bare of any kind of life, but I was
taking no chances of being discovered by Crows or whites. I waited
until it was fully dark, then set out for the river. I struck the rim of
the plain where, in the morning, the two riders had appeared; looking
down into the valley, there, as I expected it would be, I saw the Crow
camp. There were more than a hundred lodges, all glowing red with
their evening fires; and faintly came to me the drumming and singing
of happy people. I stole down into the valley. The camp was in a
wide, long bottom of grassland and well out from the timber bordering
the river. There were many horses grazing in it. I did not want
any of them; my takings would be the powerful, fast, valuable horses
that were nightly tied before the lodges of their owners. I passed
the camp so closely west of it that I could plainly hear the people
talking and little children squalling. On weak, trembly legs I pushed
on through the timber and at the shore of the river, knelt, and drank
and drank of its cold, soothing water. Then I sat back and for the [261]
first time ate of the pemmican in my war sack; not much, for I was
saving it for just such times as this—times when, close to my enemies,
I could neither kill a meat animal nor build a fire.

The water and the food gave me back my strength. I cautiously moved out to the edge of the timber to look at the camp; I would wait for the lodge fires to die out, the people to sleep, and then go in for the horses. Straight out from me, midway between the camp and the timber, some men built a large fire and began dancing in the light of it. I could plainly see them, their beautiful war clothes, their longtail war bonnets. Very graceful was their dancing and

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I will help you all I can, pray with you for your success, give you 696
the buffalo robe and rope that you need." Then soon came Bear 657
Child, riding a Red Coats' horse, and entering, said that he had prevailed upon Bull's Head to send him on an errand to the North Pikunis and that he would be all night with them. And after short, serious talk with me, he left.

Came night, and long Bear Child's mother and I prayed and sang [782]
Sun's sacred songs for my success. I then cut the buffalo robe into [533]
two pieces, and with them, the rope, and last helpful words from that kind woman, I left the house. The night was very cold; the snow, ankle deep; the sky was clear, the stars brightly shining. I stole as near to the corral as was safe for me and sat down. Four Red Coats were guarding it, one at each of its corners. Every little while they would all change corners, passing one another at the center of their sides of it. They kept doing it; and when they stood at their corners they often stamped their feet and slapped their bodies, for it was
very, very cold. I had on buffalo-robe moccasins; a capote over my [291]
two shirts; two pairs of leggings; buffalo-robe gloves and cap. I was comfortable. I sat at the edge of a coulee that ran down not far from the north and long side of the corral; its bars were in the center
of its east side. I began to fear for the success of my plan. I prayed [782]
the Above Ones for help as I never had prayed before. I could see that the Red Coats were getting colder and colder. At last, one of the two at the upper end of the corral ran down into the coulee, built a fire, and stood warming first one foot, then the other, and warming his hands. After a little, he went back to his corner, and the Red Coat at the other, north corner of it hurried to the fire and got warm; then, by turns the other two Red Coats went to the fire and got warm. And at last, after further pacing of the sides of the corral, they all gathered at the fire, which they had kept replenishing, and began smoking their pipes. My chance had come; from where they stood in the coulee they could not see the corral! I hurried into it. My four horses stood together, apart from the many others, all strangers to them. I roped *Sikopi,* started with him toward the corral bars, and the three others closely followed. There were three bars. I let the lower one down noiselessly, placed a piece of buffalo robe on it

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

# Cut-Nose[1] (Told by *Apikuni*, but Actually Related to Him by Bear Head)

*Amunis Ahki* ("Otter Woman"), daughter of Eagle Plume, was 793
the most beautiful girl of the Pikunis. She was fairly tall, exquisitely
formed, of perfect features; her hair in two neat braids hung far
below her waist. She was her mother's able assistant in all the lodge
work and was given to sitting with her elders more than mingling
with those of her own age; she loved to listen to the tales of the
medicine men and the sacred Sun-lodge women—tales of the gods and
their wondrous deeds. Seven times her mother had been leader of [346]
the women who annually built the great tribal offering to Sun, the [782]
medicine lodge, as we old-time traders called it. It was the girl's great [152]
ambition to be herself one of those sacred and honored women.

Only married and widowed women of absolutely blameless char-
acters could vow to Sun that they would build him a great lodge.
But now, in her eighteenth summer, Otter Woman was promised to [584]
young Black Elk. He was off with a war party to raid the horse herds
of the Crows; upon his return, the two were to live in a lodge that
their mothers had made, for which they had gathered the furnish-
ings. Then when Black Elk should go again to war, or if he should [782]
fall sick, it would be her privilege to vow to Sun that, if he would [346]
keep her man safe in his encounters with the enemy or, on the other
hand, cure him of his illness, she would build a sacred lodge in his
honor.

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[1] Published as "A Blackfoot Tragedy" in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* (March 27, 1932).

584 Many a youth, many a man of the tribe had sent friends to Eagle
Plume to recount their brave deeds, enumerate their riches, and then
offer many horses for his handsome daughter. But the chief was different
from most fathers; to each emissary he replied that it was for
581 the girl herself to decide whom she would marry. And of them all
584 she had chosen Black Elk—not for his wealth, as he had but few
horses; nor for his bravery, as he had never been in a fight with the
enemy. She had said "Yes" to him because of his known kindness
of heart, his unremitting care for his mother and her younger children,
and because she had always loved him, though silently and
from afar.

722 And now Black Elk had been gone forty-one days. Soon now he
● 782 would be returning, coming with enemy horses, enemy weapons,
enemy scalps, now a real warrior, to claim her for his woman. Daily that powerful Sun priest Three Bears had ridden the round of the great camp, shaking his rattle, singing the song for the absent, naming each member of the war party and calling upon the people to pray for their safety in the enemy country and their quick return with much enemy property. How proud she was when she heard the old priest name her man-to-be—four times shout out his name and call upon the people to pray for him. How long and earnestly she prayed for him—not only then, but frequently during the day—and promised Sun rich offerings for his safe return.

722 At this time—it was the summer of 1879—the great camp of the
123 tribe was pitched on Arrow Creek, a stream rising in the Belt Mountains
and joining the Missouri River about a hundred miles below
Fort Benton. I was there, a guest in the lodge of my friend Bear
Head, and having a grand time running herds of buffalo with him
and other keen horsemen of the tribe; hunting grizzly bears, deer,
elk, antelope, bighorns; and of evenings sitting with the old men and
listening to their tales of war—dramatic recitals of their myths and
[521] legends and the wondrous power of their sky gods. And listening
to the talk of Bear Head's women and their friends, I learned much
of the gossip of the camp—among other things, of the approaching
marriage of young Black Elk and the daughter of Eagle Plume,
whose lodge was close on the left of ours in the great camp circle.

On several occasions I saw the girl standing with hands raised to the 782
sky, praying for the safe return of her sweetheart as old Three Bears 722
rode by shaking his rattle and calling upon all to pray for the absent ones. Beautiful, lissome she was. Her kindly, serious eyes, her every action bespoke the fact that here was a real woman.

Close back of camp, on the north side of the creek, was a high 887
sandstone cliff; there lone old men were wont to sit, alert for signs of any approaching enemy, looking sadly down upon the activities of the great camp, off to the billowing plain, scene of many a successful hunt, of exciting adventure when they had been young and full of life. Early one morning, as Bear Head and I were going to the creek to bathe, there were three of the oldsters perched upon the cliff. Pointing to them, he said: "*Apikuni,* don't you dread the time [888]
when we, too, will be sitters upon cliffs, just feeble cliff-sitters, nothing more?"

"Let's not think of it," I answered.

We did not bathe that morning, for as we neared the creek the old [202]
men upon the cliff sprang up and stood alertly staring at the plain [201]
to the south, hands shading their eyes from the early sun; waved their wraps and shouted to attract our attention; and then in the sign language: "Pikunis coming; driving many horses; they are near." Wher- 727
at Bear Head and I ran back to camp, an excited camp, everyone staring at the south rim of the plain, excitedly talking; children bawling, dogs barking, horses prancing at the ends of their picket ropes. And presently appeared a big band of horses hurtling down the slope, the war party close following. They had stopped somewhere not [714]
far out and painted themselves and their mounts; put on their fringed [237]
and beaded and quilled war clothes and bonnets of eagle feathers. On [533]
they came, brandishing their weapons, holding aloft some scalps, singing fiercely the Victory Song. What a sight, a stirring sight, they were!

The women and children ran out across the flat to greet their returning husbands, fathers, brothers, sweethearts; surrounded and escorted them in, shouting their names, praising them for their bravery and success in despoiling the hated Crows. Meanwhile, the men in camp, standing before their lodges and enjoying the lively scene,

595 hurried to their daughter and urged her to return to them; they were
837 not going to allow her to be disfigured because of *Otahki's* lies. And
[684] that one they denounced with all the epithets of the Blackfoot language. But Otter Woman would not listen to their pleadings. She
[782] had done no wrong; she had prayed the Above Ones for help; they were with her, they would not allow her to suffer for something that she had not done. To leave her man's lodge now would be to admit that she was guilty.

It was near midnight when Eagle Plume and his woman went back to their lodge, without their daughter. And when, a little later, we took to our couches, Talks-with-the-Buffalo had not returned.

But he came back sometime in the night, so Bear Head's elder wife said when she had built our morning fire and awakened us. And she had it from *Paiota* that he had not overtaken Handsome Man.

As Bear Head and I were returning from our early plunge in the creek, he said to me: "In Talks-with-the-Buffalo's lodge, this morn-
[574] ing, there will be a big talk about Otter Woman. If he fails to invite us, we must anyhow attend it."

"Will you tell the gathering what we saw out here, two nights back?" I asked.

"I don't know. I don't know what I shall do about it." And then, when we were almost to the doorway of our lodge, he brought me
[562] to a stand and added: "The strength of our tribe is in our women. The good ones should be praised, favored in every way; the bad ones should be punished."

[574] It was about ten o'clock when Talks-with-the-Buffalo stood be-
[623] fore his lodge and shouted invitations to this and that prominent man of the camp to come to his lodge for a talk. Bear Head and I were not named. We saw the great ones go in one by one: White Calf, the head chief; Running Crane; Three Suns; Fast Buffalo Horse; Little Dog; and other clan chiefs and medicine men to the number of twelve. Then we slipped in after them and seated ourselves just to the right of the doorway. Came in then still another uninvited one, Otter Woman's father, Eagle Plume, and sat down on my right. His face was grim. And last of all came Badger Woman and her man and sat just within the doorway.

ward, some Black Robes lived. Old Mission, not far below there, was 361
Heavy Shield's camp, and Big Skunk set up his camp of many lodges
on Point-of-Rocks River, close to where it flows into Big River.

Came Falling-Leaves Moon and a number of the men of my father's 721
camp and Calf Looking's camp set out to raid the horses of the [648]
Flatheads (Kalispel tribe), going by way of the pass at the head of
Two Medicine Lodges River. There were four who went from Calf [302]
Looking's camp and one of them was Big Snake, he who had the
longest hair of all of our people, men and women. It was gray, and
its braids were so long that they hung down almost to the ground as
he walked. To the right front braid was always tied a white shell in [301]
which were seven holes, they representing the Seven Persons (Ursa [821]
Major), to whom he prayed. In a sun-given vision that he had expe- [782]
rienced they had appeared to him and said they would be his sacred, [776] [789]
powerful helpers.

It was in the Falling-Leaves moon when the war party set out to [533]
raid the Flatheads, and winter had come when the members of it [727]
from my father's camp returned—came charging, singing in with many horses that they had taken from the Flatheads and proudly waving some Flathead scalps. And at once they inquired for the four other members of their party: Big Snake, Yellow Weasel, Cut Finger, and New Robe. Had we seen them or heard of their return? Learning that we knew nothing of them, they went on to say that, soon after they had crossed the Backbone (the Rockies), Big Snake and his three friends had left them; had turned north to raid the Kutenai people, and they wondered what had been their success.

Early morning after the return of the war party, my father told 224
me to round up our horses and catch two of them, his fast buffalo horse, Short Tail, and my favorite horse, Striped Face, for he was going hunting and I was to accompany him and help him butcher his kills.

I soon had the horses tied before our lodge. My mother set food before us. We ate plenty, saddled, and were off, riding southward out upon the plain, expecting soon to sight a herd of buffalo. But none were in sight when we topped the rim of the plain, and we rode on and on, my father repeatedly saying: "Now, this is strange! But

721 "Oh, no," the other answered shivering. "I can't touch it." Then to me and pointing: "It is there under that calf robe. You, yourself, look at it."

I moved to the place between two couches, knelt, thrust my hand under the robe and touched something cold and sticky. It was the half-dried scalp part of the braid. I drew it out, stood up, held it before me, shoulder high. The long, gray, shell-tied-to-it braid, its end wrapped in otter fur, touched the ground. The shell was pierced with seven holes. Without doubt it was the right-side-of-the-head braid of Big Snake. I put it back under the robe and turned to go, but Spear Woman stopped me.

"Boy, go tell our man to come to us, with his gun remain with us, protect us as best he can," she pleaded.

[782] And then Badger Woman: "And on your way, turn into the lodge of Sun Weasel and ask him powerfully to pray the Above Ones to save us from the Crows."

782 I stepped into Sun Weasel's lodge, owner of the elk-tongue sacred
[778] pipe. He was not there. His sits-beside-him-wife, Antelope Woman,
[276] was the leader of the powerful Gathered Women *(Mahtokiks)* secret
[292] society. She had on her sacred headdress of owl feathers and was
[575] praying Sun to save us. The two other wives were joining in her prayers, their cheeks wet with tears. Their children were silent, sitting big eyed, frightened. I gave Badger Woman's message and Antelope Woman said to me: "I am praying. You are from Calf Looking's lodge. Quickly return there and tell our man that we want him to
721 come to us, to stay here with us."

My father and I had hobbled our horses. As I neared Calf Looking's lodge, I came to them, standing, head down, hungry, unable to paw the snow to get at the grass with their fettered feet. I removed their hobbles and said to them: "Go free; eat; it is not likely that we will ever ride you again."

When I entered the lodge the Crows sharply eyed me, several of them muttering something. I gave Little Otter and Sun Weasel their
[201] women's messages, but they did not move. It was hard for my father and Calf Looking and the others to keep up pleasant, interesting sign-talk with the Crows. My father told of his war trails, of strange ad-

000 tains (Little Rockies), Lower Little (Milk) River, and from there
south of Big (Missouri) River to Elk (Yellowstone) River."

648 Following the trail of the Entrails People^A from Bear River, Red
721 Plume and his party discovered them camped just north of Hairy
726 Cap (east butte of the Little Rockies), and that night they killed a
number of them and took more than three hundred of their horses.
From that time on war parties of our Blackfoot tribes frequently raided the Entrails People, and they in turn sometimes raided our camps and horse herds but did us little harm. Not long after we fell out with them they made a peace smoke with the Crows, who were also our bitter enemies.

Came the third summer of our hatred of the Entrails People (1866);
Butterfly had died, and in his place, Many Horses became head chief
of us Pikunis. The head chief of the Entrails People was Sitting
[623] Woman—a strange name for a man. Well, in the Green-Grass Moon
● [782] of that summer, Many Horses counciled with our medicine men and
[796] foremost warriors, and they decided that we should make our great,
every-summer offering to Sun[3] this time at Divided Mountains (Cypress Hills, Alberta).

648 Little did we think when we set out for the Divided Hills, in the
721 Berries-Ripe Moon (July) of the summer, that we were there to have
a great and successful fight with the Entrails People, and many of their new friends, the Crows. It was not until many winters later, when the white soldiers made us cease fighting one another, that we made peace with those tribes and got their account of the fight.

[103] Arrived at the Divided Hills, we made camp along the edge of a
large grove on Seven Persons Creek (Maple Creek), so named because, long before then, a war party of our tribe had killed seven Liars (Crees) there. Well, a war party of Entrails People saw us traveling toward the Divided Hills and hurried back to their camp and told of it.

Then said their chief, Sitting Woman: "The Pikunis love that part of their country. Without doubt they are going there now to build

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[3] The early fur traders named this annual, days-long, sacred ceremony of the Blackfoot tribes "Medicine Lodge; Sun's Lodge." The Blackfoot name for it is *Okan*
[787] ("His Vision"). It is their belief that their dreams, to them visions, are their actual experiences as they sleep.

A,[i.e., the Gros Ventres--Analyst]

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## *The Baker Massacre*

I was born seventy-nine winters ago on Yellow (Judith) River. 000
My father, Bear Head, was a tall, handsome man and a great warrior. My mother, Fair Singing Woman, was beautiful. Though quite young, she had even then become a sacred woman, one of the women who, every summer, build a great lodge to give to Sun. Dearly my father and mother loved me, and I loved them. As soon as I could walk, my mother furnished me with soft, beaded, deer leather clothes
for summer, furs for winter. And my father gave me little bows and 868
arrows and taught me to ride gentle horses; gave me six horses when 524
I was in my sixth winter. Four of them were mares, so I was soon
having quite a band of horses of my own. I loved to play with the [776]
boys, and I loved to sit before the evening lodge fires listening to the warriors and hunters telling of their brave deeds—the old men telling of the power and goodness of Sun and all the other gods.

Came my eighth summer, and my father, getting ready to go with 701
a party against some of our enemies, said that I must go, too. My 702
mother objected; cried; said that I was too young to go to war, that it would be too dangerous for her little one. Said my father to her:
"Last night, as I slept, Sun gave me a vision. We were a war party. [787]
Our young one was traveling at my side. We discovered enemies, fought, and killed them. The meaning of that is plain. It is that your young First Rider goes with me, with our party, and that he will survive the dangers that we encounter. And well you know that I was of his age when I first took to the war trail. So must he now go. I shall make of him a real warrior."

First Rider—that was the name given me when I was born; given [551]
me by an old medicine man because of one of his visions, in which he [553]
saw a member of a war party be first to take an enemy horse and [787]
ride it off.

Well, my mother knew that my father would have his way about me, so she made no more objection to my going but got together the things that I would need, extra pairs of moccasins, a rope, awl, and
sinew thread; and crying, she said to me: "You have to go. I shall [782]
pray, constantly pray the Above Ones to give you safe return to me."

I was eager to go. I wanted to become a great warrior, kill many enemies, take many enemy horses, and so be honored, made a chief by

701 my people. At that time we were camped on Big (Missouri) River, a
702 short distance below the mouth of Bear (Marias) River. My father was to be the leader of the war party. Other prominent members of it were Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, Buffalo-Painted-Lodge, False-Heavy-Runner, and Owl Child. In all we were seventy to go.
726 Came the day for us to prepare for our departure. Sacred-pipe men
702 prepared sweat lodges for us. How proud I was when, with my
515 father and others, I entered the one owned by Red Eagle, whose
[778] sacred bundle was that of the Thunder Pipe. We thrust our wraps outside and sat in a circle, naked. Women passed in stones that they
[237] had heated red hot. We rolled them into a pit in the center of the lodge, and with a buffalo-tail asperger Red Eagle sprinkled them
[533] with water from a red wooden bowl. As dense steam arose and filled
●[782] the lodge, he began his sacred songs, in which we joined. He prayed
[276] Sun, Morning Star, and other Above Ones to keep us safe upon our dangerous trail and give us complete success against our enemies. He passed his sacred pipe, and by turns we each drew a few whiffs of smoke from it and prayed Sun to help us get the particular things
[72] that we wanted. This one desired enemy horses; that one, enemy scalps; and so on. Myself, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun. The ceremony ended, Red Eagle said to us: "Go, my brave ones,
[722] and Sun be with you. Myself, I will daily ride through camp during your absence, shouting your names, calling upon all the people to pray for your success and your safe return."

With that, we reached outside for our wraps, then ran to the river, plunged in, and after a short bath hurried to our lodges to dress and
702 go. Came night, and singing a war song, we struck out northward
726 with only four horses, I riding one of them, the others carrying some
[411] of our belongings. My weapon was a powder-and-balls, five-chambered pistol that my father had bought from the Many-Houses (Fort Benton) trader named "Sleeping Thunder" (George Steel). I was afraid of it, for once when I had fired it all five of its loads had ex-
[782] ploded, burning my hand. As we traveled, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun. Between prayers I asked myself: "How can you, a boy of only eight winters, take a gun from an enemy?" And always I answered: "Sun is with you. He will help you do it."

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224
555 Came rushing out my father and mother shouting: "You bad boy; where have you been? We have looked all over for you . . . ." Then stopped, stared, and laughed as they saw the tongue and the feather ribs tied to my saddle. And cried my father: "Why, he has been hunting. He has actually made a killing, this strong-minded one of ours. Who was with you? Who took off those feather ribs for you?"

"I was alone. I cut and clubbed them off with my knife and the cow's leg," I explained. And the people gathered around, clapped hands to mouths in surprise, one old man saying: "And he so young, so little and weak. How strange."

"Not strange at all. My son, of course he would be that way," my father proudly answered.

After that no boys made fun of me and my gun.

648
721 In the following summer, my ninth one, when we were camped on Little (Milk) River, close north of the Bear Paw Mountains, we learned that there was a large camp of the Lying People (Cree tribe) camping on North Big (Saskatchewan) River right in our country and killing our buffalo. Of all our enemies they were the worst—always coming into our country to hunt our buffalo, we always fighting them, driving them back to their north, swampy country. It was Rising Wolf (Hugh Monroe), that brave, wandering, beaver trapper, married to one of our women, who told us about them.

"The Liars, they have come again to steal our food," our people cried.

726
702 "We will make them to cry," my father shouted, and called upon our brave ones to go against them. Said that I should join the party. We were not many, there on Little River; the greater part of our tribe were camping and hunting on Big (Missouri) River. But seventy-seven of the men in our camp hurried to him, said that they were eager to go with him against the Liars.

[515]
[782]
[778] So again I sat in a sacred sweat lodge with my father and other warriors, listening to Red Eagle's powerful prayers for our success against the Liars and our safe return. In turn I lifted his sacred Thunder Pipe aloft and myself prayed Sun for help in all of my undertakings.

My father, listening, said to me when I finished: "You omitted

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something; you did not pray Sun to help you obtain any particular 726
success against the enemy. Pray again." 702

So again I raised the sacred pipe to the sky and pleaded: "Oh, Sun! [782]
Help me to take Liars' horses and safely return with them." [778]

Hearing me, those powerful men of our circle smiled, one saying: [720]
"Asking for help in capturing enemy horses; and he so young."

"But Sun heeds the prayers of the very young, as well as those of us old ones," old Red Eagle said.

"True, how true," others cried, and I felt all puffed up with courage; was eager to go.

Night came and we set out northward, all of us on good horses. Three nights later, just before dawn, we arrived in the Divided Mountains (Cypress Hills) and stopped in the pines on a north slope of a ridge, expecting to rest there during the day. But when Sun came up we discovered out on the plain a party of men on foot and coming toward us, coming from the valley of a little creek where the smoke of many lodges was rising. My father examined the party with his far-seeing instrument, told us they were Liars. It was that, since our friend Rising Wolf had seen the tribe of them on North Big River, they had moved still farther south in our country—right into our Divided Mountains where not only buffalo but elk, deer, and antelope were very plentiful. This party of them coming up a coulee was right then approaching a herd of buffalo grazing on the plain not far out from us.

Said my father: "What do they think we are? Just nothing-people that they can come down here and steal all that they can use of our meat, our furs? Get ready, my friends. Put on your war bonnets, make ready your guns, and we will ride out there and make those dog-face thieves to cry."

Each member of our party had his war bonnet along; and some, [714)
their war clothes also. We carried them in smooth, painted, parfleche [482]
cases tied to our saddles. I even had a horns-and-ermine fur bonnet [415]
that my father had made for me. I prayed to Sun for help, prayed [237]
him to keep me safe from the enemy guns, as I put it on. When nearly [782]
ready to go, we saw a lone rider come out from the camp in the
valley and head toward the party on foot. He was coming slowly,
allowing his horse to walk.

224 others would have run away before I could reload it. How happy I was that I owned the many-shots gun. I sang as I rode home with the five hides and some of the meat. Arriving there, I told of my five kills, and several needy ones rode up the mountain to get the carcasses and the good fat meat that I had left upon the high slope.

Some days later I rode out again for meat for my family, this time in the valley below the lake. Presently I saw three elk go down a grassy slope and enter a big stand of pines and cottonwoods bordering the river. I got off my horse, picketed him, and, following a game trail, went slowly into the timber after them. There was such a thick growth of willows and rose brush in it that I could see but a little way in any direction except straight ahead along the trail. I was turning a bend in it when I heard a pattering of feet, and suddenly two small young bears, playfully running and biting at one another, ran into me, and getting my odor, ran on loudly squalling.

Then, angrily roaring, came their mother, a big real-bear (grizzly) rounding the bend of the trail and straight toward me. Twice I shot at her, knew I hit her each time, but she kept leaping on; with two or three more leaps she would be upon me, kill me. Aiming at her big, wide mouth, I fired another shot. The bullet went through her mouth, her throat, and, as I afterward found, broke her backbone. She fell, slid almost to my feet, and, quivering a little, died.

I found that I was trembling, so weak that I had to sit down. I said to myself: "My last shot. If it had missed her mouth, my body would now be lying there, torn all apart."

224 782 [776] That morning when I got up, I had prayed Sun to pity me, to help me survive all dangers that might beset me, and to give me success in all of my undertakings. I now knew that Sun had helped me. That swiftly coming, leaping bear, never could I have shot her in her mouth had He not helped me do it. Raising my hands to the sky, "Sun," I vowed, "the hide of this real-bear, softly tanned, I shall give to you in the coming Berries-Ripe Moon."

000 A crowd of people gathered around me when I came to the doorway of my lodge and drew the big hide down off my saddle. My mother and my almost-mothers came running out, and my mother

000 cried: "Oh, my son. You should not have done this. So dangerous are real-bears; it might have killed you." "I had to kill it or be killed," I answered, and told all about it and of my Sun vow.

Said my mother, when I had finished: "Never was a real-bear better tanned than this one will be, for you to sacrifice to Sun."

221 In the Berries Ripe Moon (July) as agreed upon, all the bands of
796 our tribe gathered at Four Persons' Butte (Milk-Teton River) for our sacred-vow women to build, as they did every summer, a sacred
578 lodge for Sun. There with Mountain Chief's band was Owl Child, whom we had not seen since he killed my father.

My mother, first to see him, came hurrying back into our lodge and said: "That dog-face, that bad Owl Child is across the circle. All dressed up and proudly walking around." And with that she cried; my almost-mothers and my almost-sisters cried; and I took up my many-shots gun and said that I would go and kill him. Mothers and sisters, they seized me; took my gun from me; said that I should not attempt it for I might be killed, I their only support, and then what would become of them?

"But when I grow up, I surely will put an end to him, my father's killer," I said, and meant it.

175 On that first day of our getting together to build the lodge for Sun, it was told all through our great camp that Owl Child had been struck and knocked down by Four Bears, a white man married to *Kahkokimah Ahki* (Cutting-off-Head Woman) of our tribe, and that Owl Child was now saying that he would soon go back up to Wolf-Also-Jumped Creek to kill the man. Four Bears had made love to his (Owl Child's) wife, tried to get her to leave him; then had beaten him when he was unarmed. For that, Four Bears must die.

Four Bears (Malcolm Clark) had been a West Point cadet. Dismissed from the Academy for gross infractions of its rules, he had entered the service of the American Fur Company on the Upper Missouri River, remaining with it until it went out of business in 1864. He had then taken to ranching on Wolf Creek, near where the Fort Benton–Helena wagon road crossed the stream. He is said to have been a man of violent temper and ruthless disposition.

796 My mother was one of the sacred-vow women who built the great
● 782

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lodge for Sun that summer. When it was completed the people came 796
with their most loved belongings to sacrifice them to Him Above. 782●
Praying him for his pity, his help, asking him to give them long and
full life, they made their offerings, and the Sun priest tied them to
the center post of the great lodge. Myself, I gave my real-bear skin.
My mother had softly tanned it, and on its flesh side I had painted a [532]
picture of myself shooting the real-bear as it came leaping toward
me. As I entered the sacred lodge and handed the robe to Red Eagle
for him to attach to the center post, I felt grateful to Sun for all that
he had done for me. Earnestly I prayed him for long and full life for
my family, for all the Pikunis, and for myself.

The sacred ceremonies ended, again the bands of our tribe sep- [221]
arated, going one way and another to pass the summer. Our Heavy [361]
Runner band departed to cross Big (Missouri) River and camp and
hunt here and there along Yellow (Judith) River.

All of our bands kept in frequent communication with one another 177
and so in time we got some bad news. It was that Mountain Chief's
band had gone to Many-Houses (Fort Benton) to trade, and there
some drunken white men—Grouse, Night Watcher (Henry Kennerly), Real White Man (Peter Lukins), and others—had, without
cause for it, hanged Heavy-Charging-in-the-Brush and had shot and
killed Bear Child and Rock-Old-Man, three prominent members of
the band. That made us feel very sad, very angry. We decided to
trade no more at Many-Houses.

It was not long after the murder of our three men at Many-Houses 175
that visitors brought us more news: Owl Child, leading a few of his
friends, had gone up to Wolf-Also-Jumped Creek and had himself
killed Four Bears. I was present when Heavy Runner and other
leading ones of our band got together to talk about it. They agreed
that Owl Child had been justified in killing him. Much as I hated Owl
Child for killing my father, I had to admit that he had had good right
to kill this fire-hearted, quarrelsome, white man. Four Bears had tried
to steal his woman; and failing in that, had struck him, beaten him.
In no other way could Owl Child have wiped out that terrible disgrace. Well, that was naught to me. I was not forgetting my vow: 000
the time was coming when I would make Owl Child cry for what he
had done to me and mine.

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father, Many-Tail-Feathers, who was a powerful decoyer, had long 224
been urging our chiefs that we use the *piskan* there, and at last they had given in to his plea. He was a great warrior as well as a decoyer. He was married to three sisters; my mother, the eldest one, was his sits-beside-him-wife.

We made camp on the north side of the river, opposite the *piskan* on its south side. On the following morning my father and our chiefs climbed to the top of the sacred butte for a look at the country, and I followed them. We arrived upon its flat top. There, long since, 776
some of our Sun's men had, with many white stones, made a figure, 778
very large, of Old Man (a powerful but mischievous god of the 782●
Blackfoot tribes). Yes, it was a very large figure of him, his arms and legs outstretched. When we stopped before it my father made a 224
prayer. "*Haiyu*, Old Man!" he chanted. "Pity us, help us to prosper. Our *piskan*, there close below us, help me fill it with buffalo." And as one man the others chanted: "*Haiyu*, Old Man! Help us to prosper! Give to us long and full life."

We then sat down and looked off. In all directions, near and far, 224
the plain was dotted with herds of buffalo and antelope, some grazing, some resting, others going to and from water. Said my father: "Sun is good to us; just see how plentiful are the animals that he created for our use. Let us smoke and pray to him." [776] [782]

Four pipefuls, sacred number, they smoked one after another as [276]
they prayed to Him, sang His sacred songs, and then we returned [801]
to camp. Many of our people, with their horses, were drawing old [533]
logs and tree branches out to repair and heighten the *piskan*. Not a cliff *piskan*, it was at the mouth of a small, short coulee running down from the plain, and the cut bank at its inner side was just high enough to prevent the buffalo jumping back out of it. From the head of the coulee, of course, ran the two ever-diverging lines of rock piles, and just beyond them was the little ridge so necessary for preventing a herd, farther out, from seeing the decoyer and the frighteners hurrying out to take their various places.

Came night, and in our lodge my father and some of his friends [276]
smoked and prayed Sun for quick success at the *piskan*, *Ha!* Before [782]
the middle of next day our watchers came hurrying down from Old

224 Man Lying Butte with news that a herd of buffalo were resting close
out from the decoyer's ridge. At once the frighteners began running
out to take their places, I going with my mother and almost-mothers.
With a few others we dropped down at a rock pile of the right line
and well out from the *piskan*. Then came my father, but not afoot
[237] as had been the far-back decoying way. He was riding a brown horse
upon whose head he had fastened the dried head-skin and fur and
horns, and even the chin whiskers, of a buffalo bull, and he was wear-
ing a buffalo robe, fur side out. Swiftly he rode past us and up the
ridge. Nearing its top, he bent over flat upon the horse to imitate the
hump of a buffalo. So, arriving upon the top of the ridge, he ap-
peared to the resting herd beyond to be one of their kind. Shouting
"Whoo hoo! Whoo hoo! Whoo hoo!" he rode down toward them
a way, then turned and hurried back, up and over the ridge and out
● 782 of their sight. Again and again he repeated that going and coming
224 and whoo-hooing, all of us frighteners closely watching him as we
prayed Sun to give him success, to keep us safe. There was always
danger for the frighteners; more than once an oncoming herd had
swerved, broken through a line of them, and trampled several of
them to death. My mother gave me a scared feeling, made my eyes
wet as she prayed, "Oh Sun! This day I give you my new beaded
dress. So is it that I pray you to give my man success. And we poor
ones, oh Sun! Make the buffalo run straight to the *piskan*. Oh, pre-
vent them from turning and cutting us to pieces with their sharp
hooves."

224 Six times my father ran down the ridge a little way, whoo-hooing to the herd and then as he came back over it he did not stop; on he came, fiercely quirting his horse, and over the ridge came the buffalo after him. As soon as they were well within the lines of rock piles the frighteners began rising and yelling and wrap-waving at them. They had come down off the ridge well scattered, but now, terribly frightened, they bunched close together and ran ever faster, the thudding of their hooves like thunder in our ears. Soon my father turned his horse, rode out through the left line of the frighteners, but the buffalo were no longer after him. What they did see and

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

# Bison Skulls on Chief Mountain[1]

## (Told by *Ahko Pitsu*)

237 IT WAS IN 1902, if I rightly remember, that Henry L. Stimson and William H. Seward III decided to climb Chief Mountain at the east edge of the region which was in 1910 to become Glacier National Park. But disdaining the easy ascent to its summit from the west, they chose to climb its south, precipitous side. Accompanied by their guide, *Paiota Satsiko* ("Comes-with-Rattles"), they set out early of an autumn morning and with great risk of their lives made the ascent, arriving at the summit at noon. There, to their great surprise, where buffalo could not possibly come, owing to a last, clifflike rise of the ridge on the west, they found three buffalo skulls: two of them very old and weather worn, the other one still in a good state of preservation.

Stimson mused: "It is strange that these buffalo skulls should be here. Long-ago Indians must have brought them up, but why? What reason could they have had for doing it?"

787 Said Comes-with-Rattles: "They came here to fast, to pray for
782 visions as they slept, and brought these buffalo skulls for pillows.
237 That much I know about it."
785 But though Stimson and Seward questioned him, he could tell them
no more. When of but few years, his father had been killed in the Baker Massacre of 1870, and his brothers-in-law, Kipp and Upham, had raised him, kept him with them, so he knew but little of the lore of his Pikuni people.

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[1] Published in *The Great Falls Tribune* (January 23, 1938).

with meat,' I answered, and tearfully, with never another word to 721
me, they set about their work. 154

"I did not ask a sacred-pipe man to give me a going-away sweat- [515]
lodge bath. No use of that. Time and time again they had done it for [782]
me, and always had Sun and his Above Ones failed to heed their
fervent prayers for my success against the enemy.

"Night came. Silently my wives watched me sling on my war sack [714]
and my shield, take up my gun, and leave them. We were camped,
our whole tribe of Pikuni Blackfeet, where Bear (Marias) River joins
Big (Missouri) River. Taking up onto the plain, I traveled on east-
ward, heading the long, deep, and timbered coulees running down
into Big River. Old Woman (Night Red Light) came up big and [805]
round. The Seven Persons (constellation Ursa Major) were brightly [821]
shining and turning in the northern sky, marking the passing of
the night.

"Well, one did not need to pray to them for help, I thought. Dif- [782]
ferent from Sun and the other Above Ones, there they were, always helpful when not cloud hidden, plainly telling how long it was since night had come and how far off was the coming of a new day. I was feeling so sad that I had to force myself to walk. What was the trouble with me, what had I done that the Above Ones had failed to hear my prayers to them for success against the enemy, for success in all my activities? They heeded the prayers and the offerings of other men, helped them to be successful in their raids upon our enemies, to become rich from their takings of enemy horses. In all I had been upon eleven raids against the Crows, Cutthroats, Parted Hairs (Sioux), and other enemies, and never yet had I taken an enemy scalp, or even an enemy horse. No wonder that our warriors and hunters shunned me, that my wives lived with me only because they had to. Well, upon this, my twelfth war trail, I would make a successful raid upon the enemy, or die trying, I said to myself, and with that went on more forcefully.

"Herds of buffalo, bands of antelope fled as I approached them. 787
Wolves and coyotes howled and shrilly yelped. A kit fox began fol- 777
lowing me and I was pleased, thinking it might be a sign of coming 825
721
154

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the deep coulees running down into the valley of Big River. The 721
Seven Persons gave me to know that it was midnight when I came 154
to where the river turned to the south. I then went on east of north, and as Sun was reddening the sky I arrived at the foot of the Bear Paw Mountains, drank from a little spring, climbed the steep slope, and stopped in the edge of a grove of pine for my daily rest.

"Near and far down on the plain, herds of buffalo and antelope were grazing, resting, heading for water. How peaceful it all was. I ate some of my broiled meat, lay down, and slept. But not for long. Loud, forceful singing awakened me. I sat up, looking down the slope through the branches of the little pines. There at the spring where I had drunk, a war party of many men, with many horses, were gathering to drink and rest. Five of the men were waving scalps laced to forked sticks in time with the fierce, triumphant war song that all were singing. Most of them had an eagle tail feather tied straight up at the back of their heads. So. They were Cutthroats or some other tribe of Parted Hairs (Sioux).

"They had come from the west to the spring. Probably the scalps and the horses that they had were scalps and horses of my own people—perhaps of my own close relatives. How sad and how angry I felt as I looked down at them. Three pipefuls they smoked after they had drunk at the spring and eaten plenty of broiled meat, and then rode on eastward, lashing and shouting at their big band of stealings,
keeping them going at a swift pace. Sun had not helped in my past [782]
doings, but perhaps he would now. 'Sun! oh Sun! Pity me. Help me to come upon the camp of my enemies, there going, and do them harm,' I pleaded.

"That night and on the following night I traveled eastward along the foot of the Bear Paws. On the next night I crossed the valley of Middle Creek (Cow Creek) and stopped for the day at the west end
of the Wolf Mountains (Little Rockies). Three mornings later I [103]
climbed to the top of that butte at the east end of the Wolf Mountains, the Hairy Cap, for my daily rest. *Ha!* The Hairy Cap. Very tall and slender, its upper part thickly pine grown, the most beautiful butte in all of our great country. Rightly our far-off fathers named it Hairy Cap. It was very slowly, with great caution, that I

real-bear, besought him as he loved his women and children, for 787
help. Said he: 'I have been thinking about your troubles, your failures in hunting and in your raids upon our enemies. Now, tell me 154
something that you will not like to tell, but that I must know if I am to help you. It is this. In your youth—your before-marriage time —you endured your sacred fast. Well, what was the helpful vision that you then had?'

"His request surprised me. It is between the gods and the sacred [776]
faster, the vision that they give him. But this was different. Talks-with-the-Buffalo was a very powerful sacred-pipe man, close to the gods. He would not ask of me anything that would do me harm. Anyhow, I would risk it. So I gave him the name of the animal that had come to me in my vision and promised to help me in all that I should do. 'What did that animal tell you that you should do in return for his help?'

"When I had told him of that, and fully, he asked if I had always [782]●
done as the animal had said I must do, and I had to confess that I had once failed. I had forgotten to make a certain sacrifice to the Above Ones, and a dog had eaten it.

"'*Ha!* And thereafter your bad-luck times began. You should have 787
told me of it long ago. And now it is that you will have to endure an- 785
other sacred fast, try to obtain another powerful helper. Yes, and I
know the very place for it. The top of Chief Mountain. There where 159
Eagle Head obtained the vision that enabled him to become the most powerful warrior and successful hunter that our tribe ever had. Yes. There you must fast, taking up there with you, as he did, a buffalo [23]
head for your pillow.'

"'I do not like to go so far from our people to fast,' I answered.

"'We will move up close to the mountain. I will advise Big Lake and our other chiefs to do it,' he said.

"The chiefs willingly granted his request, and three days later we made camp on Many Chiefs' River (St. Mary) and not far from
the foot of Chief Mountain. On the following day Talks-with-the- [515]
Buffalo had a sweat lodge made, and in it, as we perspired, he prayed [782]
Sun and all the Above Ones, and his own sacred helper, too, to give [776]
me strength to endure a sacred fast and to give me a helpful vision. And again he loaned me his gun.

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785 “So on the next morning we mounted our horses and set out for
787 the mountain, Talks-with-the-Buffalo, my two women, and I. Upon
154 our way to it, I took up the whitened, dry head of a buffalo bull that
[237] had been killed in the run of a herd that our hunters had made three
summers back. Arrived at the mountain, we rode up the west slope
of it as far as our horses could carry us and then, leaving them,
climbed up to the summit, arriving there a little after Sun had passed
the center of the blue. In a small, level place on the very top of the
mountain, we found the buffalo head that Eagle Head had used for
a pillow and another head brought up there by some far-back sacred
faster of our people.

“My women had brought along my bedding, two buffalo robes
and a blanket. They went back down the slope, got some pine
branches and made a good bed for me, placing the buffalo head at
the west end of it so that I could see Sun as he came every morning
● [782] to travel across the blue. Then Talks-with-the-Buffalo again prayed
[533] for me, and, crying, my women joined him in singing some sacred
songs. And then they left me. For a little I stood, looking off at our
great plain, at our Pine Needles Buttes (Sweetgrass Hills), at our
Bear Paw Mountains, much farther to the east. Would I ever camp
[782] and hunt among them again? Earnestly I prayed Sun for help, for
a good vision, and stretched out upon my couch.

“I slept continuously, had no vision on that night. Awoke hungry
and thirsty, became more so as the day wore on. For two more nights
782 I lay there, sleeping at times, becoming weak from want of food and
785 water, often praying the Above Ones for help. At last they took pity
787 on me. On my fourth night there they gave me a very sacred vision.
776 Came to me a certain animal that frequents the water, all but lives in
154 it, and said that he would help me in all of my undertakings; and
that in return for his help I should do certain things for him in the
way of prayers and sacrifices. Oh, how pleased I was. Although so
weak that I could hardly stand, still I felt that I had power to do
great deeds.

787 “As they had agreed to do, next morning came Talks-with-the-
776 Buffalo and my women to learn how I was getting along, and pleased
154

they were when I told them that, at last, on my fourth night, I had 787
obtained a powerful vision, that a certain water animal was to be 776
my helper. 154

"Then my sits-beside-me-wife asked: 'Tell us, was it one of the long-bodied, short-legged fish eaters, or was it one of the smaller, fluffy-furred kind that eats both fish and birds?'

" 'Oh, you woman,' Talks-with-the-Buffalo yelled at her, 'Are you crazy that you would have him name his vision animal and so break the power that it has given him?' And he went on scolding her until she cried.

"Well, they half carried me down to the horse that they had 787
brought for me to ride, and, oh, how I did drink of the water of the 154
first spring that we came to. And then, in my lodge, how good it was to rest upon my soft couch and eat good meat, and smoke with the many friends who came in to visit with me. I told them about the powerful vision that the Above Ones had given me, there on top of sacred Chief Mountain, and then that great warrior, Three Bears, said that he was so sure of it that he wanted me to join a war party that he was about to lead against the Crows. *Ha!* How glad I was to
know that he was sure that my bad-luck times were ended. How [777]
strong to go I felt.

"There were thirty in our party, Three Bears our leader, and 726
Talks-with-the-Buffalo our sacred-pipe man. I carried a gun and a 154
pistol that my brothers-in-law loaned me. Many nights we traveled 701
southward, rafting across Big River, fording Yellow (Judith) River and Other-Side Bear (Musselshell) River, at last rafting across Elk
(Yellowstone) River and following up Bighorn River. As with every [782] ●
war party, our sacred-pipe man rested and slept away from us, pray- [787]
ing the Above Ones and his own sacred helper for a revealing vision of what was ahead of good or bad for us.

"Came the evening of our second day of rest up in Bighorn River 787
Valley, and when Talks-with-the-Buffalo joined us to eat the meat 726
that I had broiled for him, he said that enemies were not far ahead of 154
us, that we must proceed very cautiously for the Above Ones had given him a vision. In his sleep he had seen two parties of men fight-

726 ing one another and one of the parties had turned and run, the other
154 party pursuing them. They had been far from him, but the pursuing
[787] party had appeared to have been of our own Pikuni tribe.

"So was it that all through the night we went on more watchfully than ever, and with the first faint white light of morning, went into hiding in the upper end of a grove on the west side of the valley, our leader sending two scouts to the top of its slope to watch any movements of enemies. As we ate some meat that we had broiled on the previous day, Talks-with-the-Buffalo said that he would not rest and sleep off by himself for he had the feeling that danger threat-
[787] ened us, was near. Yes, and his vision had warned him of it. He was right.

"Sun was not halfway up in the blue when our scouts came running in, awakened us, and said that a war party of more than twenty men, afoot, was coming down the valley. We hurried to the upper end of the grove in which we had stopped, and, sure enough, there the enemy were, out in the open bottom and coming straight toward us. We stood still until they were within close gunshot of us, and then began shooting at them. A few fell. The others ran to the willows bordering the river, jumping from a cut bank down into them.

"We reloaded our guns, went to the cut bank, and, cautiously looking down from its rim, could see some of the enemy and were able to shoot more of them. At last we could see no living ones but were sure that a few, unhurt, remained there in hiding. So our leader divided us into two parties, one to start at the lower end of the willows, the other one at their upper end, and so go in and hunt for
[782] the living. I was with the upper party. As we moved in, I, the one
[776] of us closest to the river, kept praying, '*Haiya*, Sun! *Haiya*, Sun!
[787] *Haiya*, you powerful water animal of my vision! Pity me. Keep me safe. Help me to make to cry these our enemies.'

"Suddenly there was shooting and yelling ahead of us, and then seven of the enemy came running and shooting at us. I shot down one of them; another one, tall and heavy bodied, turned and ran
[727] for the river, I after him. He dropped his empty gun as he took to
[777] the water. I dropped mine, swam, took after him, overtook him, and we slashed at one another with our knives. I stabbed him in the breast,

539 "That, *Apikuni*, is what I told to Noon Eater, the Black Robe.[A]
177 And then I said to him: 'Noon Eater, you whites are very wise, but
[797] of course you don't know everything. You said that no white, no Indian, ever went to Sun. Well, I have now proven to you that one of our ancestors actually did visit him and his family in their island home. So now you can tell your Black Robe and other white friends about it. People are always glad to learn the truth about the various matters that interest them.'

"*Ha!* That Noon Eater! He realized that I had bested him. He looked at me, and strangely, then arose and silently went upon his way. I really felt sorry for him."

● 782 Again I filled the big pipe with the fragrant mixture, passed it to
[276] my friend to light. A match would not do: it was not sacred fire. He
[372] knelt before the fireplace, with a pair of willow tongs plucked out a coal, placed it upon the pipe, drew in smoke, wafted it skyward, and solemnly chanted: "Oh, Sun! Oh, you Above People! Have
[778] pity on us. Give to my friend *Apikuni* here long and full life. Help me to go to my Blackfoot friends when summer comes; be with them when they plant their sacred gardens, for they will then powerfully pray for me."

"So you intend to go up there," I said.

[575] "If I possibly can go. My friend Running Rabbit, a member of the Planters' Society, has invited me. As you know, I suffer from pains in my breast. Daily I pray Sun to give me strength to make the journey."

249 My friend's prayer requires explanation. It is that, from remote time, the Blackfoot Indians have annually planted and harvested, with most impressive ceremonies, a variety of tobacco that they call
[171] "*meahwakosis*" (*nicotiana attenuata*). The Blackfoot historians relate that the Mandan Indians, living on the Missouri at the mouth of Knife River, were the original planters and users of it, that the Crow

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000 libretto by Randolph Hartley, was played first in concert form on January 16, 1907, in Pittsburgh, and produced in Berlin by the Royal Opera House. The premier performance there was on April 23, 1910, while the second was attended by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The opera had an Indian setting, used Indian musical themes, and was "superbly staged, both as to scenery and costumes."

A, [i.e., a Catholic priest--Analyst]

Indians obtained its seeds from them and began planting them, and 171
that finally the Blackfeet got seeds of the sacred plant from the latter 249
tribe.

The Blackfoot Tobacco Planters are a society of Sun priests–so- 575
called medicine men–and the leader of them is the owner of the 778
Water, or Beaver, bundle, consisting of the prime-furred hides of 237
beaver, otter, mink, and other water animals. The ceremonies pre- 249
paratory for planting the seeds are held in his lodge–four days and 776
four nights of prayers and songs to Sun and all of the Above People. 782
Prayers more fervent, inspiring than any offered by the most zealous 533
of Methodist preachers. Songs deeply solemn, soul lifting; truly as 755
classic as the music of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. During this time 822
the sick are welcomed in the lodge, and, after painting their faces 302
and hands with Sun's sacred color, red ocher, the Planters pray for
their recovery and prosperous long life–prayers believed to be ever
efficacious except through some fault of the sick one.

Each member of the Planters society having selected the place 575
for his garden, his women and children burn the brush and weeds 249
upon it, make it ready for planting. On the fourth and last day of the 237
ceremonies a large, buffalo rawhide vessel shaped like a dishpan is 415
brought into the lodge and filled with a mixture of manure and serviceberry soup, and then the tobacco seeds are stirred into it. The vessel is then taken to the gardens–in a large cottonwood grove bordering Bow River–and each Planter drops pinches of its contents into holes in his plot that he has made with a sharp-pointed stick, then fills the holes with loose earth.

During the four days' ceremonies, the sits-beside-him-wife of 575
each Planter has made two images–one of a man, the other of a 778
woman. Each of them has an extra pair of moccasins and a little 782
pouch of pemmican. For the closing rite of the ceremonies, the 249
Planters pray to their images, entreat them to guard carefully their
plantings from all depredations, and then place them at the heads of
their gardens. And finally the people are warned not to go to or 575
even near the gardens, lest the images do them grievous harm. Long 778
ago, a crazy young man of the tribe, singing a song of defiance, went 784
to the gardens and stole some of the sacred tobacco leaves, with the 249
[533]

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

575 result that he soon choked to death. Also, three summers back, a
778 white rancher living near the reservation, disregarding the warnings
784 of the Planters, sneaked into the gardens, had a good look at them,
249 took one of the tobacco plants, and then at the agency bragged of
[533] what he had done. With the result that, upon his homeward way,
his horse threw him and he died of a broken neck.

123 Incidentally, because I have been a member of the Pikuni tribe
575 of the Blackfoot Indian Confederacy for more than fifty years, and
249 because my wife is an active member of the *Mahtokiks*, the womens'
778 secret society of its Blood tribe, we were two summers ago invited
to take part in the ceremonial rites of the Tobacco Planters and visit
their sacred gardens. We were the only white persons ever given that
privilege. It was a vastly interesting experience.

● 782 But to return to the visit of my friend, *Ahko Pitsu:* We smoked a
123 fourth pipe—four, the sacred number—and then he said to me:
[801] "*Apikuni*, friend, write a letter for me, a letter to my Tobacco Planters friend.'

"Yes. Wait until I put a thin leaf in my writing machine. There. Begin."

*Running Rabbit, my very close friend.*

I have not forgotten your invitation. I am not well. I have pains in my breast. But daily, nightly I pray Sun to keep me alive, at least to enable me to be with you sacred ones when you have your tobacco-planting ceremonies; for I know that your prayers for me will be favored by the Above Ones, so that I will become well and strong again. Yesterday my son drove me over to a grove on Two Medicine Lodges River. There I sacrificed my otter-fur cap to Sun. I tied it to a tree limb and prayed the powerful one to give me strength to go to you when comes next New-Grass Moon (April).

My wife, my children, my grandchildren are well. We hope that you and your loved ones are also well.

Your friend,
AHKO PITSU

177 Such is the faith of my friend *Ahko Pitsu* and all the other full-
797 blood members of the three Blackfoot tribes. The missionaries of the
various white religious sects have made no least dent in it.

Lazy Boy, my eldest Piegan informant (born ca. 1855), was not a pipemaker. But he described the making of pipestems as he had observed it in his youth: 276 824 [115]

> The Piegan preferred ash wood for pipestems. It is hard and has a pretty grain. We got it from the Crow and Sioux country, but not necessarily in trade. If we couldn't get ash we used willow from this section—silver berry willow or service berry willow. But the grain of these was not as pretty as ash. [439] [313]
>
> Ash of the straightest grain we could get was what we liked best. The wood was put in the sun to dry. Then, when half dry, it was heated over a fire and straightened until it was perfectly straight. The pipemaker then took a hot piece of wire about a yard long. He prayed that the wire would go straight through and not burn out at the side. He made three passes at the end of the stem. On the fourth pass he pushed the hot wire through the length of the stem. If the wire didn't go straight, but came out at the side, it meant bad luck for the pipemaker. [782] [777]
>
> After the hole was made, the pipestem was smoothed on the outside with sandrock. The stem often was wrapped in three places— in the center, and near each end—with brass wire. But stems wound with wire were not used in ceremonies.[11]

### COMPARATIVE DATA ON PIPESTEM MAKING

The split, sinew-wrapped pipestem may have been an early Blackfoot type, but it certainly was not peculiar to those Indians. The Plains Cree made them of saskatoon berry shoots. "A suitable rod was split and longitudinal grooves cut down both halves. The two pieces were fitted together and bound with sinew. Aqueous matter from buffalo eyes was applied over the whole stem" (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 216). Short pipestems were similarly made by the Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic (Manning, 1948, pp. 162–163). 276 171

Boring the stem hole in an ash pipestem by the hot wire method was a widespread custom among the Plains tribes. George Catlin seems to have been the first observer to mention it. Writing of the making of catlinite pipes, presumably by the Sioux, in the 1830's, Catlin stated:

> The stems are uniformly made of the stalk of the young ash, which generally grows straight, and has a small pith through the center, which is easily burned out with a hot wire or a piece of hard wood, by a much slower process. [Catlin, 1841, vol. 1, p. 235.]

## CONCLUSIONS

The straight pipe is the oldest form of tobacco pipe bowl known to Blackfoot traditions. Its relative antiquity is attested by the facts that the straight pipe is the only form referred to in tribal mythology, 276 121 [773] [412] [778] [824]

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[11] A man's pipe illustrated by Wissler has a stem wrapped with brass wire as described above (Wissler, 1910, p. 88, fig. 48).

796 The woman takes the largest buffalo-stone
778 from the parflèche bag and hands it to her hus-
575 band, who prays to it. He then takes the pipe,
425 still in its wrapper, holds it first against his left,
[782] then against his right shoulder, blesses himself
with it, and puts it down again.

The woman now begins to untie the strings around the pipe wrapper, while the following song is sung:

[539] *Now you will see my pipe; it is powerful.*

After the covers are removed, the woman holds it four times over the incense and gives it to her husband, while singing:

[539] *I am giving you your pipe now; it is powerful.*

During this part of the transfer, the owner holds the incense stick and with it indicates the manner in which the pipe should be held by the new owners, changing it four times from one hand to the other. During this performance the following song is sung:

[539] *Old Man Above says he sees me; the earth is my medicine.*
*Old Woman Above says she sees me; the earth is my medicine.*

[782] The new owner of the pipe now prays to it,

after which he hands the pipe to his wife, who likewise prays to it. 796 778 575 425

The following song is now sung:

*Old Man Above says my paint is medicine.* [782]● [539]

The transferrer now paints the new owner with red paint and charcoal—a circle of red around the face, two black dots on each temple, and a black streak over the nose; a black circle is painted round each wrist and reaching three or four inches up the arm. The painting is done after three hesitations, and while singing the following song: [302]

*I am giving you my paint; it is powerful.* [539]

The new owner now removes his old clothing and the transferrer hands him a new suit, after again hesitating three times and while singing the following song: [291]

*My clothes are medicine.* [539]

The new owner gives his old clothes to the transferrer and dons the new ones.

The following song is next sung:

*The man says my top feathers, they are powerful.* [539]

During this singing the transferrer ties to the new owner's hair the hair attachment which is [301]

their blankets, and help them to rise. Again they 000
perform the entire ceremony, singing all the songs 796
belonging to the bundle in proper rotation, thus 778
teaching the new owner and his wife the cere- 575
mony. The previous owner then bundles up the 425
pipe.

During the second day the new owner is taught also the four wordless songs which belong to the Catchers Society bundle. The wife of the new owner is taught how to carry the bundle, which is placed on her back after the usual four movements.

Rattles are used while singing the buffalo- [534]
stone songs, and the dancing is accompanied with drums, but these instruments are borrowed for the purpose.

The tripod is used when moving camp, and 778
while taking down the tipi and setting it up again. [782]
Before bringing the pipe bundle into the tipi, incense always is made.

The pipe must never be placed on the ground, [276]
and when being smoked the bowl must rest on a [237]
special support wrapped with skin, which is a part of the bundle.

The Catchers Society pipe is sometimes taken 778
out during the Sun Dance ceremony, filled and 276
lighted, and smoke offered to the leading medi- [796]
cine-man, who in return prays for the pipe-owner [756]

276 Their owners[A] were called pipe stem bearers,
554 and the position was one of great distinction. The pipe
[756] stem bearer was regarded as a medicine man, had power to
[778] quell frays and disorders that none would gainsay, took
precedence even of the chiefs in treaties and councils, and
their lodges were places of refuge to which the criminal of
[302] every grade could fly and be safe from harm. They were
to be distinguished by a braid of hair in the center of the
forehead, which hung down before the face, and they
painted the face in a peculiar manner by a red cross down
the nose and across the forehead and a red or green spot
[415] on each cheek. The pipe was kept in a skin case painted
[782] red, and was only taken out upon important occasions and
then with great ceremony, the assembled people sitting
[824] quiet, grave and attentive, while the bearer made incense
by dropping dry cedar leaves upon live coals and chanted
in slow time a guttural song accompanied by peculiar
276 movements of the arms. These pipes were all very old, apparently
778 handed down through many generations until the
occasion that had conferred upon them their peculiar virtue
[156] was lost even from tradition. A pipe that accident might
have shown seemingly to possess unusual power could be
dedicated as a sacred pipe by a convocation of medicine
men but it was a privilege rarely exercised. There were
only about half a dozen of them in each band of the Blackfeet
[782] and these were held in great veneration. Indeed, they
might almost be termed the Bible of the Blackfeet and to
swear upon the Sacred pipe was the most binding oath a
[761] Blackfoot could make. Perjury or disregard of the obligations
[784] of such an oath was believed to be followed by instant
[422] death. The ownership of these pipes might be transferred
[437] by barter, but their bearers were seldom willing to
surrender the dignity they conferred. In value they were
[435] computed at about nine horses.

### Religion

775 The Blackfeet believed in a Great Spirit who is all-powerful
[776] and good and has allotted to them an existence
after death. The future life they think is to be passed
at a point in the Saskatchewan, which they call the Sand

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[A] [i.e., owners of the Medicine or Sacred pipe--Analyst]

796 their places in the dance. 535 As may be supposed the dancers are worn completely out by the close of the ceremony. The movements of the dancers keep time with the beating of a drum accompanied by a monotonous chant which a group of old men seated nearby on the ground keep up con- [534] tinually. The drum used is of rawhide, stretched over a [237] wooden hoop, similar in shape and somewhat larger than a tambourine. It is beaten with a single stick, the pounding end being wrapped with dressed skin or other suitable material.

796 During the dance the warriors who have achieved suc- 555 cess in war during the previous year enter the lodge to ● [782] count their *coups* and anyone desiring to make a sacrifice to the sun does so by hanging his offering upon the pole. *Coup* is the French word meaning *blow,* and has come to be the accepted translation of the Blackfoot *nah-mach-kach,* a word difficult to find an exact equivalent for but being nearly "a trophy taken" (Major Culbertson's translation), its root being *nah-mah,* a weapon or military arm. The various exploits of war are denominated coups and reflect honor upon their performers according to a certain fixed scale of merit. To capture an enemy's arms is a coup of the first class; to touch him alive, of the second; to touch his dead body or secure his scalp, of the third; to make a successful theft of an enemy's horses, of the [431] fourth. Those who desire the privilege of recounting their [537] coups must first present a horse to someone at the door of the medicine lodge (an irrevocable gift), when he may enter the lodge and in his turn relate his exploits, illustrating them by gestures indicating the manner of their performance.

The horse stealers, however, are not required to make the gift of a horse at the door but bring with them a bundle of sticks, and, casting one into a fire kept burning in the lodge, say: "At such a time I stole so many horses at such a place, from such enemies." Then casting in another 796 stick describes another occasion. [782] Such are the ceremonies accompanying the sun dance, and when they are concluded all hands break camp and move away, leaving the lodge

796 standing with the offerings to the sun attached to the ● [782] pole. These are designed to remain until they perish by the action of the elements, but frequently the medicine lodge is visited by prowling enemies, who despoil it of all its gifts. That they may occasionally disappear through other agencies would seem to be a fair conclusion from the following facts:

[177] The Piegan sun dance of the year 1832 was witnessed [175] by some of the white employees of the then recently established post of the American Fur Company, Fort McKenzie. 175 Among the other gifts sacrificed to the sun was one of 648 those rare freaks of nature—a white buffalo robe—so rare, [782] indeed, that probably they do not average more than one to [435] the million. They are, therefore, extremely valuable and the white spectators to the offering resolved in secret that this rare treasure should not be left to share the fate of its companion gifts. They bided their time till the ceremonies were at an end, and when the assemblage broke up departed like the rest, turning their faces toward the fort. They traveled slowly, however, and when night came were at no great distance from the lodge. Going into camp they waited until the night was sufficiently advanced to conceal their movements from any watchful eye, when they rapidly retraced their steps to the lodge. Regaining it they first carefully reconnoitered the ground and then entering carefully sought the suspended robes. The pole was loaded with the various gifts, but in vain the eager hands sought to clutch the coveted robe. It was gone! Someone had anticipated them, and, greatly crestfallen, the party returned to their camp and the next day continued their journey to the fort.

What had become of the robe? That is uncertain, but one thing is sure—it was never afterwards seen in the Blackfeet camps. But it would seem that Catlin supplies us with the means of arriving at a solution of the mystery. In that year he visited Fort Union, proceeding in the fall to the Mandan villages, where the present Fort Berthold [439] stands. He records in his book that while there word came that a party of Blackfeet Indians had arrived at Fort

37: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of these Indians were full-bloods. A goodly number had more than one white 178
grandparent. These Indians, with few exceptions, had become Christians – the 797
great majority of them Roman Catholics. Even the oldest of the full-bloods who [144]
died during those years received Christian funerals at which a priest or minister
officiated in the services in the church and at the cemetery. I served as a [764]
pallbearer in several of those services. Yet I noticed that after the white [123]
clergyman formally entrusted the body to the earth, it was customary for an [782]
aged Indian to step forward and deliver a fervent prayer in his own language,
before the assembled mourners dispersed.

During those years no young men fasted and sought visions in isolated 178
localities. There were no painted shields among these Indians, who had not gone [785]
to war against enemy tribes for more than a half century. Yet more than a score [787]
of veterans of the intertribal wars, their wives, or widows, were still living. They [778]
formed the nucleus of that portion of the tribe who gathered each summer to [714]
participate in the sun dance. There were nearly a score of painted lodges in the [728]
sun dance encampment behind the museum near Browning in 1942. Owners of
medicine-pipe bundles still opened them in a ritual manner after the first [796]
thunder in spring; and the sacred horse medicine cult was still active. Older [773]
full-bloods still recited in fascinating detail the beautiful myths which told of the origins of the medicine bundles and religious rituals of the Blackfoot. Nearly a century after Father Point's pioneer Christian missionary endeavors among these Indians, traditional Blackfoot religion, such as was interpreted by that unnamed artist in 1847, was still very much alive.

## NOTES

1. I am indebted to Holt, Rinehart and Winston of New York and to Loyola University Press, Chicago, for permission to reprint this plate. 000
2. This letter, as quoted by Father De Smet, is not dated. Presumably it was written in 1847 (Smet 1905: III: 953-54).

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sides, thinned toward the ends but not sharpened, and about this long. 796
[Scraping White indicated a distance of about 2 inches between 785
his thumb and forefinger.] Then sinew was wrapped around the ends of the skewers and they were tied, each skewer to a 4-strand plaited rawhide rope. The two ropes were fastened at their far ends to the center pole at its forks.

I stood up and Yellow Horn told me, "Now 796
you walk up, put your arms around the center
pole and pray. Tell sun, now your vow is being 785
fulfilled." I did just as he told me. Then I
stepped back. Yellow Horn pulled hard on the 782
rawhide ropes attached to the skewers. Then I
danced. I didn't dance long before my flesh [535]
gave way and the skewers pulled out. Yellow Horn came to me and cut the skin that had broken. He trimmed it off even. Then he gave me the pieces of skin he had cut away and told me to take them and stick them in the ground at the base of the center pole, saying, "Now sun, I have completed my vow."

Heavy Head's narrative of his torture 785
experience was still more detailed:

There were only two of us, Buffalo Teeth,
my partner, and I. We went to war together to 726
take horses. At Medicine Hat we found a small 721
camp of Cree half-breeds. It was night when
we saw their camp. It was moonlight. I looked 785
up at the moon and prayed to it, "I shall be tortured at the sun dance if I have good luck and get home safely." Then I stole up to the camp and got one bay that was tied in front of a lodge without any of the enemy waking or seeing me. Buffalo Teeth took a roan. We started back to the Blood camp, traveled three days and three nights with no food other than a black rabbit. We got awfully weak and hungry.

When I reached home I told my story to my 785
father, Water Bull. The old man got up and
sang his encouraging song. Then he told me, 554
"My son, you have done something worth
doing. You have made a vow that you will be [533]
tortured at the sun dance. You must do it this [796]
coming sun dance."

A few days later I went out to the east point 787
of Belly Butte to fast. While I fasted I dreamed
that a sacred person came to me and gave me a 752
drum and certain herbs to use for doctoring. Then I returned home.

A short time after that the bands began to 785
come together for the sun dance encampment.
I prepared myself to go to an old man named 796
Little Bear, a relative of mine, who had been through the torture himself, years before. I

[p.168-A]

filled my pipe and took it to him. I gave him the 796
pipe and a buckskin horse, and said, "Here is a
horse for you. Keep this pipe too. I want you to 785
look after me in the torture." When I gave him [431]
the pipe he put it down and went over to the
next lodge. There were two old men there, Green
Grass Bull and Red Bead. These men were not
related to me, but they were both older than
Little Bear, and both had been through the
torture. Little Bear asked them to come to his [782] ●
lodge, to take my pipe and pray for me. After
they prayed, they told me not to take any food 785
or water the day I was to be tortured.

The day before the torture I ate or drank 264
nothing. Next day I ate or drank nothing until
after the torture. However, the three old men
gave me some sagebrush to chew.

I was the last of the three Blood Indians to 785
undergo the torture that day. Scraping White,
who was the oldest, was first. Then Tough 796
Bread, then I. I was the youngest. Inside the
medicine lodge, on the west side of the center
pole and north of the weather dancer's arbor, a
shelter was built of sticks like a sweat lodge,
covered with willow leaves. I went in there before
noon of the day of the torture. I was laid on
my back with my head pointed north. I was [292]
barefoot, and wore only a breechcloth made
from a small, red, trade shawl purchased from
the Hudson's Bay Company. There was a little 785
bowl of white paint and another of black paint
nearby. The three old men painted four black 796
dots, one below the other, under each of my 302
eyes. This was called "tear paint." If I cried
the tears would run down there. Then they
painted a double row of six black dots on each
arm. They painted the symbol of the moon,
points up, on my forehead in black. On the outside
of each of my legs they painted a double
row of six black dots. The rest of my body was
painted white, also my face. They took some of 785
the broad-leafed sagebrush from the ground
inside the sweat lodge and bound it together, 796
placed a wreath of it around my head, and 824
bands of it around each wrist and ankle.

I was taken from the sweat lodge and laid
upon a blanket on the ground at the north side 785
of the center pole with my head to the north, 796
my feet toward the center pole. Other people
were told to keep back away from me. Then an
old man named Low Horn was brought forward.
He counted four of his coups. The three
old men, Little Bear, Red Bead, and Green
Grass Bull, held me—one at each arm, and one
at my head. Red Bead took a sharp, iron arrowhead
in his hand, and asked me, "How do
you want me to cut them? Thick or thin?" I
said, "Thin." (I learned later that this question

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 170-[illegible]]

[p. 168-B]

was always asked of the man undergoing the 785 torture before his breasts were pierced, and the one doing the cutting always did just the 796 opposite of the young man's request. So when I said "thin," Red Bead knew to make his incisions deep).[*] Red Bead gave four of his own war coups. He made no prayer. Then he pierced my breasts with the sharp arrowhead and inserted a serviceberry stick through each breast. The sticks were not sharp but flattened at the ends. The other two men held my arms as he cut and inserted the sticks. Blood flowed down my chest and legs over the white paint. Then Red Bead pressed the sticks against my body with his hands. They turned me around to face the sun and pierced my back. To the skewers 785 on my back they hung an imitation shield, not so heavy as a war shield. The shield had 796 feathers on it, but I don't remember how it was 714 painted. It belonged to a man named Peninsula.

The ropes were brought out from the center pole and tied to the skewers in my breasts— 785 right side first, then left side. Red Bead then grabbed the ropes and jerked them hard twice. 796 Then he told me, "Now you go to the center [782] ● pole and pray that your vow will come true." I walked up there. I knew I was supposed to pretend to cry. But oh! I really cried. It hurt so much. Coming back from the center pole I was shouting. Then, before I started to dance, I jerked the shield off my back.

I leaned back and began dancing, facing the center pole. It felt just like the center pole was pulling me toward it. I began to dance from the [535] west toward the doorway of the sun lodge and back. Then, when the skewers did not break loose, the old men realized that the incisions had been made too deep. Red Bead came up and cut the outside of the incisions again so they would break loose. As I started dancing again the left side gave way and I had to continue dancing with only my right side holding. An old man named Strangling Wolf jumped up from the crowd and came toward me shouting. He called out four coups he had counted and jumped on me. The last rope gave way and I fell to the ground.

The three old men came to me and cut the rough pieces of flesh hanging from my breasts off even. They told me to take this flesh that had been trimmed off, and the sagebrush from my head, wrists, and ankles, and place them at the base of the center pole. I did as they told me.

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[*] Jenness, pp. 54–5, reported the same contrariness of action on the part of the Sarcee surgeon when the suppliant pleaded for a "thin" cutting. [171]

[P.170-A]

Then I took my robe and walked out of the 785
medicine lodge alone. I went to a lonely place
and fasted for a night. I wanted to dream. But
I couldn't sleep at all because of the pain. At [782] ●
sunrise I prayed to the sun.

Some time after that I saw a man approaching
on horseback. He said, "I'm going to take 752
you home right away." He took me up behind
him on his horse and rode me slowly back to
camp. My breasts were swollen and hurt. The
rider's name was Red Crane. He told me of a [796]
mix-up that took place at the sun dance over [721]
horses stolen from the Gros Ventres.

When I got to my lodge, my mother gave me something to eat. She and my father told me what had happened at the sun dance gathering—a mix-up between the Mounted Police and Indians.[3] I had to stay in the lodge several days. My breasts were so swollen I could hardly move. Indian doctors used herb medicines to take the swelling away and cure my wounds.[4]

The common elements in these two accounts 785
reveal the pattern of the self-torture
experience among the Blood Indians more
clearly and completely than the brief description
of the ordeal previously published
by McLean. This experience was initiated 785
by a warrior through a vow to the celestial
deities, sun or moon (the latter in Blackfoot 726
belief was sun's wife), very shortly before 776
the man exposed himself to danger. The
vow was a simple, direct appeal to the 789
deity for protection and success in the immediate,
hazardous undertaking. In return
for such aid the petitioner promised to make 785
the self-torture sacrifice in the sun dance 796
lodge of his people. On return home after
the successful exploit the pledger made
known his vow to his relatives. They helped
him to obtain the services of one or more
older men who had been through the ordeal
and were qualified, therefore, to instruct and
care for the young man in the ceremonial
fulfillment of his vow. The public cere-

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[3] In the summer of 1889, the Mounted Police [127]
sought to apprehend Calf Robe, a Blood horse
thief, who sought sanctuary in the medicine lodge [657]
of his people. The Indians overpowered the police
and set Calf Robe free, but there was no bloodshed
(Steele, pp. 262-265). This incident serves
to verify the year of Scraping White's and Heavy
Head's torture.

[4] These narratives follow as closely as possible [128]
the words of the interpreter. In a few places details
obtained during further questioning of the
informants have been inserted.

[P.170-B]

531
532

21. Eagle painted lodge in 1943.

need be. The outlining of the forms was the 532
only part of lodge painting that required
the services of the most able artist obtainable.

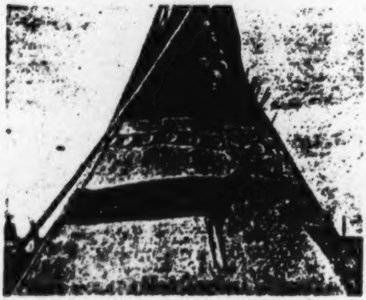
The new lodge cover was then taken down
and spread out flat on the ground. The [574]
owner invited a group of people of good
reputation for honesty and industry to his
lodge and gave them a smoke. They pro- [476]
ceeded to help him finish the painting. They [237]
used a buffalo tail or a handful of long buffalo
hair to apply the paint to the larger
masses. The paint was mixed with hot water
only, and rubbed onto the cover with considerable
pressure. When the painting was
finished and the new lodge erected, all the
ornaments that hung on the old lodge were
transferred to the new one by its owner.
Then he invited the owners of other painted [574]
lodges in the camp to join him inside his
new lodge. There they prayed for the lodge, [782] ●
and finally helped the owner to make a [343]
purification sweatlodge outside. The cere-

(P. 26-A)

mony of transferring the sacred symbols 532
from the old to the new lodge cover was then
ended.

The old, worn, painted cover was disposed [782]
of either by taking it to a lake, spreading it
out, and weighting it with stones so that it
would sink; or by spreading it out on the
plains and weighting it with stones. In the [776]
first instance the old cover was given as an
offering to the water spirits; in the second,
it was an offering to the sun.

The great animal figures were generally 531
painted on the central portion of the lodge 532
cover, about midway of the height of the
lodge. In cases of the larger mammals such
as the deer, elk, and buffalo and in that of
the snake lodge, a single pair of animals are
painted on the cover. They represent the
mythical originator and his wife. In most [823]
instances they face the lodge doorway
(east), the female on the north side of the
lodge and the male on the south. However,
on the buffalo lodges the two huge figures
appear on the east and west sides. The male
buffalo is on the east facing south; the
female on the west side facing north. Some
of the figures have narrow elongated
bodies enabling them to extend nearly half-
way around the circumference of the lodge.
Each of the two figures on the deer painted
lodge, for example, is more than fifteen
feet long and less than five feet high.
Where smaller mammals are represented,



22. Deer painted lodge in 1943.

[P.26-B]

boiling them in water with a quantity of 237
colored trade cloth. This method was com- 386
mon in Maximilian's time. Nevertheless, [177]
despite the widespread use of commercial [178]
dyes, some Blackfeet women continued to
employ native dyes within the memory of
elderly Indians still living. Generally the
plant dyes imparted a more delicate color-
ing to the quills than did the strong com-
mercial dyes.

### The Quillworker's Tools and Methods

Elderly Blackfeet say that quillwork was 237
regarded as a sacred craft by their people. [462]
Girls or young women were taught the craft [868]
by the older women. First the younger
women were initiated ceremonially into the
art of handling the sharp-pointed quills. It [153]
was claimed that women who attempted to
do quillwork without having first experienc-
ed this ceremony would surely "go blind" or
suffer from a swelling of the finger joints.
Then they were taught how to use the tools
of the quillworker's craft and how to employ
the various methods of quill sewing, plaiting
and wrapping known to their elders. Quills [415]
of the same size in assorted colors were kept
in long, cigar shaped, bladder containers
until ready for use. The quillworker's kit [412]
also included one or more bone or metal [283]
awls for making holes in the skin, a quantity [413]
of sinew thread for passing through these
holes in attaching the quills to the surface
of the skin, and a bone or horn instrument
for pressing and flattening the quills after
they had been sewn to a flat surface. The
Blackfeet quillworker held quills in her
mouth to soften them, then flattened them
between her teeth and put them in place at
once. It was customary for a beginner to [782]
give her first piece of quillwork as an offer-
ing to the sun.

### Articles Decorated with Quills

Today quillwork is almost a lost art 237
among the Blackfeet. However, accounts 531
written more than a century ago refer to 294
quillwork as a flourishing decorative art in
which Blackfeet women were very pro-

[P.29-A]

turned until it was thoroughly blackened 276
all over. Either before or after it was placed [237]
over the fire the surface of the pipe was
greased with animal fat. After blackening,
it was allowed to cool, then it was polished
vigorously with a piece of skin or rag. The
finished pipe was a lustrous, shiny black.

It is said that before the Blackfeet had 276
iron-tools they made short pipestems of 824
rosewood by cutting a dry branch length-
wise with a stone knife, digging out the pith [412]
with the knife, fitting the two sections to- [283]
gether again, glueing them, binding the
stem at intervals with sinew, and finally
glueing the sinew in place. In more recent
times long stems of willow or preferably ash
have been used. A piece was cut and allowed
to dry partially in the sun. Then it was heat-
ed over the fire and bent perfectly straight.
The worker took a piece of wire about a 276
yard long that had been heated red hot in
the fire. He said a little prayer that the wire [182] ●
might pass straight through the center of
the stem, and not burn out the side. Then
he made three passes at the end of the stem
with the wire, the fourth time he started the
wire on its way to burn out the pith and
make the stem hole. If the wire burned out [777]
at the side and ruined the stem, it was con-
sidered very bad luck for the maker. After [412]
the stem hole was burned out, the exterior
of the stem was sanded smooth with a piece
of sand rock.

Pipe making was a specialized craft, in
which a few skillful workers excelled. Most

[P. 58-B]

531 301 of quillworking and also so there wouldn't be any children or other persons around who might distract the worker.

[778] After being initiated, the new quillworker was

531 expected to make a single moccasin which was left on a high hill as an offering to the Sun.
● 782 When starting to work, the face would be painted and red ochre placed on the necklace and the
[302] backs of the hands. The arms were then crossed over the breast and a prayer given to the Sun.

531 According to the informant, only three women in her grandmother's camp had the right to do
[431] quillwork. If persons wanted something quilled, such as a suit, moccasins or a ceremonial object, they would give gifts to one or all of these women. Very often the three would work together on a large object. When one woman became too old, she would initiate a younger woman, usually a relative, so that she might receive the art from her.

[115] Inquiry among the other Blackfoot tribes revealed some additional information on the subject. One North Peigan woman, Mrs. Bob Crow Eagle, whose mother had been a ceremonialist, said:

[424]
> There were only a few women who had the right to do certain work in the old days. It was these women who could do quillworking or could give permission for others to do such work.

[115] A Blood informant, Harry Big Throat, also recalled ceremonial significances:

[753]
> Many years ago, there was a woman who wouldn't go through any ceremony before doing quillwork. One day she was working, flattening the quills with her teeth. The white stuff from the inside of the quill went into her mouth and she got sick and died. Ever since then the Bloods have been slow to take up quillworking. They are afraid of it, afraid that something might happen to them.

He also remembered seeing Mrs. Red Crow,
[782] wife of the head chief (1879-1900), doing quillwork. She would spread all her tools and quills in front of her, and then pray before starting to work.

531 Two informants also mentioned that quillwork was not supposed to be sold. It could be made
425 for friends or relatives, or commissioned by others in the camp, but could not be manufac-
432 tured solely for sale. This, explained one woman, is the reason craftworkers in the res-

115 go on a high butte to locate the camp. Afterwards they should
726 come up to him. But he waited and waited, and they did not
come. He waited until dark, and when they failed to come, he
started for the camp, but he could not find it. He walked a long
time about, seeking for the camp, and at last he returned to his
hiding-place, and stayed there all the day. And at night he started
again for the camp. This night there was clear moon-light, and
still he could not find the camp, though he was seeking for it
115 all the night. He had to go back to his hiding-place. During the
726 next day he prayed to the holy medicine-pipe, and said, that he
778 would use that pipe to dance with, if it would grant him, that
[782] he might steal some horses. That pipe, Bear-chief prayed to, was
[535] the only pipe in this tribe, which might be used at the Round
dance, when they were dancing all round the outside of the circle
camp. It was given to the tribe by an elk. That night he started
115 early by moon-light. Then he found the camp, and he could plainly
726 see the women cooking outside of their lodges. As soon as the
women went into the lodges, Bear-chief went to the camp, and
cut loose the rope of a bay horse. The owner was near, and gave
the alarm. Then all the people came out with their guns. He
jumped on the bay horse, and left his own horse, with saddle,
bridle, and blanket, and made his escape. He travelled all night
and all day. When he camped in the evening, it rained very
hard, and it continued to rain during the night. He had no blanket.
His only cover was a buckskin shirt. The following morning, when
he was on his way home, he met a party of Indians who had
stolen horses. He asked them, if they were strangers to him. They
did not say anything, but commenced to shoot at him. He ran
away. Perhaps they were Sioux. They chased him till a hollow
place in a big hill, where there was some brush. Then he came
out of the brush, and they shot at each other from a long dis-
115 tance. They left him, and it rained very hard. He got on his
721 horse, and started to ride away. He came to Bear river, and then
648 he was almost frozen by the cold rain. Then he came to the
camp of 12 white men, who had been chasing buffalo. One of
these white men recognized him as Big-nose's adoptive son. Bear-
chief's wet clothes were taken off from him, and dry blankets
were given to him instead. They gave him half a cup full of
whiskey to drink. They made him lie down, and covered him up
with some more robes. He stayed there with the white men two
115 nights, and then he started home. His companions came to their
721 leader. They had not come to him on the butte, because they had

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539
484
252

539 A'ikoko, manikă'piu itomátap-
484 apistutsim omístsi sapútsists.
726 A'toiistutsimàists. A'itsiaists. Itái-
782 sustutsìsimaiau. Itauátsimòiiχ'-
264 kaiau. Nátsàupiu t*á*moχkotauaists.
Iχ'tsit*á*tsimoiiχ'kauaists. A'níu:
Amóm matápiu*a*m itapáuauaχ-
kàup*a*m, nă'χtsit*a*χkòtàs, sokápsi,
áχsi, ákoχtaχsautakiòp. Otáuoki,
omám aχkyápoχt*à*m àkéu*a*m
nitáksitsipsatsìmatau, náχkăχso-
tsokauàmaχsi. A'moiàuk tákoχ-
tsikàkst*a*ki. Amóksi nitúyi ă'χ-
kanauanìau. Mátais*a*mòa ităχkói-
nimiu noχkétsitapì. Itáumatòiau.
Túksk*a*m manikă'pi itauánistsiu-
aie: Anatsík*a*stsit. O'miskaukinai
itáumatomaχkàiinai. A'ikaksksi-
mìuaie: *A*'nnimaiàki saiitáiapìniki,
nitákitsitòto. Itsitáutòaie. Itauánis-
tsinaie: Kik*a*táupaipistsitàkiχ'pa?
Otsítauanikaie: A'mom einíua,
539 otsítakaièpi, *á*nnimaie itauáuak-
726 sisàu. Aisákokakiòp. Annóχk-
484 ksistsikùi mínatsitstsìs, áχskù-
nakì. A'ksikakimàup, omím einíua
otsítauauaksisàχp, akomátaistoχ-
kiχ'p. *A*'nnikai ákitapiokàup.
A'uke, kipipótak, áχkitskìtaup.
Itáksokàupi, mátaksipòtaup. An-
nóm *á*kaitaiksistsìsik kitákitsaua-

put again some more stones in the pot. He pulled them out again. Then he put again some more stones in the pot to make it boil harder. They [the boiling pots] do not listen [that means: do not quit boiling], when they once start to boil. They had done boiling meat, and from those [the boiled boss-ribs] they got all they wanted to eat.

In the night a young man began to prepare [to cook] the crow-guts. He made them holy. They were cooked. They began to cool the guts. Then they prayed. [The guts] were given to the last one [the man sitting on the end]. Then he prayed with them [with the guts]. He said: May I get a horse from those people, we are going to, a fine one, a good one, [and] may we get them [the horses] allright. When we get back home, I will talk from myself to a [certain] woman over there at home, that I may become her relation [meaning: her husband]. This [piece of gut], [that] I shall bite off, is she [represents that woman, or, rather, is dedicated to her]. Those others would all say the same. After a short while they found the enemy. Then they went on. [The leader] would say to one of the young men: Go on ahead as a scout. And that way over there he went off on a run. He [the leader] told him what to do: If you do not see anything over there, I will get

Ánnimaie itsipótau inákåχtsi. Itápaisauàkstsitsikiòp. A´iksistàkstsitsikìau, otópimoàuaists itápaisaukapinimiàu. Ksaχkúmi itsítsikànniauaie. Istsíi osoχktsímokui itopítsiaχkìmiau. Ánnimaie itamátosimàiau. Okímmanoauaists áumatapapòtsimiau. Omím otámatosimàni itáiinimiau. Itauátsimoiiχ`kau: Kímmokit, nitsikímmatàpa. A´χsiu ponokå´mitaua naχkókaiχ´koau. Ki asáni iχ´tásoksksiu. A´iksistapaisoksksiu, íniχ´koχtå`χsiu. Nató'si ámaitstsis, aiikótakus, ki itomátapàkaipiu. A´istaχkapìu, itsíkakimau. Aipstsíksisamòs kokúyi ákitsitotòaie. A´kitoχtoyiu imitáiks å´χkisi. A`kstamitotàupiuaie. A´kaiåχkoyiuaie, máχksokaniai. A´kaχtasaminàie. Túkskam ákoχkusksinim nistsépiskani. A`kanistsiuàie: Iíksistsepiskìu. Ki ákoχkapaiàkopaksinàup nistsépiskan. Omá manikå´piu ákstamsautoyìu otoán, ákitàskìmatsìuaie. A`kaniu: Imákoχpomokìnistsàkis ómåχtsisksipistàχp, nitáksikaχkàpitau. Nitákoχktsinitaii okítsiks.

There they made a small fire. 539
Then we began to put on other 726
moccasins. [When] they had done putting on their moccasins, they began to stretch out their ropes. They smoothed the earth. They 539
pulled a char-coal from the fire. 726
On that they made their incense. 782
They began to untie their topknots. They held them over there over their incense. Then they prayed: Pity me, I am very poor. May I go straight to a good horse. And they painted their 539
faces with the paint. [When] they 726
had done painting their faces, [302]
they sang [war-songs] to them- [533]
selves. When the sun was over on that side, late in the evening, then they began to run towards the camp [to steal horses]. The sun was down, then they tried hard. After a short while, in the night, they would come up to [the camp]. They would hear the dogs bark. They would sit by it [by the camp]. They would wait for him [for the enemy], that he might go to sleep. They would look at him [from where they sat]. One [of the war-party] would find out about the horse-corral. He would tell him [the leader]: They have a very strong corral. [The leader said:] We shall go to tear the corral somewhere about. That young man [that had made a vow] then would take out his knife, he would begin to sharpen it. He would say: Even if he [the owner of the horse] holds the rope in

nitátoiimænàniau. Nitáχkuiinnimaniaii nítoχtoietòχp. Nitsítoχkotaiau amóksi nitoχpokómiks. Otsistotóχsoauaists ki píaapists iχ'kanã'χkotsiauaiks amóksi óχkotokiks. Nistóa nisótæmauatsìmoiiχ'kamaiau. Apí'somaχkàn istómaχksim. Nitánik: A'nnomaie aχkúnatoχtskàuop, annóχk istúnnatapiu ki makápiu. Annóχk amóksim einíks ómoχtoχkòtokaspi, isóχtsik aistæmatsotsp. Nisótæmskòtæχkaii. A'isæmepu nimátsitso. Nitsiíppitapìi, nitúiχ'k nímoχto. Nitáiastoχkìχ'p omím, amóksi stæmikiks otsitóχkotokàsp. Omá Imitáikoãna nitánistau: A'χkunotæsæmaii ómiksim anníksikskaie einíau aióχkotokàsi. Otánik amóksi nitoχpokómiks: E'maniu, iksípisatapsiàiks. Nisótæmitotoχpinaniau. A'kaisauainakuimiau. Otsítopiχ'piau, káksipistanistsikiiau. Ksamátsisæm itsésksiau niuókskaiaists. Nisótæmatsokàtoχpiau. A'moχkaie nitsístsitoχkoisksiniχ'p pisætapiu nitsápsin nitsitapísin.

were black rocks. They were glittering [in the sun], they were shaped like buffaloes. 539 778 Those my companions got up, they came near [me], they got to [me]. We saw these rocks, we wondered at them, and we thought, they were holy. I filled my pipe. I then gave it to these my companions. 539 778 782 They gave their clothes and [different] things [they had] all to these rocks. I myself just prayed to them. Running-wolf was the eldest. 539 778 [787] He said to me: Let us go back from here, now there is something dangerous and bad. The reason why these buffaloes now turned into rocks, was that we were shown a warning for the future. Then I turned back home. Late in the summer I went again to war. I was one of thirty in a party, I went in the same direction. I came near to that [place], where these bulls had turned into rocks. I told Little-dog: Let us look on those, that were buffaloes, and were turned into rocks. He [Little-dog] was told by these my companions: He [Bear-chief] was right, they are very wonderful. We just got there [where the buffaloes had been]. They were gone. Where they had been sitting, there were just only deep places. Three sun-flowers were growing there [in those deep places]. I just passed by [after having looked at them]. This is what I know [to be] the first wonderful thing, I have seen in my life-time.

Certainly the ordeal required both courage
796 and fortitude, but the Chief says, and he should know, that the
785 event represented the fulfilment of a vow which the participant
had made to the sun on the occasion of his requesting some special
● [782] favor, such as protection in war or the recovery from illness of a loved one. Of special interest is the fact that if the skewers did not tear loose after a reasonable term of sincere effort by the dancer, it was the prerogative of any respected warrior to step forth, recite his war honors by way of qualification, and sever with a knife the strips of flesh which bound the dancer to the thongs; whereupon the severed flesh was given as an offering to the sun. Such a brutal religious gesture!—almost as nutty as having yourself lashed and wearing a hair shirt over the open wounds. Those who fast at the
[178] Sun Dance for four days take no refreshment except a small drink of water at sunrise and sunset, and since some of the old ladies and gentlemen are too frail to survive such an ordeal, it is now allowable for a surrogate faster to deny himself in their stead. There is nothing supposititious about this action; it is intended by the surrogate as a gesture of respect to the worthy old-timers and is done in the same spirit that the cutting of the flesh of the dancer formerly was conducted.

342 The Chief mentioned something about the Indian teepee or lodge
178 which came as a surprise to me but which I should have had sense enough to know without being told. The old buffalo hide teepees were much smaller than their modern canvas counterparts. Hide weighs much more than canvas, and even though the Blackfoots used the lighter summer hides of the buffalo, or even split the hide to reduce its bulk, a teepee constructed of more than six or eight hides was simply too heavy for the nomadic Blackfoots to con-
[492] veniently pack around. Some wealthy families, who had many horses and so could provide travois transportation for more worldly goods, had larger teepees, but these had to be divided into two or more parts because a single horse could not manage to pull the load.

342 The discussion moved on to the Blackfoot painted lodges, and
532 here we really struck paydirt. Even in the old days there were only about four dozen painted lodges among all three tribes of the Black-
[619] foot Confederacy, and the lodges were not painted helter-skelter or at the whim of the owner. The painted lodge was associated with a
[778] medicine bundle of some sort, and the designs painted on the lodges
[787] were either inspired by a vision that the owner had had or were
[432] purchased (the exclusive privilege of using the design, that is)
[424] from the previous owner. The Chief related the traditional origin of

culture should have been retained by the isolated Blackfoots in a 121
form more pure than that found among those Algonkins who remained 825
in the East and were thus subjected to the cultural influence 776
of other Indian groups and of course to that of the various 171
European groups which colonized in that area. I am especially intrigued
by the fact that even today some of the older Blackfoots, [782]
when crossing a body of water, will offer gifts to the spirits upon
whose domain they are trespassing. Usually the offering to the Underwater
Spirits is in the form of tobacco—a sack of Bull Durham
or a cigarette—but this gesture certainly evokes thoughts of the ancient
mariners (not only the Norsemen but the Ancient Greeks)
pouring libations upon the waters in petition for a safe voyage.
Even today, the Underwater Spirits are very real to those Blackfoots 825
who cling to the old beliefs, and although some of the younger 776
Blackfoots do not hesitate to trap the Beaver Persons and the Otter 224
Persons, the old-timers still prefer to purchase their ceremonial 439
water-animal skins from the barbaric Crees.

There is certainly a great deal of factual information with which 121
to link Blackfoot culture to that of the ancient Norsemen (e.g., the
Blackfoot sweat lodge is identical in appearance and function to
the rustic Scandinavian sauna bath, and the Blackfoots switch themselves
with a buffalo tail exactly as the Scandinavians smack themselves
with birch branches), but our best clues as to the origin of
the Blackfoots exist probably in Blackfoot legend. Tonight, after we 538
had discussed the Underwater Persons, the Chief told me a richly
interesting history of an event which had taken place "a long time
ago" (when the Chief says a long time ago he means a *really* long
time ago) when all the Blackfoots lived "far to the north." This legend
may imply, among other things, the first breaking away of the
Piegans from the main body of Blackfoots. The hero of the story is
a man called Round Scabby Robe, who received his power from
the Underwater Persons, the Beaver Persons. The word "Piegan"—which
most writers transcribe from the Blackfoot as "Pekuni" or
"Pecunnie" but which is correctly pronounced either [pikắni] or
[píkắñi] according to linguistic environment—means Scabby Robe.

### WHY THE PIEGANS KILL THE SNAKE PERSONS

A long, long time ago, when all the Blackfoots lived far up in 539
the North, they did not kill the Snake Persons [the Shoshoni 648
Indians] or make war on them. Each year when the waters
became warm [probably in July or early August], the chiefs

122 123 778 Then the Chief spoke to Jim, and Jim went into the Chief's room and came back carrying an extremely old pouch of buffalo hide. I recognized it as a Blackfoot man's medicine pouch, quite large, painted with Indian designs, and with fringe more than two feet long. The Chief opened the pouch and showed its contents to me one by one. There were four large rattles of hardened rawhide—[534] very, very old; a lock of hair from a buffalo tail; a small piece of hair-on buffalo hide which served to line the bottom of the pouch; [386] and a sueded buckskin sack, colored with *níts-i-sahn*, a dull-red paint which the Blackfoots produce by burning a certain kind of clay, containing four buffalo stones (*I-nis-kim*). The buffalo stones are the darndest things I have ever seen. They are natural formations—not altered in any way except to be colored by *níts-i-sahn*—and although I was able to identify three of them as fossils and the fourth as probably an odd-shaped stone of sedimentary origin, it required very little imagination to see them as the Indians do, as [428] tiny buffaloes. The pouch and its contents were an inheritance from the Chief's father, and his father before him. They obviously meant a great deal to the Chief, and I admired them lavishly. I nearly flipped when he told me that they were mine.

Before I could recover from my astonishment, the Chief spoke to Jim again and Jim went again into the Chief's room and returned this time holding a bundle carefully wrapped in old trade cloth and tied with strips of buckskin. I learned that the bundle contained two Blackfoot Medicine Pipes, two pairs of rustic wooden tongs, some sweetgrass braided into a queue, *níts-i-sahn* paint, and several other articles. I had thought that I was to receive a Pipe tomorrow, after the Beaver Ceremony, but instead I received it tonight.

122 123 778 276 The Medicine Pipe is not to be confused with the so-called "peace pipe" which was a smoking pipe and was a rather common article among Plains Indians. The Medicine Pipe, which is really one portion of the Medicine Pipe Bundle, is a purely religious article and cannot be smoked.* According to best authority, there were never more than seventeen Medicine Pipes among all three tribes of the 425 Blackfoot Nation, and it is a rare privilege nowadays even to see a 778 Medicine Pipe, let alone own one.

796 No two medicine pipes are exactly alike; the owner of each pipe

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[796] [782] * I know of only one exception to this rule. During the Sun Dance, if a very special prayer is to be offered to the Sun, the Sun Pipe may be fitted with a bowl and smoked by those inside the Medicine Lodge. Such occasions are very, very rare.

000 and chance. But there was only limited jealousy and compe-
575 tition between social sets, whereas the various age-grades
561
[574] were as groups deemed rivals. Obviously institutionalized generosity and hospitality were important during this period.

554
175

> He came singing, waving his rifle; he halted and said: "What happiness, this running and killing buffalo. I killed eight. How many, you?"
>
> "Five. We have killed too many; the meat of four will be a big load for our wagon. The rest will be wasted. I take shame for us," I said.
>
> "Not so. We should have killed more. I forgot to tell you that I told some of our people camped back of your tradehouse to trail us and we would give them of our kills. They will be here. We should have killed more."
>
> This made me feel better. As we were butchering one of my kills, our teamster came and got busy, and a little later a number of Eagle Head's Blackfoot friends and relatives arrived, men and women with pack horses and travois horses, fell to work--happily chattering and singing as they plied their knives. They were all old men and women, some of them widows, and sincere in their praise of us for giving them of our kills.[57]

Here we find praise associated with sharing one's bounty, and conversely shame was the result of waste. Recognition was related to economic security and to generosity, and, of course, such success in hunting as in anything else comes
782 from skill, experience, and some diligence. Schultz also
175 notes that generosity was also associated with worship,

> . . . Nat-ah'-ki said: "How good was the Sun to keep us unharmed through this great danger." I am sure she voiced the sentiments of all. The next day I noticed that the trees and high bushes bordering the river were bright with the people's offerings or sacrifices to their god. They always gave of their best, their choicest and most prized ornaments and finery.[58]

782 In this quotation generosity applies to both man and god.
175 As in the transfer of religious fetishes and the creation of
the various religious bundles, the individual's relation to
the supernatural is conditioned by and related to the distri-
555 bution of goods. In the domains of secular achievement and
religious recognition those persons well enough off to re-
ward or support others generously were recognized, are "good"
or ideal, and are given the social approbation desired by
all men.

525 Turning to other activities, the use of leisure was
175 not particularly a problem among the Blood. From the time
of Thompson,

> . . . for like all people who have too much time on their hands, they are almost to a man, more or less, given to gambling day and night.[59]

to the days of Schultz, gambling on almost anything occupied this time. Schultz tells of two major incidents in his book, *My Life as an Indian*, which stem from conflict inspired by gambling losses. One case, "The Great Race" tragedy is
578 averted by the cooler heads of the older men. The other case,
687 "A Game of Fate," did not turn out so benignly.

762 Schultz introduces the episode as an unusual event.

> 525 There was an unusual craze for gambling that winter.
> 175 By day, the men, when not hunting, played the wheel
> and arrow game. . . . At night the camp resounded with
> the solemn, wierd, gambling chant from many lodges.
> Even the women gambled, and many were the altercations
> over their bets.[60]